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TWO THOUSAND MILES IN THE ANTARCTIC ICE.

BY DR. FREDERICK A. COOK,

Surgeon of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition.

MEN'S FIRST EXPERIENCE OF A SOUTH POLE WINTER.—ADVENTURES OF THE LATEST ANTARCTIC EXPLORERS.

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.

FOR the origin of the Belgian Antarctic Expedition we are indebted to the energetic efforts of Lieutenant Adrien de Gerlache. By soliciting private subscriptions and finally by securing the aid of the Belgian Government, De Gerlache succeeded in collecting the sixty thousand dollars which were barely sufficient to fit out the enterprise. The vessel selected for the mission was the Norwegian sealer "Patria," which was rechristened "Belgica." She is a strong vessel, of about 250 tons, built some ten years ago. She was not strengthened or altered on the plan of Nansen's vessel, the "Fram," as has been so often stated. Nevertheless, she proved herself a craft of extraordinary endurance, withstanding the thumps of rocks, iceberg collisions, and pressure in the pack-ice in a manner perfectly marvelous. Owing to a scarcity of funds, the equipment of the ship and the outfit for polar exploration were somewhat imperfect. If we had been compelled to stay longer or if it had been necessary to make a forced overland journey, or a retreat homeward on the ice, we should have found our equipment inadequate. The object of the expedition was never clearly defined. In a general way we sailed on a voyage for scientific research and exploration in Antarctic seas. The details of our itinerary and the particulars of our route were to be decided by the circumstances encountered.

The members of the expedition were from many lands. Although they all spoke languages foreign to my own, as a body they proved most charming companions. The officers of the ship were: Commandant, Adrien de Gerlache of Belgium; captain, George Lecointe of Belgium; mate, Roald Amundsen of Norway. The members of the scientific staff were: Department of zoölogy and botany, Emile Racovitza; department of oceanography, meteorology, and geology, Henryk Arctowski of Poland; department of terrestrial magnetism, Emile Danco of Belgium; department of medicine and anthropology, Frederick A. Cook of the United States. The sailors were bright fellows, with a fair education, taken from Norway and Belgium.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the Antarctic expedition of which he here tells the story, Dr. Cook was the surgeon and ethnologist. In company with the other members of the scientific staff, he parted from the "Belgica" last spring, in South America. Their work had finished with the observations made about Cape Horn, on their return; and as it was necessary to dock the ship for examination and repairs before carrying her on to Belgium, imposing a detention of several months, they left her and came on ahead. Even at this writing, the "Belgica" has not reached home, but is expected to arrive about October 20th. The voyage in the "Belgica" was not Dr. Cook's first experience in polar exploration. He went with the first Peary expedition to North Greenland in 1891–92; he went in the schooner yacht "Zeta" for a summer trip to West Greenland in 1893; and he was in charge of the "Miranda" expedition in 1894.

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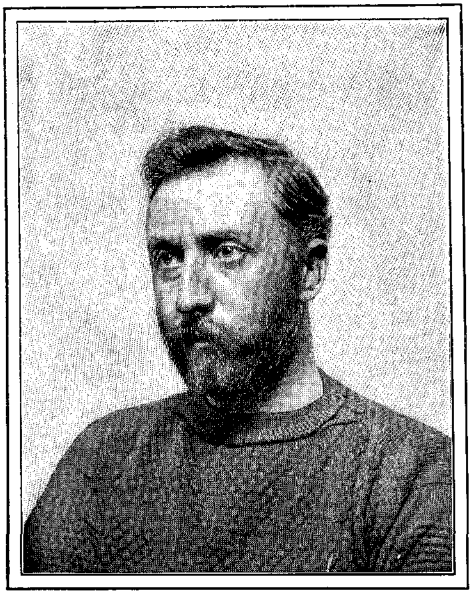
Altogether we numbered nineteen when leaving Punta Arenas—seven officers, housed in the cozy little cabins, and twelve marines, housed in the forecastle. Thus divided, we were two happy families, and as such we tried to extract from the frozen south polar surroundings such rare comforts as regions of perennial snows afford.

The "Belgica" left Antwerp at the end of August, 1897. She steamed and sailed down the Atlantic to Madeira, then across to Rio de Janeiro, down to Montevideo, and into the Strait of Magellan to Punta Arenas. After spending some time in the Fuegian Channels and among the Cape Horn Indian tribes, we took our departure from the known world at Staten Island on January 13, 1898. We sighted the South Shetland Islands a week later, where, in a violent tempest, we lost by an accidental fall overboard the young and faithful Norwegian sailor Wencke. We next crossed the ever-foggy and ever-tempestuous waters of Bransfield Strait, and on the afternoon of the 23d of January, 1898, came in sight of the outer fringe of a new land, the Palmer Archipelago. Entering this, we discovered a new highway, which in size compares favorably with Magellan Strait. To the east of this strait, we charted about 500 miles of a land which had never before been seen by human eyes—part of a great continental mass which probably surrounds the South Pole. It is buried even in midsummer under a ponderous weight of perennial ice. Passing out of the strait, we entered the South Pacific, and after skirting the western border of Graham Land to Adelaide Island and then to Alexander Island, we attempted to enter the main body of the pack-ice westward.

DR. FREDERICK A. COOK IN HIS ANTARCTIC COSTUME.

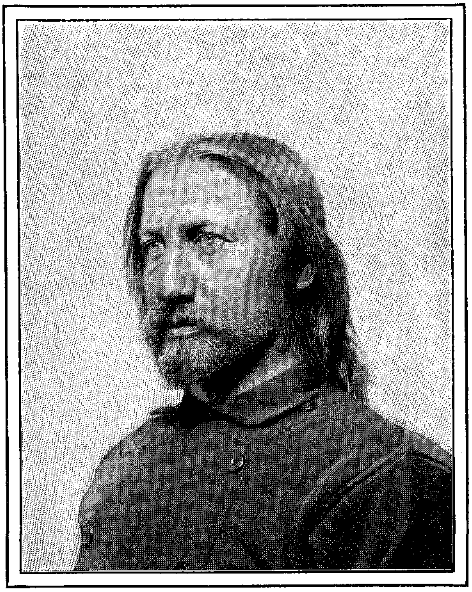
From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

On the longitude covered by the drift of the "Belgica" no explorer before us had ever entered the main body of the pack-ice. The previous work of exploration there had been confined to the outer fringe of the drift along the edge of the pack. The pioneer of this work, as of much that is polar, was Captain James Cook. In 1774, he searched the pack edge for an open road poleward, and on the one hundred and seventh meridian he penetrated southward to somewhat below the seventy-first parallel. In 1821, Captain Bellingshausen, a Russian explorer, following in the wake of Cook, skirted the ice limits, and discovered an isolated island which he named Peter Island. Further eastward, Bellingshausen also discovered what seemed to him to be part of a large country. This was named Alexander Land. Eleven years later, Captain Biscoe, a British sealer, passing from the west eastward, somewhat north of the ice limits, discovered, as he thought, a series of islands, fronting a high country. The country he named Graham Land; the largest island, Adelaide Island; and the group, Biscoe Islands. The existence of these islands is, however, doubtful, as the "Belgica" sailed over the region where they are charted, and did not encounter them. In 1839, Lieutenant Walker, commanding the schooner "Flying Fish," a New York pilot boat forming a part of the United States South Sea Exploring Expedition, under Admiral Wilkes, pushed along the ice and into a bay to the seventieth parallel of south latitude. Walker



LIEUTENANT ADRIEN DE GERLACHE, COMMANDER OF THE BELGIAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION, AT THE CLOSE OF THE ANTARCTIC WINTER.

From a photograph taken by Dr. Cook, immediately after the long night. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.



DR. COOK AS HE LOOKED AT THE CLOSE OF THE ANTARCTIC WINTER.

From a photograph taken by Captain Lecointe on the "Belgica," after the long night. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

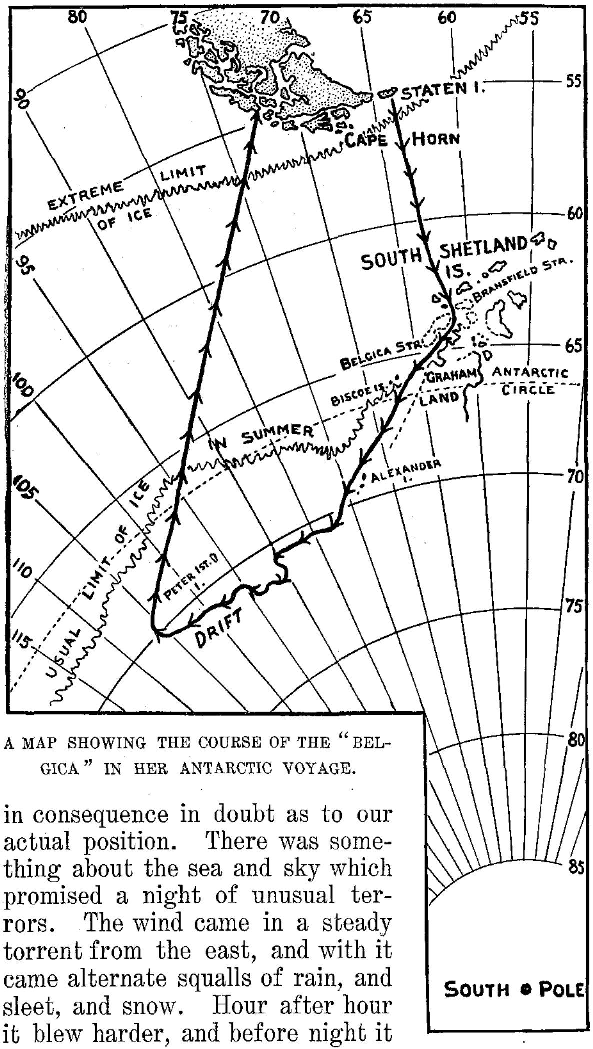
saw here a "barrier" and "appearance of land." But the "land" does not exist, for we drifted over the spot, and found there a sea about 1,000 feet deep.

Our acquaintance with the south polar pack-ice dates from February 13, 1898, and ends with our escape on March 14, 1899. We first encountered it off the eastern border of Graham Land, before crossing the polar circle. Here it was broken into small pieces, mixed with many glacial fragments and studded by innumerable icebergs. While trying to keep the coast in view, we steamed among a number of streams of small fragments of drift-ice. An on-shore swell forced the ice together, and we were hopelessly held for the night of the 13th. To the east of us were the high peaks and limitless glaciers of Graham Land. The country was visible for only short periods and in patches, for a high fog hung constantly over the land, leaving only an opening here and there. To the west, the sky was fairly clear. A dark smoky zone near the horizon indicated the limits of the ice and an open sea beyond. Hundreds of icebergs were on the horizon. These were of a size and type quite similar to those of the Arctic Sea. The entire mass—icebergs, sea-ice, and the ship—rose and fell with the gigantic heave of the South Pacific, and for a time it seemed as though we should be carried with the moving drift against one of a number of small islands. But a change in the direction of the wind on the following morning so separated the ice that we were able to force our way out into the open sea westward.

After the first experience of the ensnaring powers of the drift ice we did not easily put ourselves in a position to be again entangled. The season for a campaign to the far south was past, but M. de Gerlache thought it incumbent upon himself to make as strong an effort as possible to push into the main body of the pack and beat the "farthest south" of other explorers. The entire scientific staff were opposed to this effort, because it was thought to be too late in the season. No direct opposition, however, was offered when the "Belgica" was headed southward. She was forced into the pack and out again, time after time, making after each rebuff a new effort farther westward. On February 28th we were forced to take to the ice that the ship might better ride out a howling storm.

NIGHT AND STORM IN THE ICE-FLOE.

I can imagine nothing more desperate than a storm on the edge of the pack. At best it is a cold, dull, and gloomy region, with a high humidity and constant drizzly fogs. Clear weather is here a rare exception. Storm with rain, sleet, and snow is the normal weather condition throughout the entire year. During the day of the 28th we were unable to get a glimpse of the sun, and were in consequence in doubt as to our actual position. There was something about the sea and sky which promised a night of unusual terrors. The wind came in a steady torrent from the east, and with it came alternate squalls of rain, and sleet, and snow. Hour after hour it blew harder, and before night it brought with it a heavy sea studded with moving mountains of blackness. The "Belgica" ran westerly before it almost under bare poles, and edged closer and closer toward the fragments of ice to the south, where the sea was easier. The sky to the north and east was smoky and wavy, as if a number of huge fires were there sending out gusts of smoke. On the southern sky there was a bright, pearly zone. This was an ice blink, a reflection of the ice beyond our horizon upon the particles of watery vapor suspended in the air. As night came upon us it became necessary to choose between the forbidding blackness of the north and the more cheerful, but less hospitable, whiteness of the south. With icebergs on every side, always in our course, coming as suddenly out of the thickening darkness as if dropped from the skies, it was not wise or prudent either to move out of, or to rest in, our position. To be more friendly with the ice, or to rid ourselves entirely of its companionship, was plainly our duty.

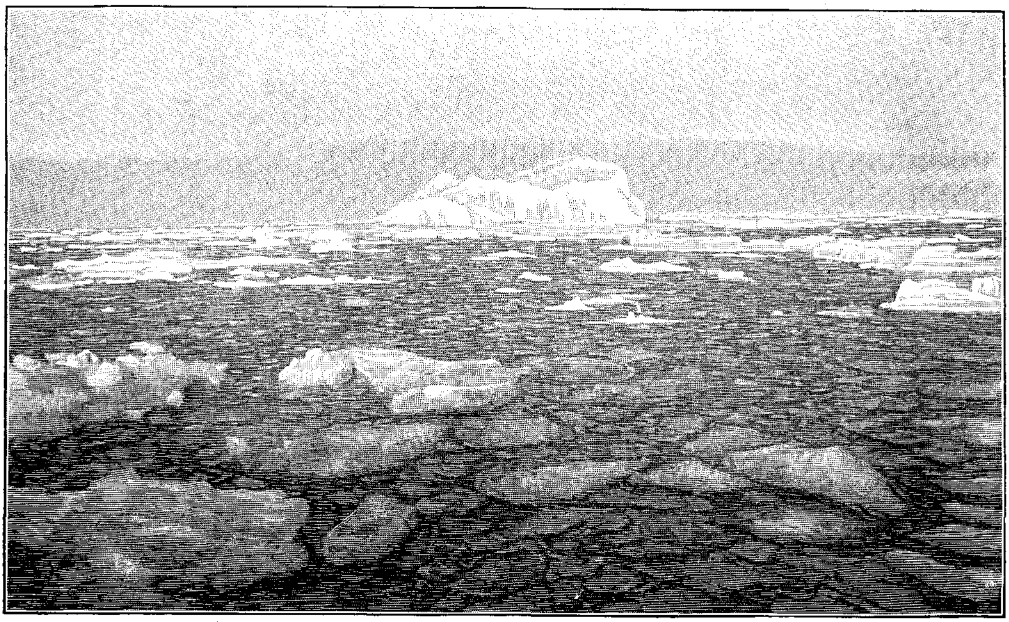


A MAP SHOWING THE COURSE OF THE "BELGICA" IN HER ANTARCTIC VOYAGE.

We decided to seek the harboring influence of the pack, as an experiment, to ride out the increasing fury of the tempest. The "Belgica" was headed southward, and quickly plowed through the trembling icy seas. But the noise and commotion which came to a climax every time she rose to the crest of a great swell were terrible. The wind beat through the rigging like the blasts out of a blow-pipe, the quivering masts swept the sky with the regularity of the pendulum, the entire ship was covered with a sheet of ice. As the eye dropped over the side of the ship the sea glittered with the brightness of a winter sky. This brightness of the sea, with the sooty blackness of the heavens over it, formed a weird contrast, never to be forgotten. Here and there were sparkling, semi-luminous pieces of ice which sprang from the darkness with meteoric swiftness, and were again as quickly lost in the gathering blackness behind us. These fragments increased in number and in size as we pressed poleward; but the "Belgica" would strike and push them aside as a broom removes dust.

HOWLING WINDS AND SCREAMING ICE.

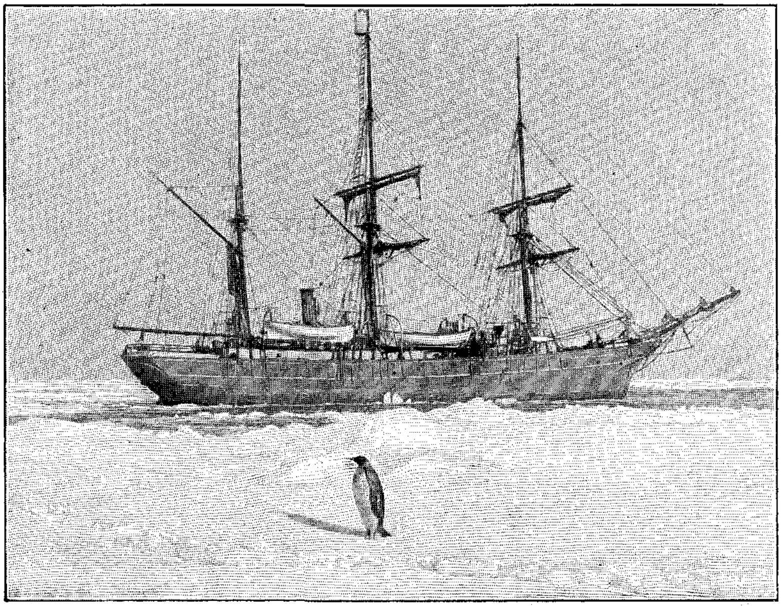
After a short but very exciting time, the pieces of ice became more numerous and of larger dimensions, and the bergs were so closely grouped that further progress seemed impossible. The sea rolled more and more, in long, easy swells, as we passed through the ice. This eased the ship, and made matters more comforting to the sufferers from sea-sickness. I must hasten to confess that about one-half of us were thus afflicted at this time. Still, we tried to be cheerful. I cannot imagine any scene more despairing, though, than the "Belgica" as she pushed



AT THE EDGE OF THE PACK, SHOWING NEW OR PAN-CAKE ICE IN THE FOREGROUND.

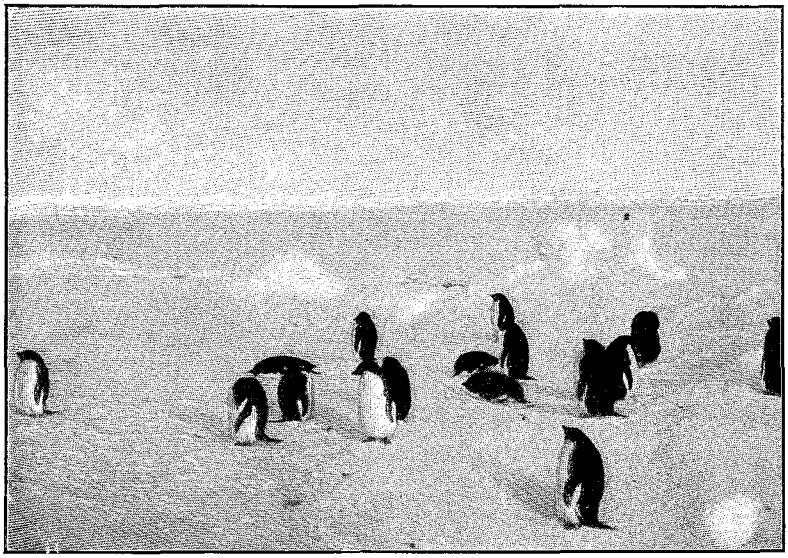
From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

into the pack during this black night. The noise was maddening. Every swell that drove against the ship brought with it tons of ice, which was thrown against her ribs with a thundering crash. The wind howled as it rushed past us, and came with a force that made us grasp the rails to keep from being thrown into the churning seas. The good old ship kept up a constant scream of complaints as she struck piece after piece of the masses of ice. Occasionally we would try to talk, but the deafening noises of the storm, the squeaking strains of the ship, and the thumping of the ice made every effort at speech inaudible. With our stomachs dissatisfied, and our minds raised to a fever-heat of excitement, and with a prospect of striking an iceberg at any moment and going to the bottom of the sea, we were, to say the least, uncomfortable. When we had entered sufficiently into the body of the pack, and were snugly surrounded by closely packed ice-floes, the sea subsided, and here the overworked ship rested for the night.



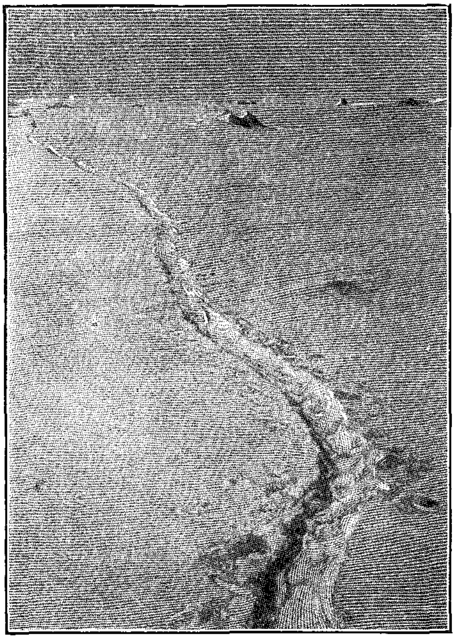
THE "BELGICA" PUSHING POLEWARD. A ROYAL PENGUIN IS SHOWN IN THE FOREGROUND.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.



A FAMILY OF PENGUINS.

In the morning the wind changed to the northeast, and the ice separated, leaving long open leads of water. These leads offered a tempting highway poleward, and De Gerlache was not long in deciding the course. With a fair wind pressing the sails and with steam, we pushed to the south. The navigation was not easy; still it was less difficult at this time than it usually is in an Antarctic pack. The pans were small—from fifty to 100 yards in diameter and about four feet thick. They were separated by quantities of pulverized fragments and new ice.



A PENGUIN'S TRACKS.

From photographs. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

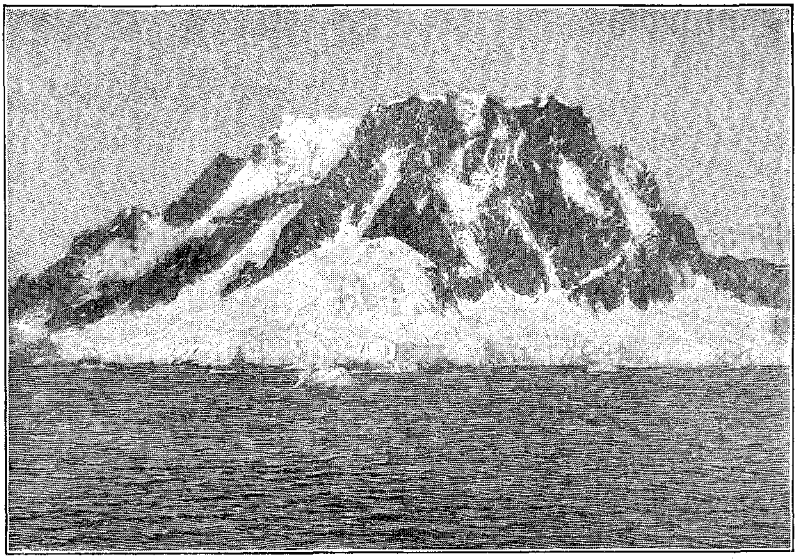
AN EXCITING TIME AMONG THE ICEBERGS.

Evenly scattered about in the icy expanse were numerous icebergs: usually about 200 could be counted from the crow's-nest. The navigating officer remained at the masthead, and directed the course of the ship. It was exciting navigation. The sky in the north was lined with heavy, lead-colored clouds; in the south there was the ever-bright ice blink. Petrels in large number and in great variety hovered about us, as if to ask our business in their domains. Penguins walked about on the ice, uttering squeaky noises that reechoed from berg to berg. Seals, lazily sunning themselves, came to the edge of the floe to see the human intruders. Meanwhile the ship was forced on in a wild way into the ice. Now she was run upon the floes to break them; again she was pushed between to force them aside; but always she was fighting an uneven battle against the huge masses of ice.

After two days of this ice-ramming, we found that we had passed through about ninety miles of ice. We were now made to realize that further progress was impossible. The ice was too closely packed; and the floes were here heavier: it was no longer possible to break them or to push them aside. We were so closely hugged, indeed, that movement in any direction was impossible. To the south there were several lakes visible from the crow's-nest, and to the northwest there were also spaces of open water; but after various efforts we found ourselves unable to reach these. On the 4th of March, we were forced to admit our inability to extricate ourselves. Our position at this time was latitude 71° 22′, longitude 84° 55′—about 300 miles across the polar circle and about 1,100 miles from the geographical pole. The nearest land was the still unknown Alexander Island, about 300 miles eastward.

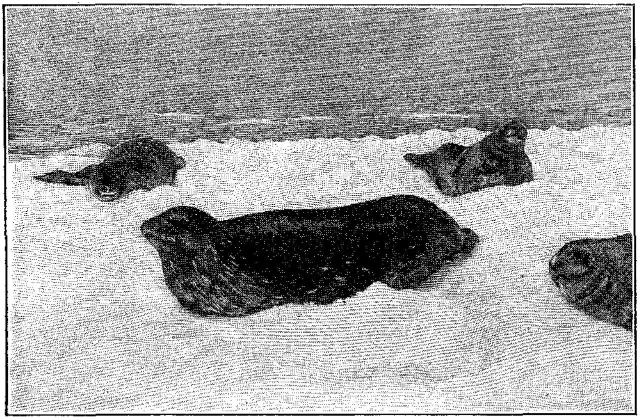
IN THE DRIFT.

We were now firmly fixed in a moving sea of ice, with no land and nothing stable on the horizon to warn us of our movements. Even the bergs, huge, mountainous masses, though apparently fixed and immovable, sailed as we did, and with the same apparent ease. The astronomical positions which we obtained from the sun and from the stars indicated to us that we drifted from five to forty miles per day. It is a strange sensation to know that, blown with the winds, you are moving rapidly over an unknown sea, and yet see nothing to indicate a movement. We passed no fixed point, and could see no pieces of ice stir; everything was quiet. The entire horizon drifted with us. We were part of an endless frozen sea. The ship and her cargo of men were compelled to rest thus, on a huge cake of ice, for nearly thirteen months. In this time we drifted about 2,000 miles. We drifted in a zigzag course, but generally west—never knowing our destination, and always conscious that we were the only human beings then to be found in the entire circumpolar region at the bottom of the globe.


A PART OF GRAHAM LAND.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

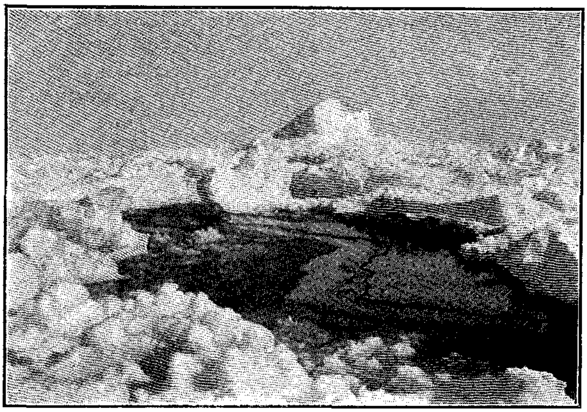
Resigned to our fate, we tried to make the best of our hard lot. To be caught in the ice is, after all, the luck which polar explorers must expect. Our first duty was to prepare for our stay through the coming night. The summer days of midnight suns were past. The premonitory darkness of the long night was falling upon us with marvelous rapidity, for on this latitude the sun dips below the southern skies at midnight late in January. This dip increases and sweeps more and more of the horizon every day until early in May, when the sun sets and remains below the horizon for seventy-one days. When we first skirted the pack-ice in February there were a few hours of bright twilight at midnight. The darkness then was not sufficient to prevent navigation throughout the night; but now it was really dark for eight hours. The temperature, too, was falling rapidly. We had been led to believe by the experiences of previous Antarctic explorers that the temperature, compared with the Arctic, would be more moderate; but in this we were disappointed. An icy wind came from the south, brushing the

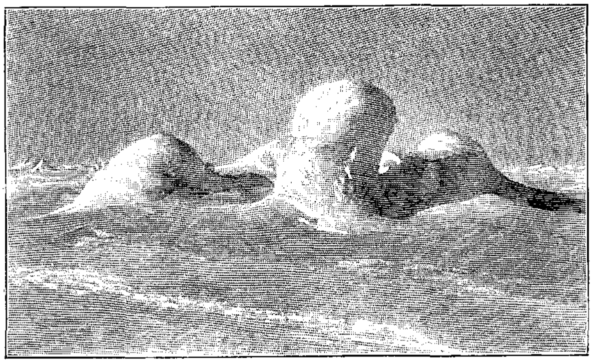

WEDDELL SEA LEOPARDS.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

warm, moist air seaward and replacing it by a sharp, frigid atmosphere. The temperature fell to ten degrees below zero, then to twenty, and later it descended to thirty, forty, and finally forty-five below.

The months of March and April were, in many respects, the happiest months of the year. Everything at this time was new to us. We found interest in the weird cries of the penguins, we found pleasure and recreation in hunting seals, and we prided ourselves on our ability to wing petrels for specimens. Everything about the new life and the strange white world around us was fascinating. The weather at this time was occasionally clear and always very cold, which was not the case during the greater part of the year. The pieces of ice gathered into groups, and united to form larger fields. The entire pack, one endless expanse of apparently motionless, but still constantly moving, ice, was full of interest to us. The sun presented a curious face in its rise and descent; and the color effects, though not gorgeous, were attractive for simplicity of shades. The moon, too, had a distorted face as it came out of the frosty mist resting over the pack. The stars shone out of the heavy blue like huge gems. At this season the Aurora Australis displayed most its rare glory on the southwestern skies. We were drifting rapidly to the southwest—from one unknown sea to another still more unknown. "Perhaps we are on the way to the South Pole," was an every-day suggestion.


THE BREAKING OF THE ICE. A NEW LEAD.


HUMMOCKS.

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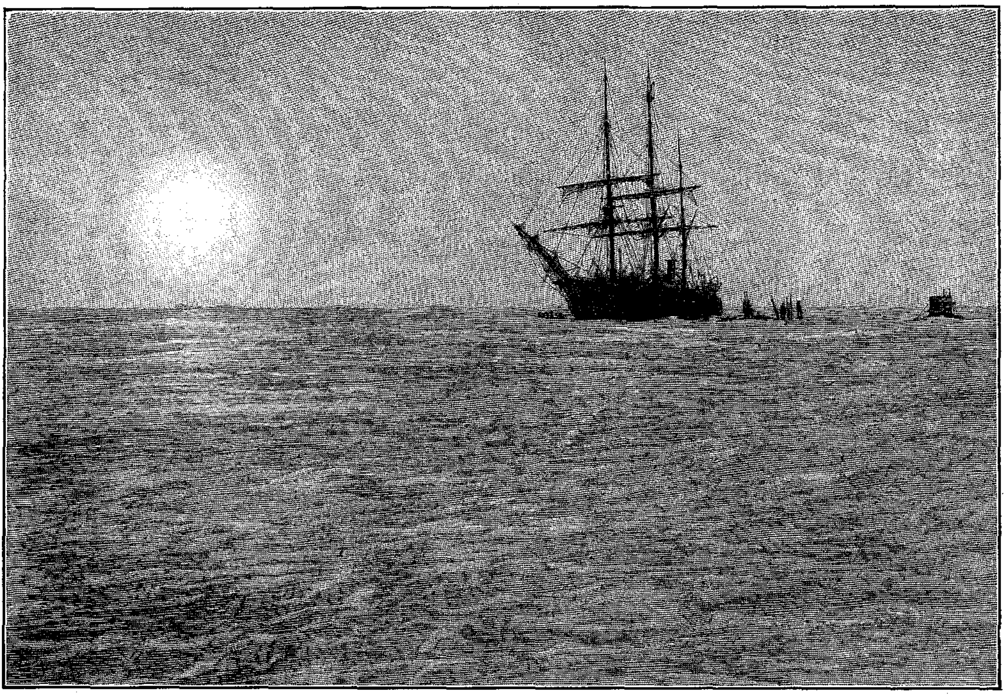
STUDYING STRANGE SEAS.

Our first and most important work in the pack was to study the strange sea over which we drifted. This necessitated observations not only of the sea-ice and icebergs and the scant life about us, on the ice and in the water, but also of the composition of the water, its depth, the temperatures at various depths, and the material of the sea-bottom. It necessitated also a careful study of the atmosphere. The heads of the various scientific departments and their assistants were kept busy for a part of the time making these studies. The sailors, in addition to assisting with the scientific work, were kept well engaged by the ordinary routine work of the ship and the work of embanking the vessel with snow to protect her from the expected cold of the coming winter-long night.

By the 1st of May our ship was snugly finished for her winter imprisonment. A roof had been placed over the deck amidships, and under it were an anvil and a fire for the use of the engineer in making the necessary iron-work. The cabins were rearranged to offer the greatest possible amount of heat, light, and freedom from humidity. A floor was placed over the engine-room, and on it a small stove to heat the officers' quarters. The galley was placed between decks next to the forecastle, into which could go the superfluous heat. Double doors and double windows were made everywhere, and all possible openings where heat might escape were closed. Exteriorly, the sides of the ship were banked by snow blocks, the decks were blanketed by the constantly



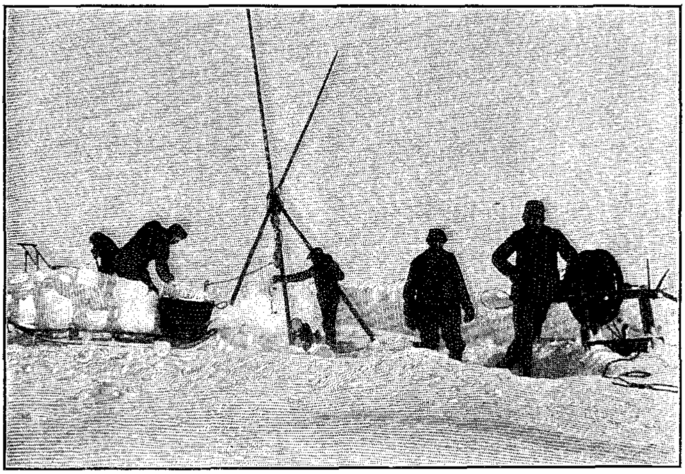
THE MIDNIGHT SUN : CHRISTMAS, 1898. THE "BELGICA" REMAINED FROZEN TIGHT IN THE ICE AS HERE SHOWN, AND NEVER MOVING, EXCEPT AS SHE MOVED WITH THE WHOLE ICE-FIELD, FROM MARCH 4, 1898, TO FEBRUARY 14, 1899.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

falling snow, and over it all the snow-charged winds drifted, making a neat and perfect embankment. Our Antarctic home, then, was under a huge snow-bank, on a field of ice which drifted with the winds over the unknown Antarctic seas.

It was my delight to ascend to the masthead and from the crow's-nest view our horizon day after day. The general aspect of our view changed very little. Some new cracks formed in the ice, and old ones closed. Some of the icebergs occasionally turned a little, showing a different face, but no marked alteration was ever visible in the general topography of the pack. Moving about as we were, there always seemed to be a possibility of finding a speck of land, a rock, or something new in our path; but this never happened. We saw no land during the entire drift. Appearances of land were reported every few days, but always proved deceptions. They were only illuminated clouds. Along the edge of the field in which we were frozen were large ridges or pressure lines, where the contact and pressure against neighboring fields raised fragments of ice above the surface. These ridges were from one to five yards in height. The field, usually about two miles in diameter, was dotted everywhere by pyramidal and dome-shaped miniature mountains, which rose above the surface from two to twenty feet. These are technically called "hummocks." Around the hummocks and along the edge of the floe penguins and seals rested sheltered from the wind. Near the ship and about the outhouses the snow was thrown up in great banks, dotted by black spots representing sledges, snow-shoes, sleighs, and general implements. As we emerged from the little hole on the port side which was our only exit, a narrow path led out about 100 yards to a circular hole through the ice. Over this we had erected a large tripod, from which we suspended the instruments for sounding and fishing and recording deep-sea temperatures. About midway between this and the ship, we erected a box-shaped hut for nautical observations. About 100 yards from the stern of the ship, Mr. Danco erected a curiously shaped box for magnetic observations, and a little distance beyond, upon a convenient hummock, were placed the meteorological instruments. About 200 yards off the port bow, a small house had been placed to capture the electricity from the Aurora Australis. Efforts were made to keep a path to each of these houses, but the work generally proved futile. The quantity of drift snow was always so great that it buried every path and every irregularity in the vessel's vicinity.

It was at no time possible to leave the ship without snow-shoes of some sort. The little exercise on the ice which freedom from duties permitted was taken on the Norwegian snow-shoe, the ski. For mere pleasure journeys these proved in every way superior to the Canadian rackets and other patterns; but where it became necessary to pull sledges or travel over rough paths, the other kinds were better. We made several long journeys to neighboring icebergs. Sometimes on these journeys we met with serious obstructions and detentions. It was not found practicable to carry food, extra clothing, or camping equipment, and yet often the need of these became very great. The ice separating would leave large zones of water between us and the next field, thus cutting off our retreat, and leaving us to spend hours of meditation upon the prospect of starvation and of death by freezing.



MEMBERS OF THE BELGIAN EXPEDITION MAKING DEEP-SEA SOUNDINGS IN THE ANTARCTIC.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

A 1,700-HOUR NIGHT.

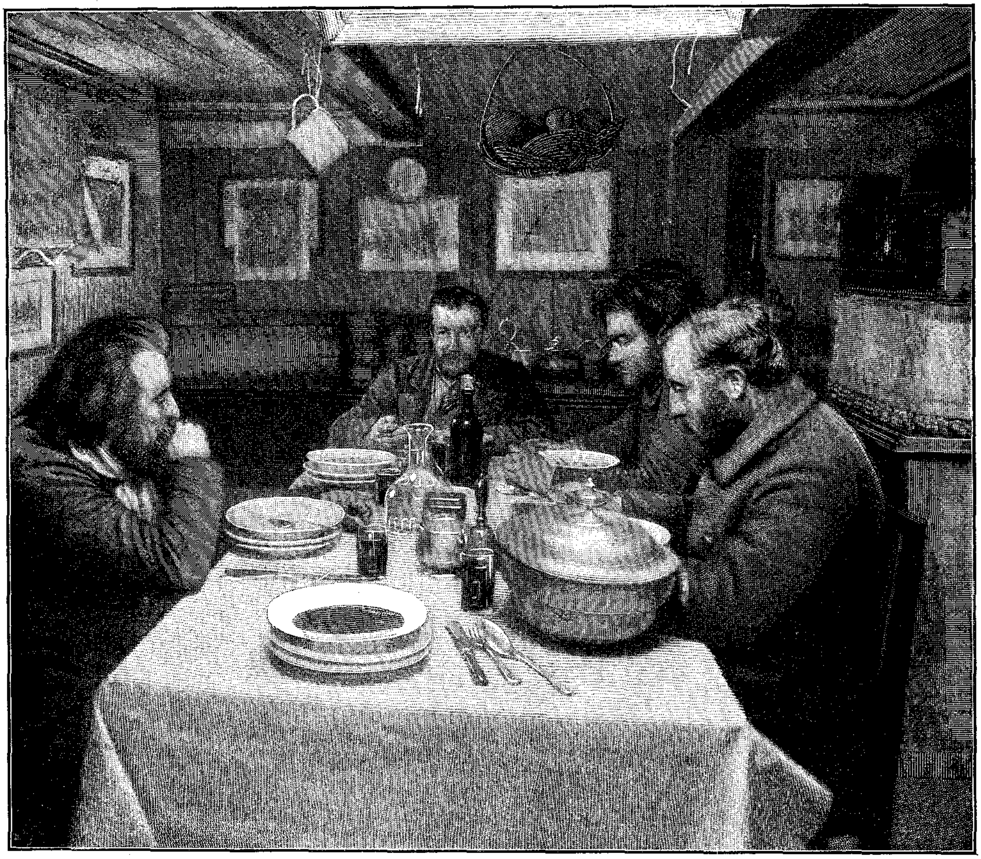
The sun set on May 16th, to remain below the horizon for 1,700 long hours. The cold whiteness of our surroundings then assumed a colder blackness. For more than a month we had seen almost nothing of the real sun. Storm after storm kept the sky constantly veiled by a frozen smoky vapor. The bright and almost constant twilight which gladdened our hearts on first entering the pack quickly shortened to a gloomy grayness. This grayness then gave way to a soul-despairing darkness, broken only at noon by a feeble yellow haze on the northern sky. I can think of nothing more disheartening, more destructive to human ambition, than this dense, unbroken blackness of the long polar night. In the Arctic it has some redeeming features. There the white invader has the Eskimo to assist and teach and to amuse him. The weather there is clear and cold; and in the regions about Greenland, where I have been engaged, there is land—real solid land, not the mere mockery of it, like the shifting pack that was about us here. With land at hand prolonged journeys are always possible, but what were we to do on a moving sea of ice?

On the day following the actual disappearance of the sun, the wind changed to the south, the temperature fell to twelve degrees below zero, and, as was always the case in a southerly wind, the weather offered promise of clearing. At noon an image of the sun appeared in the north. This was a distorted form of the sun, raised above the horizon by a refraction in the dense, ice-laden atmosphere close to the sea line. But though it was only an imitation of the sun, it gave us a real joy, a pleasure indescribable.

A VISIT TO AN ICEBERG.

On the 18th, during the few hours of midday twilight, we made an excursion to a neighboring berg to view the last signs of the parting day. It was a weird mission. I shall always remember the peculiar impression it produced upon me. When we started almost all the party were outside, standing about in groups of three or four, discussing the prospect of the long winter night and the short glory of the scene about. A thing sadder by far than the fleeing sun was the sickness of our companion Lieutenant Danco, which was emphasized to us now by his absence from all the groups, his sickness confining him to the ship. We knew at this time that he would never again see a sunrise, and we felt that perhaps others might

Captain Lecointe. Mr. Racovitza, Naturalist.



Mr. Arctowski, Oceanographer. Lieutenant de Gerlache, Commander of the Expedition.

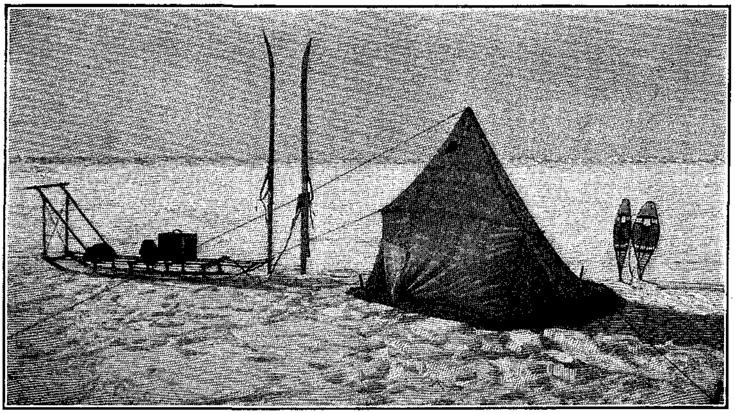
THE MIDSUMMER CHRISTMAS DINNER ON BOARD THE "BELGICA," DECEMBER 25, 1898.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

follow him. Who would be there to greet the returning sun? was often asked.

If I remember correctly, my companions on the excursion were De Gerlache and Amundsen. Slowly and lazily we skated over the rough surface of the snow to the northward. We had not gone far before we discovered that the ice was cracking and large leads were cutting off our retreat. We mounted hummocks of unusual height, and there awaited the imitation of the rising of the sun. Where the ice broke it separated, leaving a lane of black sea, from which oozed a steamlike vapor—in reality a cloud of small icy crystals that fell on the neighboring ice-fields. The countless miniature mountains, or hummocks, which covered the white fields had their northern faces brightened by a pale yellow light and their southern faces shadowed by a dull blue. This gave a little light to the usual lifeless gray of the ice-fields. Along the fresh leads there were a few penguins and an occasional seal, and in the water whales were spouting jets of breath. The pack, with the strange play of deflected light upon it, the subdued high lights, the softened shadows, the little speck of human and wild life and our good ship buried under its snows, should have been interesting to us; but we were interested only in the sky and in the northern portion of it. A few moments before noon the cream-colored zone in the north brightened to an orange hue, and precisely at noon a half of the form of the sun ascended above the ice. It was a distorted, dull semicircle of gold, heatless, rayless, and sad. It sank again in a few moments, leaving almost no color and nothing cheerful to remember through the seventy-one long days of darkness which followed. We returned to the ship, and during the afternoon laid out the plans for our midwinter occupation.

We could do some fishing during the night, but no sounding. Very little, indeed, was done outside except the work of bringing in



CAMPING ON THE PACK.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

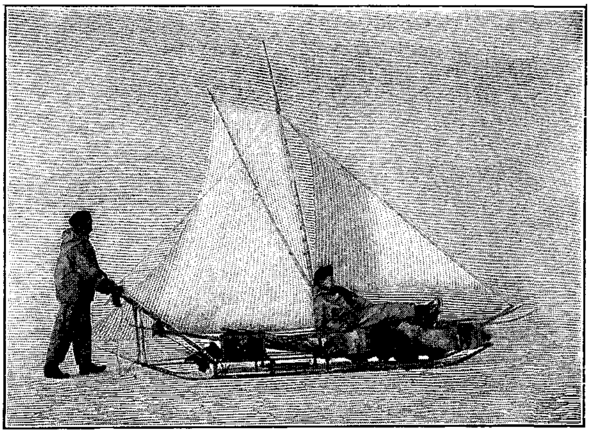
snow to melt for water and digging a path or a hole by which to get out. Each of us had planned a work of some magnitude to complete before sunrise. De Gerlache started to rewrite the ship's log. Lecointe began to complete the details of the summer's hydrographic work. Racovitza, in addition to regular laboratory work, was to plan the outlines of a new book on the geographical distribution of life. Arctowski had in mind a dozen scientific problems to elucidate. Amundsen entered into a copartnership with me to make new and more perfect traveling equipment; and in addition to this, I had the anthropological work of the past summer to place into workable order and a book on Antarctic exploration. Thus we had placed before us the outline for industrious occupation; but we did little of it. As the darkness increased, our energy faded. We became indifferent, and found it difficult to concentrate our minds or fix our efforts to any one plan of action. The work planned was partly accomplished, but it was done after the return of the sun.

The regular routine of our work was tiresome in the extreme; not because it was difficult of execution or required great physical exertion, but because it was monotonous. Day after day, week after week, and month after month, we rose at the same hour, ate the same things, talked on the same subjects, made a show at doing the same work, and looked out upon the same unbroken icy wilderness. We tried hard to introduce new topics for thought and new concoctions for the weary stomach. We strained the truth to introduce stories of home and of flowery future prospects, to infuse a new cheer; but it all failed miserably. We were under the spell of the black Antarctic night, and, like the world which it darkens, we were cold, cheerless, and inactive.

Here is the outline of a day's life on the "Belgica." Rise at 7.30 A.M.; coffee at 8; 9 to 10, open-air exercise; 10 to 12, scientific work, such as the regular meteorologic, magnetic, or laboratory tasks, for the officers; and for the marines, bringing in snow, melting snow for water, replenishing the ship's stores, repairing the ship, building new quarters, making new instruments, and doing anything which pertains to the regular work of the expedition; 12 to 2 P.M., dinner and rest or recreation; 2 to 4, official work; 4 to 4.30, coffee; 4.30 to 6, official work (regular work during this period was suspended for the greater part of the night); 6 to 7, supper; 7 to 10, card-playing, music, mending, and, on moonlight nights, excursions. At 10 o'clock we went to sleep.

PHYSICAL DEPRESSION.

Up to this time our health had been fairly good. Excepting a few light attacks of

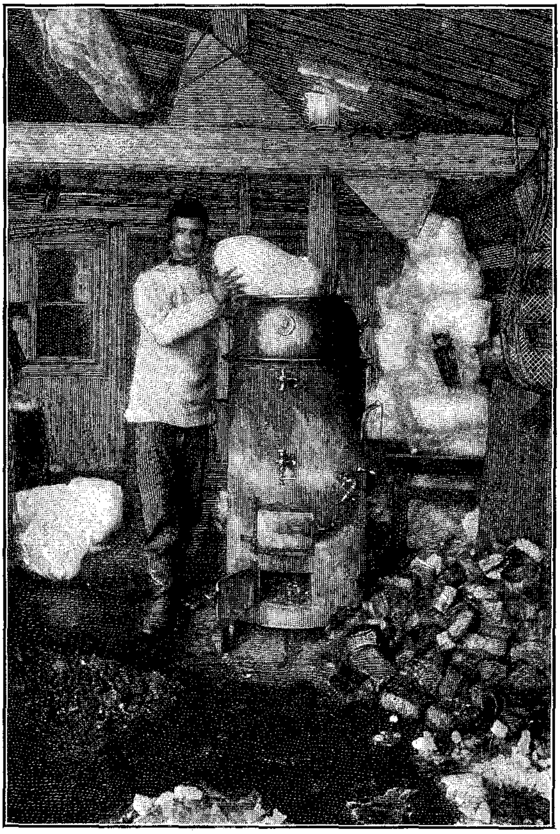


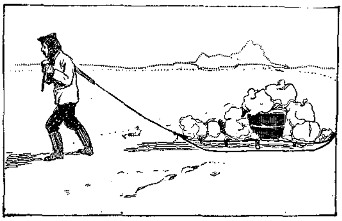
SLED-SAILING OVER THE PACK-ICE.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

rheumatism and neuralgia and some unimportant traumatic injuries, there had been no complaint. We ate little, however, and were thoroughly disgusted with canned foods. We had tried the meat of the penguins, but to the majority its flavor was too "fishy." We entered the long night somewhat underfed, not because there was a scarcity of food, but because of our unconquerable dislike for such as we had. It is possible to support life for seven or eight months upon a diet of canned foods; but after this period there is something in the human system that makes it refuse to utilize the elements of nutrition contained in tins. Against such food even for a short period the stomach protests; confined to it for a long period, it simply refuses to exercise its functions. Articles that in the canning retain a natural appearance usually remain, especially if cooked a little, friendly to the palate. This is particularly true of meat retaining hard fibers, such as ham, bacon, dried meats, and corned beef. It is also true of fruits preserved in juices; and vegetables, such as peas, corn, tomatoes; and of dried things. Unfortunately this class of foods formed a very small part of our store. We were weighted down with the supposed finer delicacies of the Belgian, French, and Norwegian markets. We had laboratory mixtures, in neat cans, and combined in such a manner as to make them look tempting—hashes under various catching names, sausage stuffs in deceptive forms, meat and fish balls said to contain cream, and mysterious soups; and we had all the latest inventions in condensed foods. But one and all they proved failures as a steady diet. The stomach demands things with a natural fiber, or some tough, gritty substance. At this time, as a relief, we would have taken kindly to something containing pebbles or sand. How we longed to use our teeth!

The long darkness, the isolation, the tinned foods, the continued low temperature, with increasing storms and a high humidity, finally reduced our systems to what we will call polar anæmia. We became pale, with a kind of greenish hue; our secretions were more or less suppressed. The stomach and all the organs were sluggish, and refused to work. Most dangerous of all were the cardiac and cerebral symptoms. The heart acted as if it had lost its regulating influence. Its action was feeble, but its beats were not increased until other dangerous symptoms appeared. Its action was irregular, feeble, and entirely unreliable throughout the night. The mental symptoms were not so noticeable. The men were incapable of concentration, and unable to continue prolonged thought. One sailor was forced to the verge of insanity, but he recovered with the returning sun.





HAULING AND MELTING SNOW, SHOWING HOW THE WATER SUPPLY OF THE "BELGICA" WAS REPLENISHED.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

The first to feel the effects of polar anæmia seriously was our lamented friend and companion, Lieutenant Danco. With the descent of the sun began the beginning of his end. On the short journeys which we took during the few moments of noonday twilight Danco complained of shortness of breath.

Indeed, we all had some difficulty of respiration upon the slightest exercise, but Danco would frequently stand still and gasp for breath. For this he came under medical care early in May, but in spite of every effort he rapidly sank, and died on June 5th. His death and burial are scenes too sad for my pen. My ink is not black enough to paint them.

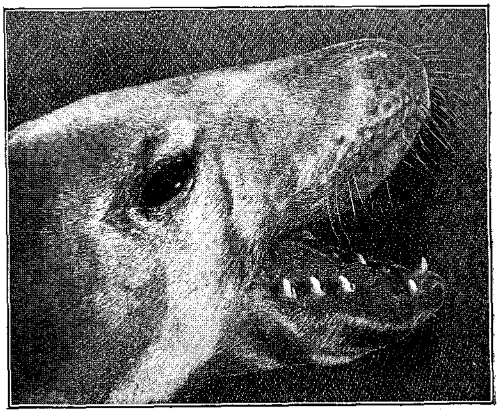
The dayless nights passed slowly, while the general spirit of the men sank lower and lower, until midnight on June 21st. The sad death of Danco and the increasing debility of every one reduced hope and cheerfulness to the minimum. To combat this we now took to a forced diet of fresh meat. Fortunately, we had on hand quite a supply of penguins and seals, stored in the banks of snow. We sawed the frozen meat into steaks, and fried them in oleomargarine. The men improved so rapidly on this diet that, though they objected to its fishy taste, they voluntarily ate it to the exclusion of almost everything else. Penguin and seal steaks, when once you have trained your nose to forget the odor and educated your palate to the dire needs of your system, are not bad. But to eat them is a matter of education under pressure. The flavor is unlike anything that I had tasted before. Imagine beef steeped in codliver oil for several months and then fried in train oil, and you will have an idea of our most prized relishes.

At noon on the 1st of July, there was a bright lemon-colored zone over the northern horizon, and from under it the wind came in gusts, with charges of snow so blinding that outside work or recreation was impossible. On the 4th of July, M. de Gerlache, with characteristic thoughtfulness, sent the stars and stripes to the masthead in honor of the day of American independence. For dinner that day we had an unusual menu, and we crowned our feast with appropriate toasts. Holidays and the like were the only excuse we had for an unusual time, and we took occasion to find as many of them as our fading memories retained. Birthdays, national feasts, and holidays of various nations, and even church days were chosen as excuses to punctuate time by dinners and wine.

Through the night there was nothing very remarkable connected with the celestial changes. Stars were visible at noon and at night in varying brilliancy and number, according to the amount of humidity in the atmosphere. There are not in the southern hemisphere the numerous fascinating nebulæ seen in the northern skies; but the Magellanic clouds, the Southern Cross, and other groups give it a charm of its own. The moon paid us its regular visits, and was always hailed with joy. By moonlight we were able to do some traveling, and by it, occasionally, we were able to capture a penguin, which was always a happy addition to our larder. One of the seemingly impossible accomplishments of the practical jokers was the construction of an artificial star. There existed some rivalry between two departments. For both it was necessary to have an observation of two fixed stars to determine our position. Owing to the constant cloud of snow which hung on the horizon, it was difficult, and generally impossible, to see a star low down. An artificial star was accordingly made by fixing a lantern on a post, and the post was placed far enough from the ship to be invisible. The observer did not discover that his star was a hoax for several days. The Aurora Australis was in evidence on nearly every night of April, May, July, and August. It was never so brilliantly luminous or so fantastic in figure as the Aurora Borealis. The usual form was that of an arc, without motion, resting low on the southwestern sky. Above and below it were ragged cloud-like fragments, which changed in form and brilliancy every few seconds. The color was faintly yellow, and the light emitted was never sufficient to be visibly thrown on to the surface snows.

NEW LIFE IN THE FIRST SUNSHINE.

The sun in rising appeared above the horizon by refraction before actual sunrise. For three weeks the northern sky had been so light at noon that had we not known when to expect the sun we might have awaited its



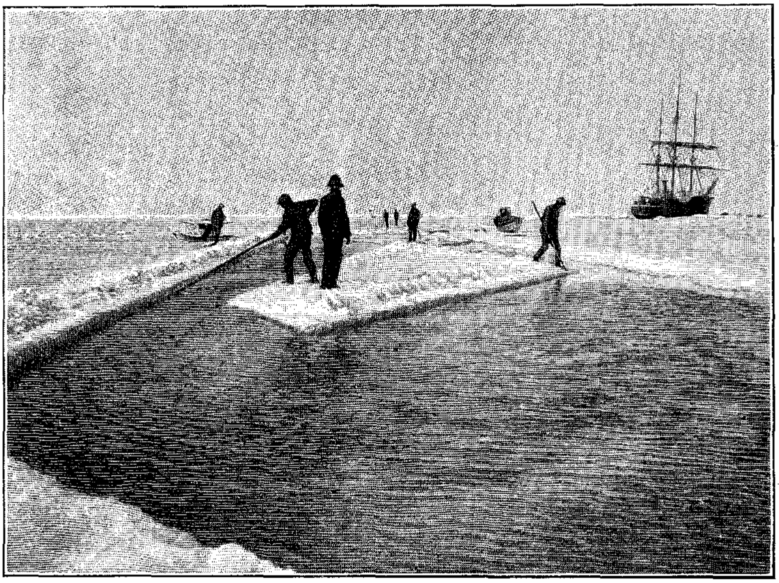
AN UNFRIENDLY SEAL.

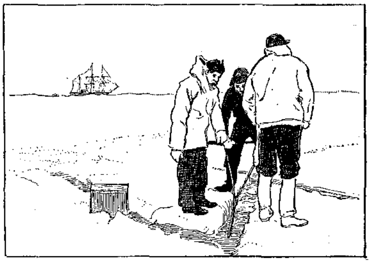
From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

rise every day. On the 23d and 24th of July, a dull ball of fire rolled along the icy hummocks of the homeward sky, but the real sun did not rise to view until the 25th. Its face was pale, its light feeble, and its heat imperceptible. Weak and sickly as the old father of life seemed, he started within us renewed fountains of joy. The daylight at midday increased from a few minutes to hours, until finally, on the 16th of November, all darkness disappeared, and the long nightless polar day began. The early part of this period was the coldest season of the year, the temperature ranging steadily from 30 to 40 degrees below zero. During the night of September 8th, the thermometer registered 45.5 degrees below zero. This proved to be our minimum temperature. Although men came in with frozen feet and hands and noses, they all agreed that the coldest weather was by far the most agreeable.

The ice now separated, leaving large open leads of water. In these finback and bottlenose whales gamboled about, but we saw nothing of the much-prized right, or black, whales. Seals and penguins, too, came out of the new fissure, and to get these for our larder was one of the sports of this time. The scene about the ship was now full of animation. Groups of men were sounding, others dredging the sea bottom, and still others placing the ship in order for the coming campaign. The regular observations were prosecuted with unusual vigor. Everybody, acting under the new stimulation of the sun, worked with a surprising will and ambition.

In November and December there was considerable change in the pack. The influence of the sun at noon was sufficient to reduce the great amount of drift snow to a depth of less than two feet. The hummocks lost their soft, downy faces, and stood out in hard, irregular masses. New fissures appeared in various places, making the general dimension of the ice-fields smaller. The field in which we were imbedded, however, retained its original size. It was irregular in form, with a general diameter of two miles. This was somewhat greater than the average size of the fields about us. Between the fields, around the icebergs, and particularly around our field, there were lakes and lanes of water which would permit some navigation. If we had been free, we might have forced a few miles daily to some new region. We had made preparations for a summer voyage of exploration to the outer part of the Palmer Archipelago, and then to the Weddell seas. As week after week of the short season passed we abandoned this ambition and sought for some means to extricate ourselves. The end of November was the time fixed upon to leave the pack, but November and December passed without





CUTTING A CANAL THROUGH THE ICE TO RELEASE THE "BELGICA" FROM HER ELEVEN AND A HALF MONTHS' IMPRISONMENT.

By constant work, day and night, for five weeks the canal was completed and the ship steamed out; but only to be caught in the pack again, two days later, and held fast for yet another month. From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Frederick A. Cook.

offering us the slightest hope of escape. The Christmas dinner and the New Year's Day wines raised our longings for freedom to a fever heat. The ship was firmly held at about 2,000 feet from the shore line. The ice between her and the edge was five feet thick in its feeblest places, and in some places it was twenty-five feet. How could we escape?

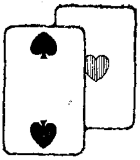
Many had faith in tonite, an explosive of the gun-cotton class, of which we had a great abundance. Tonite was said to be more powerful than dynamite, but our previous experiments with it had been total failures. In low temperatures it would simply make a cheerful bonfire without exploding. After these experiments the engineer threatened to use it as fuel to get up steam. When the temperature had risen to five degrees below zero, the explosive redeemed its reputation. It would explode; but it simply burrowed circular holes through the ice, which were of no service in releasing the ship.

Seeing that dark surfaces absorbed a greater amount of heat than the even whiteness of the snow, I suggested cutting two grooves through the snow to the water line. My idea in doing this was to flood the grooves with water, or throw ashes and some other dark substance into them, and so increase the power of the sun to deepen them. In this manner the ice would be weakened in a line with the ship, and it was hoped that it would eventually break in the way of least resistance. We did not begin this experiment until the early part of January, when the sun was already on the decline. One of the grooves was finished, but the temperature was so low that the sun of midday was not sufficient to melt the fresh ice formed under the feeble sun of midnight.

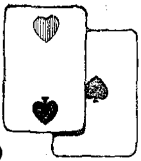
I next suggested the sawing of a canal large enough to permit a passage of the ship to the water's edge. This at first seemed utterly impossible. The distance was 2,400 feet. To do the work the entire force, including officers, numbered but sixteen men. We had no implements except six ordinary ice saws, which were too short. The canal was begun not with faith that it would ever be completed, but with an idea of keeping the men busy enough to prevent their worrying about our hopeless position. Once the project was commenced, everybody from the cook to the highest officer did his duty at the labor. We were strict equals at this time, all working as day laborers—some with saws, others with pick-axes and shovels. Divided into three groups, working eight hours each, we kept the saws and axes and shovels and explosives going throughout day and night for five long weeks. On the 14th of February, we steamed out through the canal—free, and with the consciousness that we had won our release by our own hard efforts.

Our freedom, however, did not last long. In two days we advanced forty miles northward, but then we came to a position in the pack edge where all efforts failed. We were held here for one month with the black sky indicating an open sea before us. We were preparing to fit up our second winter quarters for another year's drift, when a gentle southerly wind forced us out beyond the line of icebergs, where the ice spread, and we quickly steamed into the open South Pacific. It was March 14th. The season for further exploration during this season was closed. Our provisions were almost consumed, and the general aim of our expedition was fulfilled. The nearest port was Punta Arenas, and we set a course for it.

We left the pack from longitude 103° west, and latitude 70° 45′ south. We had thus drifted from about 80° to 103° of longitude and between 70° and 72° of latitude. In March and April we drifted westerly to longitude 92° 25″, where we were on April 25th. From May to October, we drifted back again to a place near our starting-point. From November to the time we left the ice, we drifted rapidly westward. The winter drift then is eastward, the summer drift is westward, and this is also the direction of the prevailing winds. Our farthest south was on March 31st, latitude 71° 36′ 5″, longitude 87° 33′ 30″. It would not at any time have been possible to push farther poleward in our position. The various soundings which we took prove the existence of a sea where there was previously thought to be land. Through these soundings also we have discovered a submarine bank comparable to the bank off the coast of Newfoundland. The excellent series of magnetic observations by M. Lecointe indicate the magnetic pole to be about 200 miles east of its present assigned position. The hourly meteorological observations, under the direction of M. Arctowski, are of priceless value to students of weather. The painstaking zoölogical work by M. Racovitza, and the numerous other observations and studies of Antarctic life and phenomena, are of a like value. As an American, I can with due modesty say that the work of this, the Belgian Antarctic Expedition, will form the stepping-stone to future Antarctic exploration.



THE PLANTERS



BY SHAN F BULLOCK

LIZZIE DOLAN was in bad humor; and so, more than once that morning, Hughy Fitch and Peter Jarmin had told each other across the narrow strip of ground that lay between one potato furrow and another. She looked sour, they thought, nipped, withered; her tongue had an edge that morning; her eye was vicious, her manner shrewish.

What ailed her ? Hughy and Peter wondered. Was she in trouble ? Was the work too much for her ? asked Hughy of Peter, at last, and resting on his spade glanced over his shoulder at Lizzie, as, bending low, she went dropping seed-cuts here and there over the long strip of manured potato ground. Her skirt was bunched up about her waist; a sackcloth apron (a *praskeen*, so called) bulging with seed-cuts swung against her knees; she wore an old and tattered jacket, heavy hobnailed boots, a quilted petticoat, and a man's peaked cap; her hair was in wisps, her face was wind-chapped, her wrists and hands showed raw-red; she looked pinched, Hughy thought, hungry, cheerless.

"I wonder, now," said he, turning again to his furrow, "if it's that'd be ailin' her ?"

"What ?" asked Peter, and hung for a moment on his spade-shaft. "What ?" asked he.

"Why, that the work'd be too much for her," answered Hughy, and broke a sod across the ridge. "It's hard on the back, an' it's wearisome; an' sure, the weather's ojus bitter."

Peter sniffed disdainfully, spat on his hands, and drove hard with his foot. He was a small man of about thirty-five, dark, wiry, ugly; about as much like his fellow-planter as a potato is like a turnip.

"Och," said he, "quit wi' ye. Hard on the back, indeed! I wonder what her back was made for ? Hard on the back, indeed," Peter went on, with a sniff ; "an' a powerful soft job it'll be drivin' this danged spade through stiff lea from sunrise to sunset. Aw, yis, indeed."

"It's true, Peter," said Hughy. "I widn't deny it."

"It's not to be denied," answered Peter. "People must ate, an' praties must grow, an' people must work. There's for ye."

"True," said Hughy again. "True for ye, Peter."

"Ivery time I turn me spade an' clout a sod over the eye o' one o' them boy-os," Peter continued, and looked at one of the seed-cuts lying on the ridge below him, "there's another mouthful on the way to the pot come next winter—if so be the divil doesn't set his cloots on the bit o' *conacre* an' scatter the blight over it."

Hughy straightened his long back, rested his big hands on his spade-head and his breast on his hands, looked slowly across the fields, glanced over his shoulder at Lizzie, and went on with his delving.

"I know," said he. "Ye talk like a schoolmaster, Peter. An' would it be the ould boy himself you'd be blamin', now, for that east wind that's blowin' razors at us through the hedge ?"

"I'd be thinkin' so," came across the ridge.

"An' himself, too, keeps the winter an' the hunger as long as he can, an' keeps the spring back, an' hides the sun away somewhere behind the clouds ? Would ye think that, Peter ?"

"I'd not be denyin' it," answered the wary Peter.

"Aw, yis," drawled Hughy; "aw, yis. An' you'd be of opinion, mebbe, that he had a hand in keepin' women out drudgin' in a field on a day that's fit to blow holes in a snipe—eh, Peter ?"

"Ah, there ye are again wi' your gossoon's talk!" Peter straightened himself, and shot out an arm. "What the blazes worse off is she, I ax ye again, nor you an' me ? Hasn't she clothes an' victuals ? Does all the wind come flutterin' at her skirts, d'ye imagine ? Answer me, will ye, Hughy Fitch ?"

"She's a woman," answered Hughy.

"Aw, a woman," sniffed Peter. "A woman! Sure, I forgot. An' you're a man. I was forgettin' that too. Mebbe you'd change places, Hughy ?"

"Naw," answered Hughy. "It's not that. I was just pityin' the crature."

"I know," said Peter. "Well, that's your affair. For me—well, I dunno. God knows I often pity meself. Ye pity the crature, Hughy; an' so do I. But between herself an' me there's about as much to choose as between one furrow an' another. Jist as much."

Hughy did not answer. The two worked on for a while; then said Peter:

"Suppose ye ax her, Hughy, what'd be troublin' her?"

"I'd—I'd be fearin', Peter. Mebbe she'd take it ill."

"Phat, man! She wouldn't ate ye."

"Naw," said Hughy, and looked back at Lizzie. "That's true, sure enough." He put his hand to the lee side of his mouth, and made as if to shout; hesitated; raised his hand again, and called—"Hoi—i—i, Lizzie!"

With one hand on her hip and the other holding up the end of her bulging *praskeen*, Lizzie stood gazing dolefully across Emo bog; but at sound of Hughy's call she turned and faced up the ridge.

"Well?" said she. "What is it?"

"Come here an' give us some of your crack," shouted Hughy.

"Och, g'luck!" answered Lizzie, and stooped. "Crack, indeed!"

"Come on wi' ye," persisted Hughy. "We're powerful lonesome up here. Och, don't be so stubborn, woman dear. . . . That's right," said Hughy, drawing forth his pipe, as Lizzie turned and came tramping over the grass towards him. "Sakes alive, woman, you're as hard to bring from the work as an ass from a carrot-bed!"

Peter chuckled over his spade-head. Lizzie stopped.

"Aw, I'll be thankin' ye, Hughy Fitch," said she. "Is it for the remark ye called me?"

Hughy reddened; scratched his ear; moved his feet.

"Och, now," said he; "och, now. . . . Sure, there was no harm. Ah, no——"

"Ah, quit wi' ye," Peter broke in. "Sure, you've as made palaver as if you'd hit her in the eye. An' how's yourself, Lizzie, *machree?*" Peter went on, with a nod and a smirk. "How's the world usin' ye, now, this raw morning?"

"Ye called me?" said Lizzie, looking straight across Peter's shoulder at Hughy.

"Ah, I did," answered Hughy in his drawling way. "'Twas Peter there put it in me head. Says he——"

"I know," said Lizzie, with a tap of her foot and a scornful toss of her head. "'Twas Peter, indeed!" She turned to go. "Well, I'm obliged to ye for the walk you've given me; an' the taste o' your foolery."

"But, Lizzie," Hughy began, with wonderment big on his great red face; "I didn't mean——"

"Ah, be quiet wi' ye," snapped Peter over his shoulder; "be quiet an' light your wits instead o' your pipe. . . . Aisy, Lizzie; aisy, ye girl, ye. Now don't go; don't."

Peter's wheedling availed nothing. Slowly Lizzie walked on, head back, eyes fixed straight before her; nor stopped even when a heavy foot came hurrying after and a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Let me go, Peter Jarmin," cried she. "How dare ye, sir!" She wheeled about. "Aw, it's you, is it?" she said, dropping her eyes. "It's you."

"Ay," answered Hughy. "It's me. What, in glory, ails ye, Lizzie? Woman dear, you're full o' whimsies this mornin'. Come back. Come back, or, faith, I'll shake ye."

"Why didn't ye keep me when I was there?"

"Keep ye? Why—didn't I ask ye to come? Why—didn't I *want* ye to stay?"

"Ay? Sure, I thought it was Peter."

"'Twas meself." Hughy took her by the arm. "Back ye come."

"Amn't I as well where I am?" said Lizzie, with a smile on her lips.

"Naw. Back ye come."

"Ye think three'll be better company nor two?"

"I think nothin'—only back ye come."

Hughy stood Lizzie in front of Peter; spilled the contents of her *praskeen* upon the grass; brought an empty sack across from the hedge, and spread it behind her.

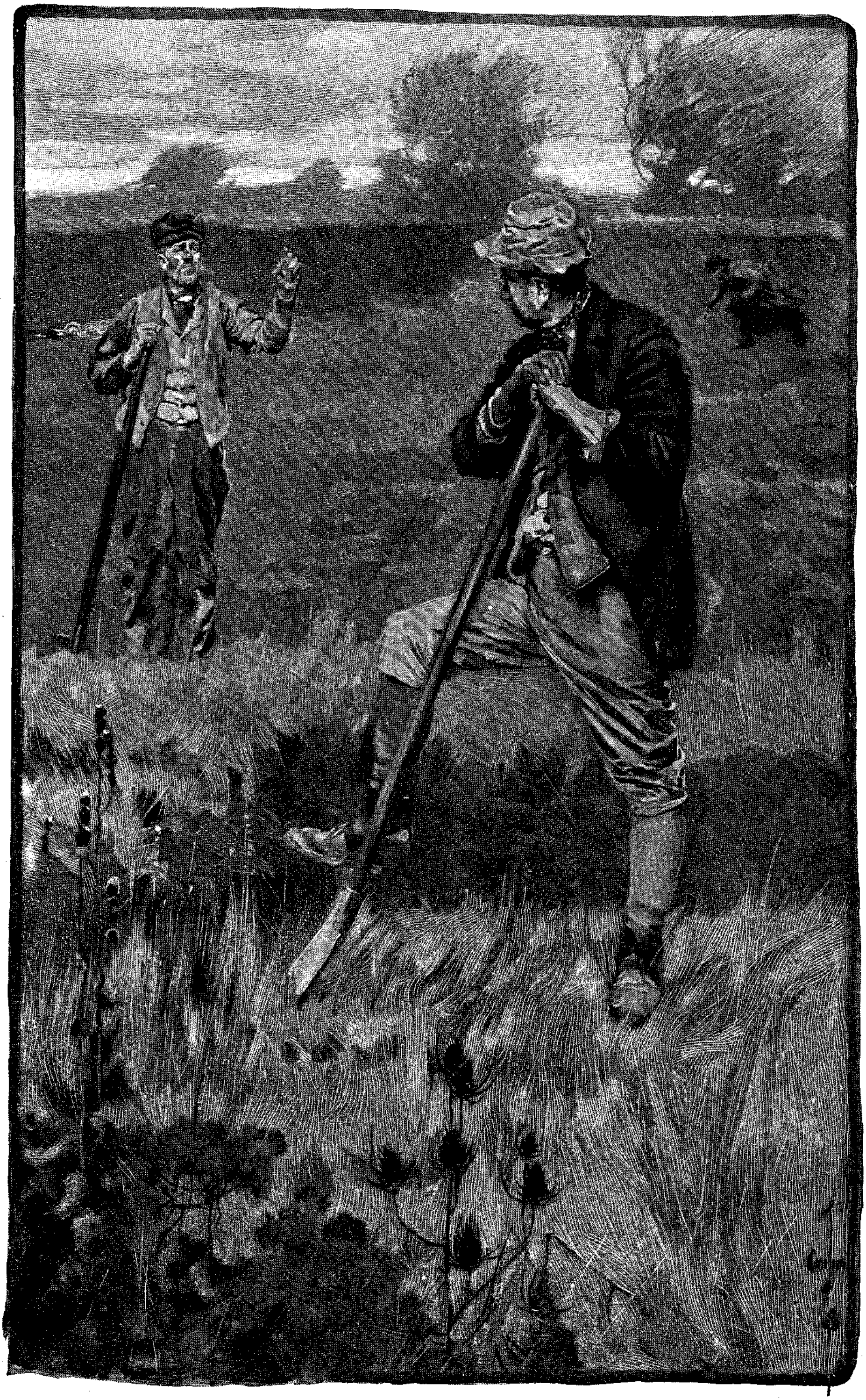
"Now rest yourself," said he, and sat him down on the edge of a ridge, "an' no more o' your capers." Lizzie sat down upon the sack, gathered up her knees, and clasped them with both hands. "Sure, that was no way to be treatin' us," Hughy continued; "no way at all. You'd think— Tell me, Lizzie, ha' we offended ye? Because—" He stopped. "Because——"

"Just so," said Peter with a chuckle. "*Because*——"

"Ah, quit your nonsense, Hughy," Lizzie cried from the sack. "Offended me? Naw. It's not that—it's not that at all."

"Ay?" said Hughy and Peter in a breath. "Ay?"

"Naw, it's not that," Lizzie went on,



"'AH, THERE YE ARE AGAIN WI' YOUR GOSSOON'S TALK!'"

with her eyes on the long blackness of a newly planted ridge; "it's just iverything. I feel this mornin' as if me grave was open."

"Ay?" Peter laid his spade along the ridge, and sat down upon it. "Well, we were sayin' ye didn't look yourself this mornin', Lizzie. Yis, we were."

"I can't return the compliment, Peter Jarmin," returned Lizzie; "for you're just the same as ye always are—just as ugly, an'— Niver mind. Mebbe if I'm not meself," said she, glancing at Hughy, "I'm not without reason. But, sure— Aw," cried she suddenly, and looked here and there, "did the Lord iver make a worse day nor this? It's woeful. Look at the cowld, gray, hungry appearance there's everywhere! Look at the fields, as dead as the road; an' the bare hedges, an' the starvin' trees! An' that wind," shivered the girl inside her tattered jacket; "sure, it's—och, it's ojus!"

For a while the two men sat looking, now at Lizzie, now across the cowering hills, now up at the pitiless sky. It was truth, thought they; never had they seen a sorrier day, never seen old Ireland more nakedly God-forsaken.

"You'd think," Lizzie went on presently, "that niver again could the sun shine or the sky show its face. Sure, it's woeful. It's worse nor frost an' snow; it's worse nor the floods. Ugh!" shivered the girl again; "it's miserable. I could just die."

The men sat staring at her. She was in an odious queer humor that morning, they thought; like a sick child she was, with her peevishness and her humors.

"Yis, it's bad, I allow," said Peter, looking round. "Still, there's niver a bad but there's a worse behind it."

"Worse?" cried Lizzie, throwing out a hand. "Worse, ye say? An' how? Would we be worse if we were flat in our graves? Look at us here, like snipes in a ditch, shiverin' an' famished. Look at the sky. Och, dear Lord, will the spring niver come—will it niver come again!"

"It will, Lizzie, *agra*," answered Peter; "surely it will. All of a suddint it'll take us, one o' these days, just like a smack from a blackthorn; an' then where'll your misery an' your graves be, wi' yourself friskin' in the sunshine like a nine-days' lamb?"

"Ah, quit your blether, Peter Jarmin," answered Lizzie. "You an' your friskin'! 'Deed, ay. A lot o' friskin' poor me'll get; an' a sight better off I'll be, anyway, spring or no spring. Aw, yis," cried Lizzie, and glanced at Hughy as he sat leaning forward and looking hard at her beneath his hat brim.

"Well," said Peter in his sage way, "mebbe it'd be as well to wait an' see."

Lizzie tossed her head.

"Ah, it's aisy to talk," said she peevishly; "mighty aisy! What do the two o' ye know about things? If ye wanted to go to Ameriky the morrow ye could buy your tickets an' start. But—aw, I wish to God I could go the morrow," cried Lizzie. "I wish it wi' all me heart. I'm sick o' this hand-to-mouth, dog-in-the-pot kind o' life. Look at the ould mother an' meself over yonder, all be ourselves, niver knowin' where the bit's to come from, or the rag for our backs, or how long the roof'll be over us. It's a dog's life, I say, a dog's. Women! Ah, God help the poor women, say I," cried Lizzie, and wiped a bitter tear from her cheek.

Peter looked at his boots, and found never a word to say. He was beginning to pity the girl, he found. What she said was true enough. Still——

"She's as cross as the divil," cried Lizzie. "She's always naggin' at me. She made the breakfast choke in me throat this mornin' wi' her tonguin'. I do me best," cried the girl; "I do me best. But—aw, I wish to God I could get away somewhere. I do—I do."

Hughy sat rubbing a crumb of tobacco between his palms, his knife sticking out between thumb and forefinger, his pipe head downward in his mouth. His heart was sore for the poor girl. He wished he could help the "cratur." He liked her well. He minded when he used to sit before the fire with Lizzie at his side. He looked at her; met her eyes; reddened; looked down; after a while stole another glance, and found her on her feet and gathering the scattered potato-sets into her *praskeen*. He rose.

"Aisy," he said, and crossed the ridge. "Aisy, till I help ye, Lizzie." He stooped; and as he did so Peter knelt over and gathered a double handful of the cuts. "Aisy, Lizzie," said Peter; "aisy, ye girl, ye."

But already Lizzie had turned away.

"I'm thankful to ye both," said she over her shoulder; "but sure there's no need to trouble ye, and what's there can wait till I'm comin' back."

Peter squatted on his heels; Hughy rested hands on knees, and stood staring after her.

They saw her reach the fire which burned close to the hedge; saw her sit down on a pile of turf and begin slicing potatoes into seed-cuts; then they looked at each other, and without a word turned to their spades.

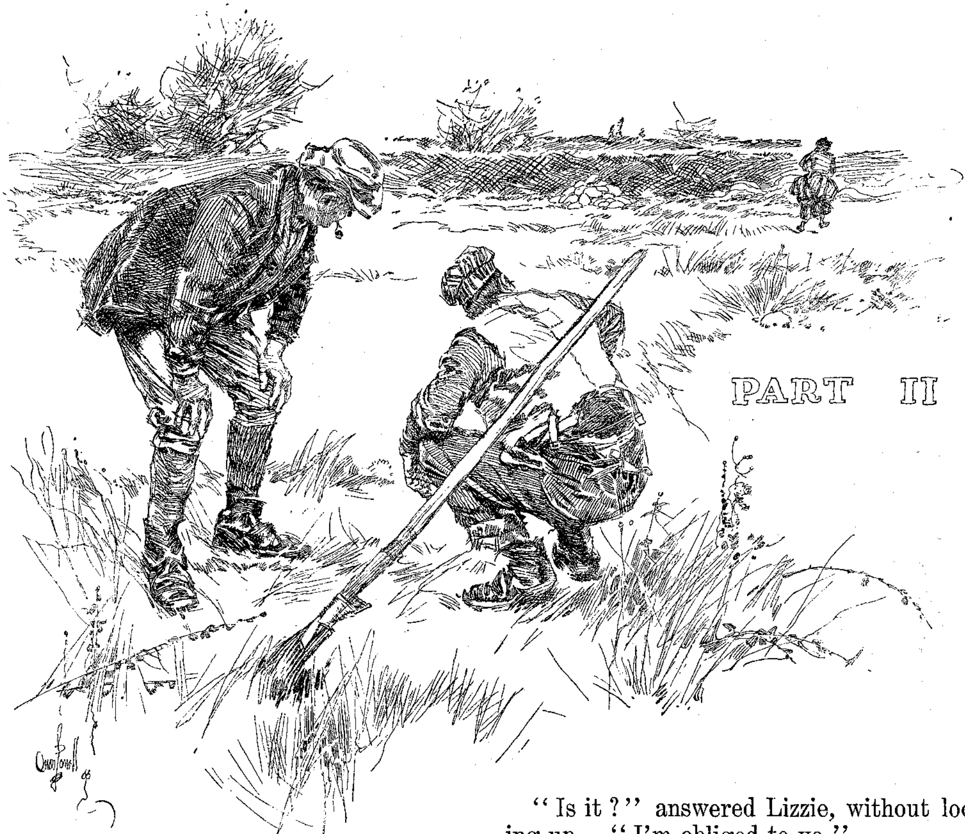
A while passed, then said Peter:

“I'm thinkin' I know now what'd be ailin' her.”

“Ay,” answered Hughy in his slow way; “mebbe ye do, Peter.”

And after that, till dinner-time had come, no word passed between the planters.

“THEY SAW HER REACH THE FIRE WHICH BURNED CLOSE TO THE HEDGE.”



PART II

“THERE'S no clock in the sky the day,” Peter said, looking up as if in search of the sun; “but be the feel o' things it must be dinner-time. Come away, Hughy,” said he, and set off towards the fire.

Hughy threw his spade into a furrow, and, with his hands clasped behind his back, slowly followed Peter. Presently he turned; looked at Lizzie; grunted and turned; turned again and muttered; without more ado began retracing his steps.

“It's the divil's work for a woman,” he mumbled as he went; then, coming closer to Lizzie, raised his voice.

“It's dinner-time,” said he; “there or thereabouts.”

“Is it?” answered Lizzie, without looking up. “I'm obliged to ye.”

Hughy knitted his brow; pocketed his hands; let his weight rest on this foot, now on that.

“But— You're comin' over, Lizzie?” he asked.

“Naw, Hughy. I'm not.”

“Eh? You're not? An' what—?” Words failed Hughy.

“I'm goin' over the bog to see Anne Daly,” Lizzie went on. “I promised her, this mornin', I'd go an' take a bite wi' her.”

“Aw,” said Hughy, “I see. Then, that bein' so— We'd be powerful glad o' your company, Lizzie,” he went on, and looked wistfully at her; “if only you'd come.”

“I'm thankful to ye, Hughy. Still—a promise is a promise.”

“Aw, I know, I know. I wouldn't have

ye— Aw, not at all." Hughy half turned. "Aw, not at all," said he; "still——"

"Ay, *still* . . ." said Lizzie. And flinging a laugh over her shoulder, off she went across the ridges.

Hughy bent his head, slowly crossed the field, and came to the lane hedge. There, in its shelter, a fire of peat burned brightly, and beside it sat Peter Jarmin, legs outstretched, back against the half-filled potato sack, and a piece of rye bread in his hand. A bottle of cold tea stood warming by his foot; his hat was tilted back; already the fire had drawn the blueness from his face. He looked comfortable, did Peter, and his lips went smacking with a mighty relish over the plain dryness of his dinner.

Hughy rounded the fire; lifted his coat off the ditch, took from one pocket a little bottle of milk, and from the other a piece of soda bread knotted inside a red handkerchief; threw his coat round his shoulders, kicked a couple of turf together, and, with the fire between him and Peter, sat down. He untied the handkerchief, pulled out a clasp-knife, slit his bread in half, stood a piece in the ashes against the sole of his boot, and on the point of his knife held the other towards the fire to toast. His face was sober, thoughtful. Now and then he turned his head in the direction that Lizzie had gone; once or twice he caught the glint of Peter's black eyes through the peat smoke; but no word spoke he, and it was not till he had started on his second piece of toast that the sound of Peter's voice came to him across the flap of the fire.

"Where was she off to?"

"To Fat Anne's."

"I know," said Peter, and for the rest of the meal, but for the whistling of the wind in the hedge, the smacking of lips, and the gurgle that came at intervals from the bottle necks, silence reigned.

Peter finished first; buttoned his coat round his shoulders, lit his pipe, leant back luxuriously against the potato sack, folded his arms, closed his eyes. But sleep he could not. Dang it, what ailed him? He sat upright, and looked across the fire. There, flat on his back, lay Hughy—wide awake as a hunted fox. 'Twas mighty curious, thought Peter; mighty curious. What ailed the both of them? He relit his pipe, leant against the potato sack, and began to think—to think hard and solemnly, even, to all appearance, as Hughy, his partner, was thinking. He knitted his brow, pursed his lips, cocked his knowing eye at the blaze; after a while, slapped his leg vigorously and raised his head.

"Yis," said he, half aloud. "Be the king, I'll do it! Ye wouldn't be havin' a pack o' cards in your pocket, Hughy?" he asked through the smoke.

"Divil a one," came back.

"Ay. Would ye be havin' a couple o' ha'pence, then, about ye? Ye would." Peter rose. "Well, then, I'll play ye a game o' pitch an' toss on the lane. I'm off me sleep."

"All right," answered Hughy. He rose, yawned, looked across the bog towards the cabin of Fat Anne. "All right," said he, and followed Peter. "Divil a hair I care if I do."

The two went a little way up the field, and through a gap into the lane that runs through Emo down towards Thrasna River; there, in the driest spot they could find, set a stone as a spud, drew out their coins, and began their game. Peter looked flushed, somewhat excited. Hughy pitched and tossed with zest, if with less than his usual skill. In silence, almost in excitement, the partners played their boy's game between the piping hedges. After half an hour every farthing of Hughy's tobacco-money—some threepence sterling—was jingling in Peter's pocket, and sport was over.

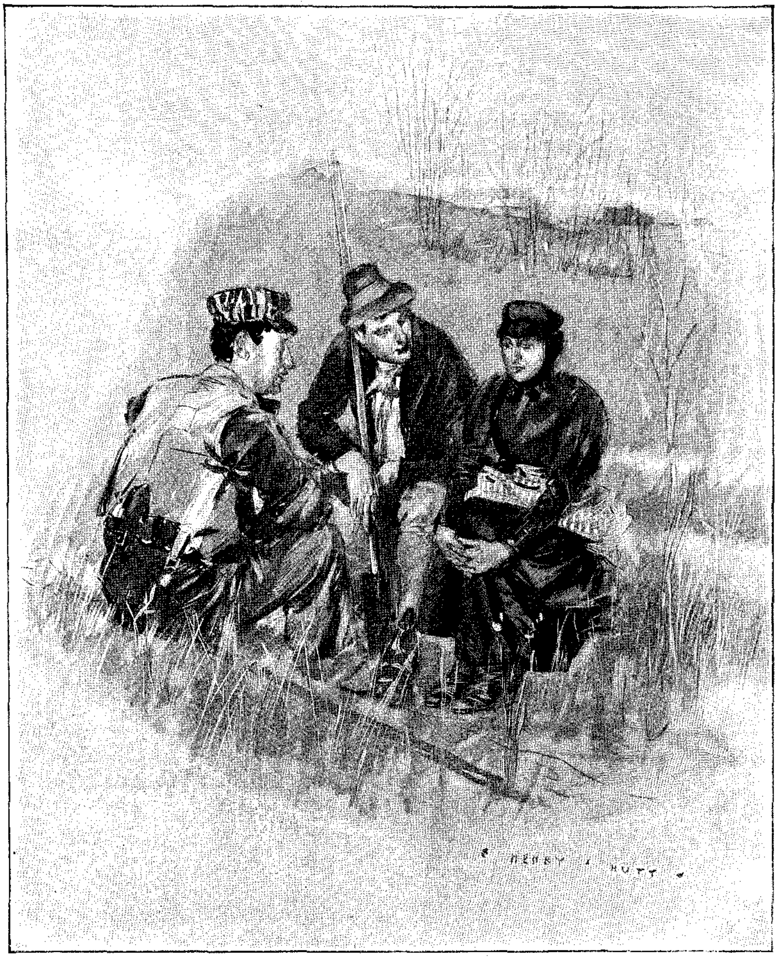
"Well, divil take me luck!" said Hughy, and turned towards the gate.

"Aw, divil take it, indeed," answered Peter with a grin; "an' divil keep me mine! Well, come away, Hughy, me son; there's work to do. But—but," he went on, and looked up and down the potato field, "where's Lizzie? Sure, I—sure, she should be back be this. Well, no matter, she'll come in time." And soberly the two tramped back to their spades.

Half an hour went, and brought no Lizzie. For the twentieth time Peter looked anxiously towards Rhamus Hill, and wondered what was keeping the girl. Had anything happened to her? he asked himself. 'Twas time she was back. He was weary waiting. He'd go and fetch her. He'd—Hughy's arm shot out, and marked a figure which moved slowly in the gloom that lay folded about the roots of Rhamus Hill.

"Stay where ye are, Peter," said he. "There she is."

Peter grunted, pulled his hat down, and under its brim watched Lizzie wind through the heather and over the turf banks; saw her jump the drain that bounds the bog, enter the potato field, leisurely top the ridges.



"'WELL, WE WERE SAYIN' YE DIDN'T LOOK YOURSELF THIS MORNIN', LIZZIE.'"

For a minute or two he watched her swaying here and there among the manure-heaps; then, suddenly, let fall his spade and settled his hat firmly on his crown.

"I'm mindful to say a word to her," said he. "I have somethin' to say. . . . Aw, I'll be back in a jiffy," he broke off, and with a wave of his hand set out toward Lizzie.

Now Hughy Fitch was a simple fellow, big-hearted and trusting, and, moreover, was Peter Jarmin's friend; still it must be said that he watched his partner go swinging over the grass toward Lizzie with no very friendly eyes. What, in glory, was the man after? he asked himself. Somehow he was not trusting Peter. Look at him there, now, standing before Lizzie, and him as impudent-looking as a cattle-jobber. What, in the king's name, was he saying? See how Lizzie was staring at him. There again! Out goes Peter's hand; up goes his voice; out goes t'other hand. Whisht! Is that Lizzie laughing? Ay, it is. Look at her head back, and her mouth open. Now Peter turns, and glowers at the ground; wheels round again, and says another word or two; gets another laugh from Lizzie, and bangs his hat on the grass; turns, and . . . It was time to be minding his own business, thought Hughy.

The afternoon wore on. Each at his furrow, the planters wrought steadily, and one to the other spoke never a word. Sometimes Peter muttered fiercely below his breath, or growled viciously as his spade struck a stone. Often enough Hughy stole a quick glance at his partner's face, and wondered to see how black it was and how fierce. Now and then a laugh swirled up the ridges on the wings of the wind; and Hughy turned to see Lizzie holding her sides; and Peter swore between his teeth. At last—two hours, maybe, having gone since dinner-time—Lizzie passed on her way to the fire, and at sight of her stepping along, nose in the air and a grin on her face, Peter snatched the halter from his tongue and cried fiercely:

"The jade!" And again: "The hussy!"

"Ay?" said Hughy, without raising his eyes. "Ay?"

"Look at her prancin' along. Look at the grin on her. The hussy!" cried Peter again. "The jade!" Hughy kept silent. Lizzie sat down by the fire, and began warming her hands. Fiercely Peter wielded his spade; fiercely, in a little while, did he speak. "She's a fool! She laughed at me, scorned me. . . . I'm not an ould man," cried Peter all suddenly; "I'm not ugly. I'm as good a man, any day, as you, Hughy Fitch. Yis, I am!"

"Sure, nobody's denyin' it," answered Hughy.

"Naw, I know. But—aw, I know all about it. Says she: 'Why, I could cut a better man nor you, Peter, out of Hughy yonder, an' him niver to know.' Could she, be jabers!" shouted Peter. "Why, I've more brains to spare in me skull than'd make a magistrate o' ye. Ye hear that, Hughy Fitch?"

"I hear," said Hughy, smiling down at his spade. "I hear ye."

"What has bulk or good looks to do wi' it?" Peter went on. "'Twasn't her face or her size made me say what I did. Naw! 'Twas—aw, dang me if I know what tempted me to make such a gomeril o' meself! The fool I was—the fool!" Hughy kept silence. Peter turned a sod or two, then broke out afresh. "To laugh at me, an' call me a fool! The jade—the hussy! But wait. Aw, wait till herself an' the ould mother comes on the parish, an' I have the laugh at her! It's then she'll mind the day I offered meself to her here in Emo townland. Aw, ay! An' I'll mind it too. Yis, sir; yis, sir!"

Slowly Hughy rose to his full height; slowly looked round at Peter.

"I see," said he. "That was it?" He whistled softly. "I see," he said again. "Oh, just so."

"The little fool," Peter continued. "Her to refuse a good house, an' three cows' place, an' a man that was worth— Phat!" cried Peter in utter disgust. "The wee fool."

Hughy had been looking hard at Peter; now he put a foot on the ridge, and leant towards him.

"I say, Jarmin," said he, "this'll be a mean kind o' trick you're after playin'?"

"What?" snapped Peter.

"Why didn't ye tell me what ye were after?" Hughy went on. "Ye knew I used to be courtin' the girl; ye knew I was keen to do somethin'; ye knew I meant to do somethin'——"

"Knew!" cried Peter. "Knew! An' suppose I did, Hughy Fitch?"

"Then why did ye go slinkin' off an' not tell me a word?"

"What's that to you? Dang ye, what's that to you?"

"Why didn't ye play fair?" Hughy persisted, his body bent towards Peter, his head lowered, his eyes dully glowing.

Peter's face flared crimson; as if stung by a whiplash, his lean figure quivered.

"Play fair!" cried he, tense and shrill. "What d'ye mean, ye whelp, ye? Who didn't play fair? Didn't I ax ye if ye had cards, an' ye hadn't? Didn't I toss ye out there on the lane, an' didn't I win? Hadn't I it in me mind that if I won I'd ax her to marry me, and if I didn't win I'd—I'd—? Who played ye false, Fitch?" growled Peter, and pushed his face closer to Hughy's. "Who played ye false?"

Hughy drew back, and silently stood looking at his partner.

"Say the word again," growled Peter. "Who did ye say played ye false?"

"I take back the word, Peter," answered Hughy. "I—I was hasty. I—I said too much." He paused, looked at his boots, slowly raised his eyes. "All the same, Peter, 'twould ha' been a friend's act to ha' asked me, seein' how I was thinkin', if I had—if I had e'er a word to say."

Peter laughed sardonically, turned, and lifted his spade.

"Aw, 'deed I might," he said. "Sure, I might."

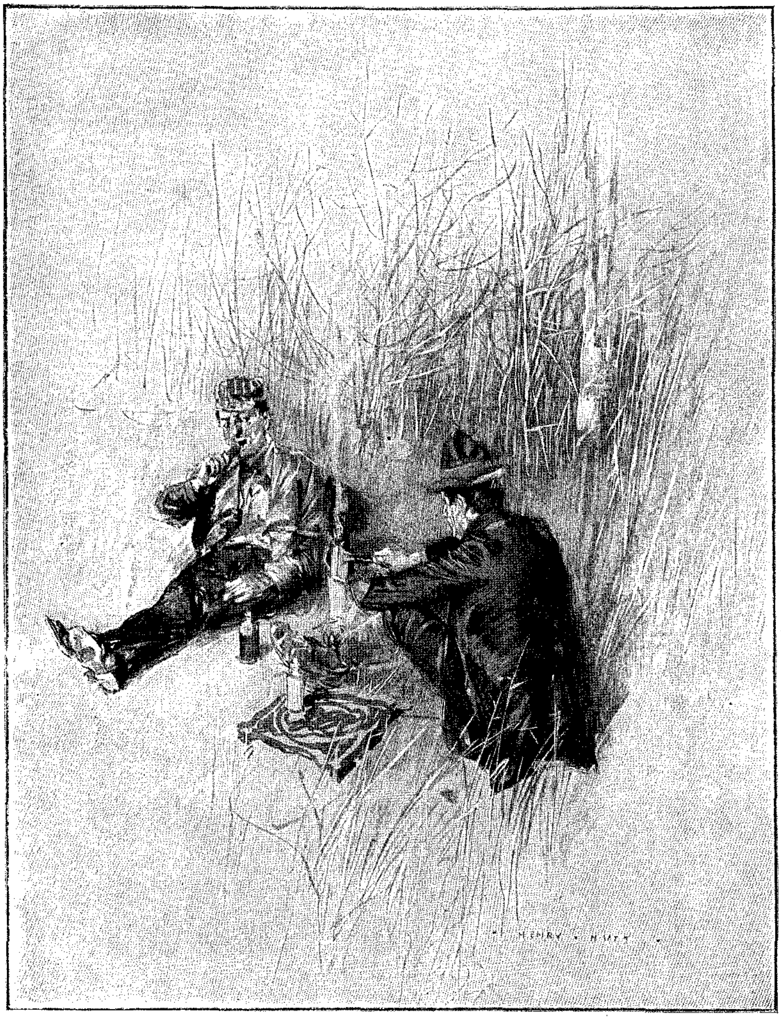
"'Twould ha' done ye no harm," Hughy went on, then paused and looked at his spade. "But, sure," he mused, "it's much the same, after all. Sure, she refused ye."

"Hech!" grunted Peter.

"An' that bein' so," said Hughy, the glad light of inspiration sweeping dazzlingly through his brain and flashing in his eyes; "that bein' so, sure things are much as they were, an' there's nothin' to hinder me—" He stopped short, looked at Lizzie, turned and gripped his spade. "Aw, just so," said he, with a wag of his head. "Aw, just so."

"Aw, 'deed ay," laughed Peter. "An' God help the man, say I, that has to face the world wi' the wits of a goose!"

Hughy turned to his furrow, and fell a-pondering. He must take stock of things, he told himself. Peter had done no harm, and was out of the way. He liked the girl; pitied her, too; wanted to do the crature a good turn. Yes. She'd make a good, strong, healthy, willing wife; she'd keep the loneliness from him, and keep the hearthstone bright and warm. Would she have him? Aw, to be sure. He minded the time, long ago, he was ready to give her the word. Ay, he did. The word was ready, but somehow he didn't say it. He was afraid. He was unsettled. Somehow the word wasn't said. And now? Was he more settled now—less afraid? Ah, things weren't so bad; and sure, they might mend. He'd work hard;



"HE CAUGHT THE GLINT OF PETER'S BLACK EYES THROUGH THE PEAT SMOKE."

Lizzie'd do her share. There was the bit o' land, the cow, the goat, the ducks and chickens; there was a decent house; and sure, God was good, anyway. Dear, dear, the strange way things turned out! Not a notion did he have, when he left home that morning, of giving the word to the girl—not a notion. And now? Well, no matter. Maybe 'twas all for the best. Suppose he went, then and there, and asked her? He looked at Lizzie, at Peter, at the hills; rubbed his chin, looked again at Lizzie, worked a while, pondered a while, started to go, came back, started again, came back again; at last decided to put off the asking till tea-time had come with a good opportunity.

Tea-time came, and still Hughy wavered. Sure, there was no hurry. How could he say a word to the girl, and she drinking out of the same can with himself and Peter? How could he ask her, with Peter sitting there blinking and grinning at him like a mad monkey? Sure, it was time enough. He'd speak to her inside half an hour. Yes; danged but he would!

The half-hour went; an hour went; the end of the second hour saw Hughy still pondering and wavering; the third brought dusk and quitting time, and to Hughy the determination (fixed and steady) to give Lizzie the word on his way home. He hid his spade in a furrow; put on his coat, lit his pipe; with his elbow on the gate, stood waiting for Lizzie to come. He wondered how he'd start, what she'd say; he wondered how much longer she would be in takin' off her *praskeen*. . . . What, what! Where was she going? He put hands to mouth and shouted:

"Hoi—i, Lizzie! Hoi—i—i, Lizzie!" The girl, as she walked from the fire, turned her head. "Aren't ye comin' home?" shouted Hughy.

"Naw," answered Lizzie, and walked on.

"Where—where are ye goin', then?"

"G'luck!"

Hughy stood dumfounded. Peter came up, passed through the gateway, laughed in that sarcastic manner of his; went up the lane towards Emo House.

For a while Hughy stood looking after Lizzie; then, suddenly, went hurrying in her steps over the potato field, across the bottoms, along the heathery turf banks of Emo bog. He felt hurt, vexed, fearful that the girl might be bent on something reckless; it was with much relief, if with a slight stab of disappointment, that he saw her bend head and enter the smoke-wreathed portals of Anne Daly's cottage. He stopped; in the shelter of a hedge stood pondering the position. Should he follow her? No. Anne had a tongue; James a knowing way with him. Should he make for home, and keep his word for the morning? No. He was tired keeping it; he'd wait for the girl. On a ditch he sat him down, and fell to humoring dull time with an occasional thought, an odd stave of a song, a whiff now and then of precious tobacco. He felt hungry, tired, cold. At intervals, he heard the sound of Lizzie's laughter, of Anne's skirls, of James's hollow roar; presently came the clink of spoons and the rattle of tea-cups. Ugh, he felt odious shivery, powerful empty. He tightened his belt, buttoned his coat; moved further away from the sounds of revelry. An hour passed. Ah, he was starving. Was she never coming? He rose again, climbed Rhamus Hill, scrambled across the old castle wall; with his eyes steadily fixed on the path up which Lizzie must come, stood patiently waiting. Ah, she was powerful slow in coming. Ah, he was starving, chilled—Whisht! There she was. Hurroo! He slunk from the ruins, crouched across the fields, struck the main road not far from Stonegate; there stood waiting in the black shade of the hedge.

Soon came the quick patter of Lizzie's step; out stepped Hughy upon the road, and turned to meet her. Hands deep in his pockets, and voice vexing the night with a tuneless stave from "Norah Creina," aimlessly (so he affected it) he went sauntering along; presently met Lizzie, passed her with a gruff "Good-night," then wheeled about, caught her up, and peered round into her face.

"Why," said he, and slapped his leg; "dang me, if it isn't herself! Well, well." Without a word Lizzie walked on. "Now, who'd ha' thought it," Hughy continued, shortening his stride; "who'd ha' thought this was goin' to happen to me? Here was I just foolin' along, singing to meself an' settlin' me supper, when some one passes. 'Good-night,' says I, like that, and walks on; then stops as if somethin' hit me; hurries back, an' there—there was Lizzie herself. Well now; well now." Lizzie moved as far away from Hughy as the width of the road permitted. "An'—an' how is it," asked Hughy, in a while, "that ye'd be these parts at this time o' night? Sure, I thought ye were at home hours ago."

"Did ye?" came across the road.

"Aw, to be sure. Why, woman alive, it's gone supper-time; it's nine o'clock if it's a second."

"I know. How long'd it be, now, since yourself said good-by to the supper-pot, Hughy Fitch?"

"Aw, a good while, Lizzie; it'd be a good while."

"A matter of a day an' a night, mebbe?"

"Och, not at all. Woman alive, a day an' a night!"

"We were thinkin' in Fat Anne's," said Lizzie quietly, "that mebbe ye'd be cowld yonder on the ditch."

"Aw," said Hughy, and missed a step; "aw! An' did ye see me? Did ye, now? Sure—sure. Och, Lizzie, I was sore to see ye goin' off like that. Sure, I thought it strange. An'—an' I had a word to say to ye." Hughy sidled across the road towards Lizzie. "I—I wanted to—to——" Hughy sidled back again. "What was this Peter Jarmin was sayin' to ye?" he asked in a little while. "He seemed ojus put out about somethin'; ay, he did."

"Is that so?"

"Ay. He looked as black as the divil. He swore powerful. He called ye—och, all the names in the world."

"An' ye listened to him!"

"Listen? An' what else could I do? Wasn't I joyed to see him like that, an' to hear him?" Hughy turned on the road. "Be the Lord, I nearly took him be the throat when he said what he'd been at. The little black crow!" Hughy walked on a yard or two, then went shuffling across the road. "But sure—sure it's all the same now. Sure it's just the same as if he'd niver said a word to ye, Lizzie."

"Is that so?" said Lizzie.

"Ay; it's just the same. Be the powers! but ye served him right. But ye paid him out in fine style." Hughy laughed, slapped his knee, edged still closer to Lizzie. "What, in glory, anyway, did ye say to him?"

"Nothin', Hughy Fitch, I haven't said before, maybe; an' nothin' I wouldn't say again to another if I wanted to."

"Ay? Aw, just so. Nothin' ye haven't said before; nothin' ye wouldn't say to another? Ay." Hughy took to his own side of the way; hung his head, went slouching along, hands in his pockets and eyes on the dust. "Aw, just so," he muttered. "Ay, indeed."

The two passed Lacken Lough, went up Lacken Brae; slowly tramped between the hedges, poplars, naked apple-trees. Not a word fell from either; not a soul did they meet; not a light blinked in a cottage; not a sound but the bitter whistling of the wind in the hedges vexed their ears. The night was dark; gloomy and low, the sky went rushing past; naked and forlorn, the wind-swept fields stretched away right and left of the weary road. Lizzie shivered, sighed softly, glanced towards Hughy. "Och!" moaned she. "Aw, dear!" Hughy turned his head, and went sidling towards Lizzie. Lizzie dropped her eyes, and went sidling towards Hughy. They touched elbows about the middle of the road.

"You're lonesome, Lizzie?" asked Hughy, in a little while.

"Aw, no—no—sure, it's nothin'."

"But ye are. I know it. Haven't I seen ye all day long? Didn't I hear ye sighin' not a minute ago? I say, Lizzie, what is it?"

"It's nothin', nothin'," answered Lizzie, almost in a sob. "Aw, it's nothin'."

"But it is somethin'," persisted Hughy. "I know it is. Niver before did I see ye in such a humor. God knows, I'd do anything to—to— Och, woman dear——!"

Hughy's fountain of speech dried suddenly. His throat was parched; his heart was thumping. He bowed his head, rubbed his chin, walked on by Lizzie's side in solemn pondering. How was he to get out the word? he asked himself over and over again. How was he to start? Once more Lizzie sighed and murmured, "Och, och!" Hughy glanced at her.

"Lizzie," said he. "I say, Lizzie."

"Well, Hughy?"

"Would ye—were ye in earnest, the day, about Ameriky? Were ye, now?"

"In earnest? Aw, God knows I was."

"An' why were ye? Woman dear, didn't ye know—don't ye know——"

The word would not come, and below his breath Hughy cursed his impotent tongue. What ailed him? He felt flummoxed, strange, queer entirely.

"Aw," cried he presently; "aw, don't ye know, Lizzie? Don't ye know?"

"What? What, Hughy?"

"Why, that—that—" Hughy stopped. "Aw, curse me for a fool, that can't get a word out of me! I'm—I'm— See here, Lizzie, have pity on one. Can't ye say a word to help one?"

Lizzie looked slyly up at this big, slow Hughy, and her eyes were gleaming.

"Say a word, Hughy? Arrah, what could I say?"

"Tell me you'll—och, ye know what I mean."

"Is it anything about—Peter, Hughy?"

"Aw, Peter! Dang his black carcass!"

"Is it anything about yourself, then, Hughy?"

"Ay, it is. About meself an' you, Lizzie."

"Somethin', mebbe, about the ould days," Lizzie went on, and slyly watched Hughy beneath the peak of her cap, "when ye used to—to——?"

"Yis, yis," cried Hughy. "Go on, Lizzie."

"When ye used to sit wi' your toes in the ashes, an' throw sheep's eyes at me, an' glower at the ould mother, God help her, an'——"

"Yis, yis," cried Hughy. "That's it, Lizzie."

"An' ye used to—aw, how can I say it?"

"Ah, do, Lizzie. For God's sake do, woman!"

"Ye used to—to—sit wi' your arm round me, an'—an' kiss me at the dure, an'——"

Like a man, Hughy turned on the road and took Lizzie to his heart.

"Aw, yis, Lizzie," said he; "aw, yis. Aw, woman dear—aw, woman dear! At last, at last! An' ye'll have me, Lizzie? Say it, woman, say it!"

Lizzie raised her eyes.

"Sure, it looks like it," said she; then, with a little cry, threw her arms round big Hughy's neck. "Aw, Hughy!" cried she. "Aw, Hughy! Aw, the weary day it's been—the long, weary day! An' now—an' now— Aw, Hughy, me son!"

And the hedges sang, and the trees moaned soothingly, and old earth spun merrily beneath the feet of these two, standing there in their eternal youth with their eternal story.

BLACK FRIDAY—SEPTEMBER 24, 1869.

FROM THE STANDPOINT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY UNDER GRANT'S FIRST ADMINISTRATION.

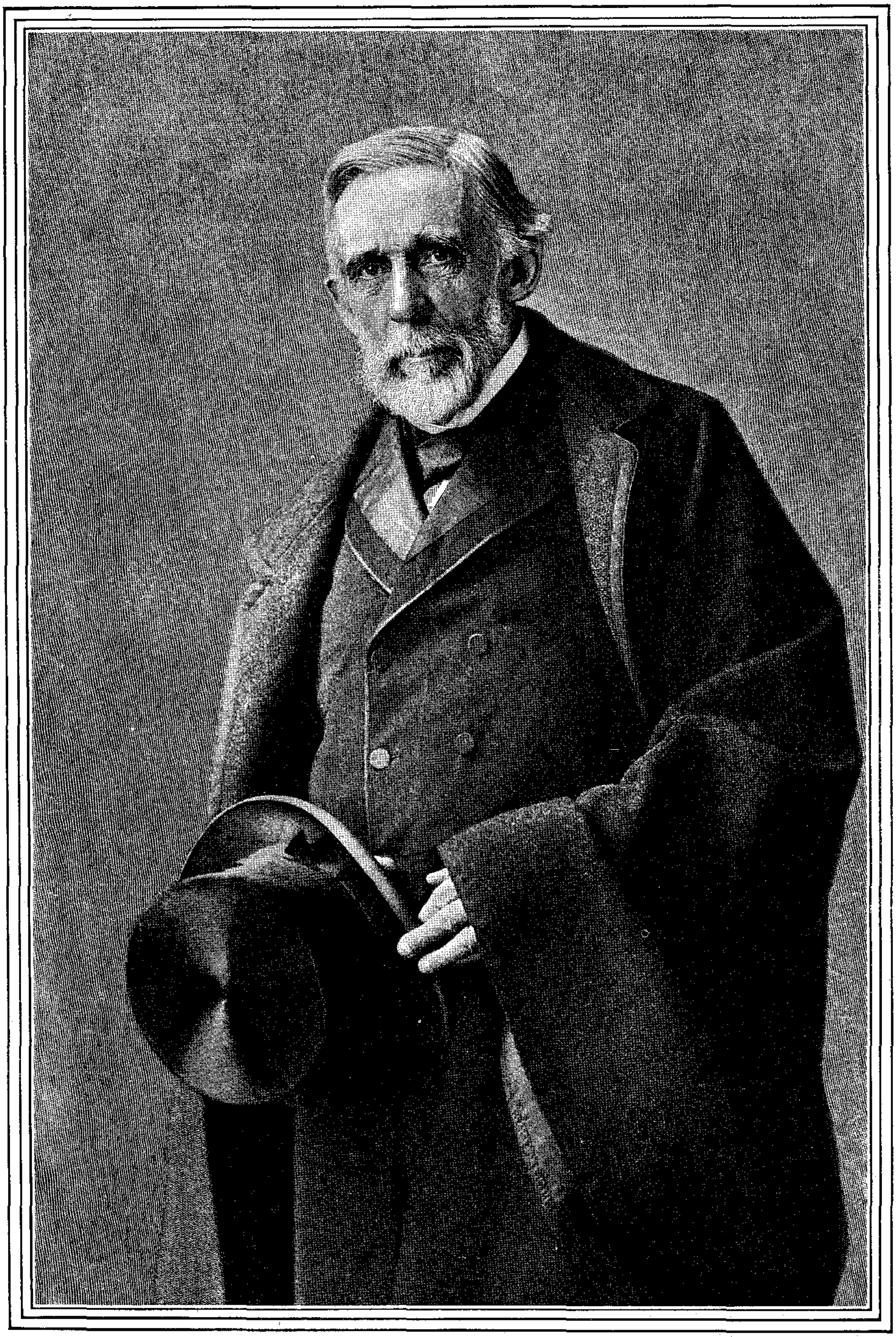
By George S. Boutwell.

Editor's Note.—In 1869, when Jay Gould, James Fisk, Jr., and their associates effected the partial "corner" in gold that ended so disastrously in the panic of Black Friday, no gold money was in general circulation. The paper money of the time was practically irredeemable in gold, and consequently so depreciated that gold bore in relation to it a constant premium. Foreign settlements had still to be made largely in gold; customs duties, under a special provision of law, were payable only in gold; and there were other occasional and exceptional uses for it. Banks, therefore, kept a certain amount of gold always on hand for the accommodation of their customers, and sold it to them over the counter, at the market price, as if it were so much flour or calico. The Government also kept a certain amount of gold on hand, in compliance with requirements of the law regarding the redemption of government bonds, which were payable only in gold. These two—the gold reserve of the banks and the gold reserve of the Treasury—were substantially the only supplies. Mr. Gould and his associates sought to effect their "corner" by the simple method of buying up all the gold in the market. They so far succeeded that of all but the gold in the United States Treasury they got practical control; and they thought they had so arranged matters that no gold from the Treasury would get into the market during the critical period of their operations. But in this they were disappointed; for just at the moment when they could least cope with it, Secretary Boutwell issued his historic order for the purchase of $4,000,000 of government bonds, and a like amount of gold from the Treasury immediately became available to the general commercial public. The whole enterprise collapsed in a moment. Some of the managers of it lost heavily; but not all, for at the close they were far from faithful to each other, and some saved themselves, and one or two even realized a profit.

SO much time has passed since September 24, 1869, that there may be a large public which may become interested in a review of the events of the spring and summer of that year which culminated in Wall Street, New York, in the transactions and experiences of the day known as "Black Friday."

When the Forty-first Congress assembled in December of that year, the House of Representatives directed the Committee on Banking and Currency "to investigate the causes that led to the unusual and extraordinary fluctuations of gold in the city of New York, from the 21st to the 27th of September, 1869." The committee made a report which was printed under date of March 1, 1870, and which may be found in a volume entitled "Garfield's Report on the Gold Panic Investigation." From that report it appears that certain persons in the city of New York entered into an arrangement, or understanding, or combination, as early as the month of April, 1869, for the purpose of forcing the price of gold artificially to a rate far beyond what might be called the natural price. The committee, of which General Garfield was chairman, characterized the combination as a conspiracy. Technically and in a legal point of view the parties concerned could not be treated properly as conspirators. It does not appear that they contemplated the violation of any law, but only a policy by which gold might be advanced from time to time, and out of which advance large sums of money might be realized by those who were holders of gold. Upon that theory Jay Gould and James Fisk, Jr., who were the leaders and organizers of the combination, with their associates, made large purchases of gold at prices varying from thirty to thirty-five per cent. premium. At the close of the month of April, the price of gold, not then, as far as known, under the influence of any speculative movement, was at a premium of about thirty-four per cent. The indications were that, during the months of May and June, the parties interested in the combination made large purchases. By the 20th of May the price had reached a premium of forty-four per cent. From that time onward, until the last of July, the premium diminished, and at that date the rate was thirty-six per cent.

When I entered the Treasury Department in March, there had not been sales of gold nor purchases of bonds by the Treasury Department as a policy, and but few transactions on either side had been made by my predecessors in office. As early as the 12th day of May I commenced the purchase of bonds for the sinking fund and for the reduction of the interest-bearing public debt. The total purchases during the year 1869 amounted to something more than $88,000,000, for which there was paid in currency $102,000,000 and a margin over. At that time, the customs receipts were in gold exclusively, and the purchase of bonds could



THE HON. GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1896, by Purdy, of Boston.

only be made by a sale of gold or by a direct purchase of bonds to be paid for in gold. Suggestions were made by bankers and others in the city of New York, and perhaps elsewhere, that the purchase of bonds should be made in gold. This suggestion was not acceptable to me, and upon the ground that the sale of gold would be limited to those who had bonds, or who could procure bonds, for the payment of gold. From the 29th of April, when the first sale of gold was made, until the 31st day of December, the sales amounted to something more than $53,000,000, and the proceeds to something over $70,000,000. The difference in the amount realized from the sale of gold and the amount paid for bonds purchased was met by the excess of receipts over the expenditures of the Government during that period.

As having some connection, and perhaps an important connection, with what is to be said hereafter touching General Grant's action in the days of September, when the speculation was going on, I think it proper to make a statement of my relations to the President. I had declined the office of Secretary of the Treasury, and on the morning of my nomination to the Senate I wrote a letter to Mr. Washburne, through whom the invitation of the President that I should accept the office was made, requesting him and urging him to say to the President that I was unwilling to accept the place. My nomination was sent to the Senate and confirmed, and as there seemed to be no alternative for me, I entered upon the duties of the office. Due in part to these circumstances, as I think, the President accepted the idea that the management of the Treasury Department was in my hands, and from first to last, during the four years that I was in his cabinet, all his acts and his conversation proceeded upon that idea. Moreover, he was influenced by a military view that an officer who was charged with the conduct of a business, or of an undertaking, should be left free to act, that he should be made responsible, and that, in case of failure, the consequences should rest upon him. It happened, and as a plan on my part, that neither the President nor the cabinet was made responsible for what was done in the Treasury Department. Hence it was that I never presented to the cabinet but two questions. One of these was of no considerable consequence. The other related to the political effect that might follow a loan that I contemplated making upon certain terms in the year 1872, when the Presidential contest was pending. In the line of these views, it happened that I announced my purpose to purchase bonds in May, 1869, without conference either with the cabinet or with the President. When the announcement was made, there was a slight advance in bonds, and the President jocosely said to me that he had suffered in consequence of my not having allowed him to know that I was about to make purchases, inasmuch as he had sold some bonds, needing the proceeds, at the rate previous to the announcement of the policy of the Treasury Department. In order that the business interests of the country might not be influenced by an apprehension that changes might take place in the policy of the Department, I announced at the beginning of each month the sales of gold and the purchases of bonds that were to be made during the coming month. Those announcements were sent out on the evening of Sunday, either the last Sunday of the closing month or the first Sunday of the opening month. The despatches were written by myself Sunday evening, and sent to the Assistant Treasurer at New York. A copy was given to the agent of the Associated Press, that the public might be informed in the morning of the policy for the ensuing month, and that there should be no opportunity for speculation by persons who might obtain information in advance of the general public. Unhappily, this policy was made the basis of the proceedings in New York which culminated in "Black Friday." The parties interested—I do not call them conspirators—assumed that for thirty days the policy of the Department as to the sale of gold and the purchase of bonds would remain unchanged, and on that basis they proceeded to make arrangements for the advance in gold. Not satisfied with that policy, which was designed to save the business community from unnecessary apprehensions, an attempt was made to induce me to make an announcement for two or three months. Such suggestions were made in letters that I received from interested parties in the city of New York.

Speculation in gold was not all on one side. There were speculators who were anxious to break down the price of gold, and between the lines I could read the condition of the respective parties from whom I received letters. Under date of September 23d, I received a letter from a prominent house in New York in which the writer said: "I am actuated to again portray to you the state of financial affairs as they now exist in this city. The speculative advance in gold has brought legitimate business almost to a standstill, owing to the apprehension of a corner, which from appearances may appear at any moment."

It did not follow that the writer of the letter was "short on gold," as the phrase is. I had, however, in my possession at that time a list of persons in New York who were supposed to be contestants, some for an advance in gold and others for a fall. The writer of the letter was among those whose names had been given to me as speculators for a fall in gold. In this connection I may say that it was no part of my policy to regulate affairs in Wall Street or State Street or Lombard Street. Until it became apparent that the operations in New York were affecting largely and seriously the business interests of the country, and until it became apparent that the Treasury receipts were diminished by the panic that had taken possession of the public, I refrained from any interference with those who were engaged either in forcing up or forcing down the price of gold.

Under date of the 24th day of September, I received a letter from my special and trusted correspondent in the city of New York in which I find this statement: "This has been the most dreadful day I have ever seen in this city. While gold was jumping from forty-three to sixty-one the excitement was painful. Old, conservative merchants looked aghast, nobody was in their offices, and the agony depicted on the faces of men who crowded the streets made one feel as if Gettysburg had been lost and that the rebels were marching down Broadway. Friends of the Administration openly stated that the President or yourself must have given these men to feel you would not interfere with them or they would never dare to rush gold up so rapidly. In truth, many parties of real responsibility and friends of the Government openly declared that somebody in Washington must be in this combination."

The last sentence in this quotation unfolds the policy which had guided Gould and Fisk and their associates from April to the culmination of their undertaking, the 24th day of September. As far as I know, the effort had been directed chiefly to the support of a false theory that the President was opposed to the sale of gold, especially during the autumn months, when a large amount of currency is required, or in those days was supposed to be required, for "the moving," as it was called, of the produce of the West to the sea coast for shipment to Europe. They even went so far as to allege that the President had ordered the Secretary of the Treasury to suspend the sale of gold during the month of September, for which there was no foundation whatever. Indeed, up to the 22d of September, when I introduced the subject of the price of gold to the President, the President had neither said nor done anything, except to write a letter from New York City under date of September 12, 1869, in the following words:

New York City, *September* 12, 1869.

Dear Sir: I leave here for western Pennsylvania to-morrow morning, and will not reach Washington before the middle or last of next week. Had I known before making my arrangements for starting that you would be in this city early this week, I would have remained to meet you. I am satisfied that on your arrival you will be met by the bulls and bears of Wall Street, and probably by merchants, too, to induce you to sell gold, or pay the November interest in advance, on the one side, and to hold fast on the other. The fact is, a desperate struggle is now taking place, and each party wants the Government to help them out. I write this letter to advise you of what I think you may expect, to put you on your guard.

I think, from the lights before me, I would move on without change until the present struggle is over. If you want to write me this week, my address will be Washington, Pennsylvania. I would like to hear your experience with the factions, at all events, if they give you time to write. No doubt you will have a better chance to judge than I, for I have avoided general discussion on the subject.

Yours truly,
U. S. Grant.

Hon. George S. Boutwell,
Secretary of Treasury.

At a meeting, which was accidental, as far as the President was concerned, on board one of Fisk and Gould's Fall River steamers, when he was on his way to Boston, in June of that year, to attend the Peace Jubilee, an attempt was made to commit General Grant to the policy of holding gold. I was present on the trip with the President. What happened on the boat may be best given in the language of Mr. Fisk and Mr. Gould. Mr. Fisk, in his testimony before the committee, said:

"On our passage over to Boston with General Grant, we endeavored to ascertain what his position in regard to the finances was. We went down to supper about nine o'clock, intending while we were there to have this thing pretty thoroughly talked up, and, if possible, to relieve him from any idea of putting the price of gold down."

Mr. Gould's account before the committee was as follows:

"At this supper the question came up about the state of the country, the crops, prospects ahead, etc. The President was a listener; the other gentlemen were discussing. Some were in favor of Boutwell's selling gold, and some were opposed to it. After they had all interchanged their views, some one asked the President what his view was. He remarked that he thought there was a certain amount of fictitiousness about the prosperity of the country, and that the bubble might as well be tapped in one way as another. . . . We supposed from that conversation that the President was a contractionist. His remark struck across us like a wet blanket."

The error of Fisk and Gould and their associates, from the beginning to the end of the contest, was in the supposition that the President was taking any part in the operations of the Treasury concerning the price of gold. If he expressed any opinions outside in conversation, there were no acts on his part in harmony with or in antagonism to the views he entertained. As a matter of fact, with the exception of the letter from the city of New York, he had no conference or correspondence with me up to the 22d day of September, when I called upon him, and gave him a statement of the price of gold in the city of New York, and of the nature and character of the combination that existed there, as far as it was understood by me. Their policy was directed to two points: first, to influence the President, if possible, to interfere in a way to advance the price of gold; and, second, to satisfy their adherents and opponents that the President either had so interfered or would so interfere.

Even Fisk and Gould may at a period of time have rested in the belief that the President either had interfered or that he would interfere. Their confidence was in Mr. A. R. Corbin, a brother-in-law of the President, who, under the influence of various considerations, which appear to have been personal and pecuniary to a very large extent, lent himself to the task of influencing the President. As a matter of fact, his attempts were very feeble and misdirected and of no consequence whatever. Indeed, such is my opinion of the President, and such my belief as to his opinion concerning Mr. Corbin, that nothing which Mr. Corbin did say, or could have said, did have or could have had the least influence upon the President's opinion or conduct. It is, however, also true that Fisk and Gould employed Corbin and gave him consideration in their undertakings out of which he realized some money. I received information also, which may not have been true, that they suggested to him that he might become president of the Tenth National Bank, which had a very conspicuous part in the events which culminated in Black Friday.

An attempt was made to strengthen the impression that it was the purpose of the President to prevent the sale of gold through an article prepared by Mr. Corbin, probably under the direction of Mr. Gould and others, which appeared finally, with some alterations and omissions, in the New York "Times" of the 25th of August. It appears to have been the purpose of the parties interested to mislead the "Times" as to the authorship of the article, and they secured the agency of Mr. James McHenry, a prominent English capitalist, who called at the "Times" office, and presented the article to Mr. Bigelow, the editor, as the opinion of a person in the intimate confidence of the President. The article was put in type and double leaded. When so prepared, suspicions were aroused, and the financial editor, Mr. Norvell, made very important corrections, taking care to omit sentences and paragraphs that contained explicit statements as to the purposes of the President. Some of the phrases omitted were in these words: "It may be that further purchases of bonds will be made directly with gold." "As gold accumulates, the less would be the premium upon it. High prices for gold before the sale of our products would cause lower prices of gold after the sale of products."

Among the statements made which were preserved in the article as printed finally were these: "The President evidently intends to pay off the 5-20s as rapidly as he may in gold"; "So far as current movements of the Treasury are concerned, until crops are moved it is not likely Treasury gold will be sold for currency to be locked up."

Following the appearance of this article, I received a letter from Mr. Gould, dated the 30th of August, in which this sentence appears: "If the New York 'Times' correctly reflects your financial policy during the next three or four months; namely, to unloose the currency balance at the Treasury or keep it at the lowest possible figure, and also to refrain during the same period from selling or putting gold on the market, thus preventing a depression of the premium at a season of the year when the bulk of our agricultural products have to be marketed, then I think the country peculiarly fortunate in having a financial head who can take a broad view of the situation, and who realizes the importance of settling the large balance of debt against us by the export of our agricultural and mining products instead of bonds and gold.''

Of my reply to that letter, the committee say: ''The brief and formal reply of the Secretary gave Gould no clew to the purpose of the Government.''

Under date of September 20th, I received a letter from Gould to which I made no reply. Aside from the topics to which he directed my attention in the letter, it is the unavoidable inference from the context as a whole that Gould had then no faith in the statements given to the public that the President was in any manner pledged to interfere and prevent the sale of gold. The following extracts from the letter of September 20th are a full exposition of his policy and of the means on which he relied to advance the price of gold during the month of September:

> "On the subject of the price of gold and its effect upon the producing interests of the West, permit me to say that during the months of September of the past two years the price has averaged about forty-five. Gold must range this year at about that premium to enable the export of the surplus crops of wheat and corn. We have to compete with the grain-producing countries bordering on the Black and Mediterranean seas, and it requires a premium of over forty per cent. on gold to equalize our high-priced labor and long rail transportation to the seaboard."
>
> "My theory is to let gold go to a price that we can export our surplus products to pay our foreign debts, and the moment we turn the balance of trade in our favor gold will decline from natural causes. In my judgment, the Government cannot afford to sell gold during the next three months while the crops are being marketed, and if such a policy were announced, it would immediately cause a high export of breadstuffs and an active fall trade.
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> "P.S. In addition to the above, if gold were put upon the market, government bonds would decline to at least fifteen, leaving the purchases made by the Government in the past few months open to criticism as showing a loss."

As early as the 20th of September, I had evidence satisfactory to me that the Tenth National Bank in the city of New York was a party to the speculation in gold, and that its assistance was rendered largely through the certification of checks drawn by the brokers, and largely in excess of the balances due them upon the books of the bank when the certifications were made. It appeared from the evidence submitted that these certifications of checks in excess of the balances due to brokers amounted to about $18,000,000 on the 22d and 23d of September, when the speculation was at its height.

For the purpose of arresting that process and checking the speculation in gold, I detained the comptroller of the currency and three competent clerks after the close of business on the 22d of September. The clerks received commissions as bank examiners, and were instructed to go to New York that night and to take possession of the Tenth National Bank, at the opening of business in the morning, and to give directions that the habit of certifying checks in excess of the balances due must be suspended. It was my expectation that the enforcement of that rule would, or might, end the speculation, inasmuch as the purchasers of gold would be unable to meet their obligations, and therefore it would be out of their power to create them. This expectation was not realized. Whether the certification went on at the Tenth National Bank in defiance of the order, or whether other banks were so connected with the speculation that checks were certified elsewhere, was not known to me.

I called upon the President after business on the 23d of September, and made a statement of the condition of the gold market in the city of New York, as far as it had been communicated to me during the day. I then said that a sale of gold should be made for the purpose of breaking the market and ending the excitement. He asked me what sum I proposed to sell. I said: ''Three million dollars will be sufficient to break the combination.''

He said in reply: ''I think you had better make it $5,000,000.''

Without assenting to his proposition or dissenting from it, I returned to the Department, and sent an order for the sale of $4,000,000 of gold the next day. The order was to the Assistant Treasurer in these words: ''Sell $4,000,000 gold to-morrow, and buy $4,000,000 bonds.'' The message was not in cipher, and there was no attempt to keep it secret. It was duplicated, and sent by each of the rival telegraph lines to New York. Within the space of fifteen minutes after the receipt of the despatch, the price of gold fell from 160 to 133, and in the language of one of the witnesses, ''half of Wall Street was involved in ruin.''

For the moment, the condition of Wall Street and the Gold Exchange seemed to justify the statement of the person whose language has just been quoted. As a matter of fact, however, many of the people involved recovered from the panic, and were able to meet their obligations. Some were gainers, probably, by the proceedings of the month of September, and some were losers. As I have already said, I had no purpose to help anybody or to hurt anybody, and I interfered in Wall Street only when the operations that were going on there involved innocent parties who were engaged in legitimate business, and also imposed upon the Government a sacrifice in the loss of revenue.

Following the downfall of the combination, there appeared in the newspapers statements and imputations which reflected upon the President and his family as to their relations to the gold operations. All these statements were without foundation. Mr. Corbin's connection was established beyond controversy, but the evidence which established his relations to the parties engaged in the gold speculation was also conclusive as to the fact that the President had no connection with it, and that he was not in any way interested in any policy calculated to advance the interests of the combination.

The apprehensions that were entertained on the evening of the 24th and on the 25th of September as to the extent of the disaster to business and to individuals engaged in gold speculation were not realized in full. My special correspondent in New York said in a letter dated September 25th: "Many of the houses hurt and reported failed yesterday are likely to recover." Again he said: "The demoralization in the street was never equaled, and it must take several days at least before matters get fairly straightened. There is a wholesome dread against making any obligations. Smith, Gould, and Martin are just reported as paying in full."

In a letter dated September 27th, at 6.30 P.M., the Assistant Treasurer at New York wrote me: "From the best evidence to be gathered in the excitement here, it is safe to infer that the Gold Exchange Bank will suffer losses to the extent of its capital and surplus at least, and perhaps more." To the contrary of that prediction, it is to be said that the Gold Exchange Bank was able to meet all its obligations.

In a letter written by Mr. Grinnell, then Collector of the Port of New York, under date of September 24th, after the announcement of the sale of gold had been made, I find this statement: "Had you not have taken the course which you did, I believe a large proportion of our most reliable merchants and bankers would have been obliged to suspend before three o'clock to-day, as confidence was entirely gone and the panic was becoming universal."

Following the break in the price of gold, there were persons who became apprehensive that the rate would fall to a point which would affect their interests unfavorably, and I received a letter, dated after business hours on the 24th, in which the writer said: "It is not impossible that, in view of the largeness of the amount of gold to be sold to-morrow, there may be a combination to procure it at a low price, and you will therefore excuse the suggestion that, as the effect of your intervention has already been realized, it might be well to protect the Government by making it known that you will reject all acceptable bids."

These extracts from letters received previous to and during the crisis may lead to the conclusion that it is not safe to trust to persons engaged in large business and commercial transactions as guides for the administration of the Government in financial matters. Indeed, one may go still further, and say that it is not safe to trust the guidance of the Government in financial affairs to men whose life business it has been to convert information into gold.

The most unpleasant incident of the gold speculation of 1869 was the fact that General Butterfield, the Assistant Treasurer in the city of New York, was so far involved as to lead the President to ask for his resignation. That request did not arise from any evidence that General Butterfield was in any way concerned in the movement, or combination, which led to the advance in gold. Indeed, the evidence was conclusive to the contrary. This fact, however, did appear—that during the period of the excitement he had made some purchases and sales of gold and bonds. The suspicions that existed in the city of New York as to his connection with the gold movement were largely exaggerations of the actual facts. There was no evidence which impeached his official or personal integrity in business. His resignation was requested upon the ground that it was essential to the proper administration of the office that the person holding the important place of Assistant Treasurer in the city of New York should not be engaged in business transactions which might give rise to the conjecture that he had advantages over others in consequence of his connection with the Government.

It ought to be said that Mr. Gould, in his testimony before the committee, which was given at great length and with singular clearness of statement, denied expressly the existence of any combination. In fine, he claimed, what may have been the truth, and upon the whole probably was the truth, that it was no part of his purpose to carry the price of gold above forty or forty-five per cent. premium. He attributed the excessive and rapid advance of the price of gold to the persons who had sold short and who, becoming alarmed, attempted to cover their sales by making purchases, and by bidding upon each other carried the price from about 140 to 160.

The same statement was made by Mr. Fisk as to the cause of the excessive rise in the price of gold. He said: "It went up to sixty, for the reason that there were in that market a hundred men short of gold. There were banking houses which had stood for fifty years, and who did not know but what they were ruined. They rushed into the market to cover their shorts. I think it went from forty-five to sixty without the purchase of more than $600,000 or $700,000 of gold. It went there in consequence of the frightened bear interests. There was a feeling that there was no gold in the market and that the Government would not let any gold go out."

At the time of the gold panic, Gould and Fisk were interested in the business of railway transportation from the West to the seaboard, and Mr. Fisk made a statement which sets forth the theory on which he and Gould professed to act. Fisk said: "The whole movement was based upon a desire on our part to employ our men and work our power getting surplus crops moved East and receiving for ourselves that portion of the transportation properly belonging to our road. That was the beginning of the movement, and the further operations were based upon the promise of what Corbin said the Government would do."

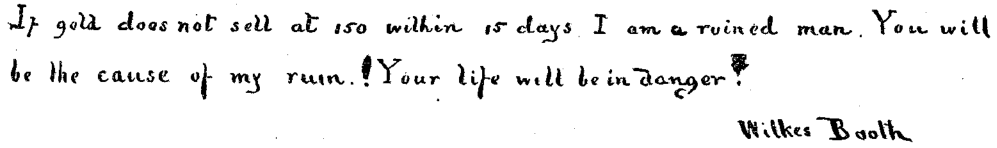
From the testimony of Jay Gould and James Fisk, Jr., as it appears in the printed report, we are able to comprehend the characteristics of the two men. Gould was cool and collected from beginning to end, with no indication in his statements that the events of the 24th of September had in any particular disturbed him in temper or nerve or confidence in his ability to meet the exigencies of the situation. On the other hand, the testimony of Fisk indicated the absence of the qualities ascribed to Gould, and during his examination he failed to maintain even ordinary equanimity of temper. He interfered with the proceedings, and delivered this address to the committee: "I must state that I must ask you gentlemen to summon witnesses whose names I shall give you. My men are starving. When the newspapers told you we were keeping away from this committee, I say to you that there is no man in this country who wants to come before you as bad as Jim Fisk, Jr. I have thirty or forty thousand wives and children to feed with the money disbursed from our office. We have no money to pay them, and I know what has brought them to this condition."

Another extract from Fisk's testimony gives a graphic view of his condition when the crash came: "I went down to the neighborhood of Wall Street Friday morning. When I got back to our office you can imagine I was in no enviable state of mind, and the moment I got up street that afternoon I started right round to old Corbin's to rake him out. I went into the room, and sent word that Mr. Fisk wanted to see him in the dining-room. I was too mad to say anything civil, and when he came into the room, said I, 'Do you know what you have done here, you and your people?' He began to wring his hands, and 'Oh,' he says, 'this is a horrible position. Are you ruined?' I said I didn't know whether I was or not; and I asked him again if he knew what had happened. He had been crying, and said he had just heard; that he had been sure everything was all right; but that something had occurred entirely different from what he had anticipated. Said I, 'That don't amount to anything. We know that gold ought not to be at thirty-one, and that it would not be but for such performances as you have had this last week; you know —— well it would not if you had not failed.' I knew that somebody had run a saw right into us, and said I, 'This whole —— thing has turned out just as I told you it would.' I considered the whole party a pack of cowards; and I expected that, when we came to clear our hands, they would sock it right into us. I said to him, 'I don't know whether you have lied or not, and I don't know what ought to be done with you.'

"He was on the other side of the table, weeping and wailing, and I was gnashing my teeth. 'Now,' he says, 'you must quiet yourself.' I told him I didn't want to be quiet; I had no desire to ever be quiet again. He says, 'But, my dear sir, you will lose your reason.' Says I, 'Speyers has already lost his reason; reason has gone out of everybody but me.'"

My part and my interest in the events of Black Friday came to an end with an effort to ascertain the authorship of an anonymous communication, written in red ink, that I received the 6th day of October. It was post-marked at New York, the 5th of October, 1869. A facsimile of the communication is shown on this page. An attempt was made through the police and the secret service system to trace the authorship of the superscription. The attempt was ineffectual.

It appears in the review that Mr. Gould originated the scheme of advancing the price of gold and that Mr. Fisk was his principal coadjutor. It also appears that Mr. Fisk entered into the arrangement upon the basis of friendship for Mr. Gould, and not in consequence of an opinion on his part that the scheme was a wise one. Mr. Gould had two main purposes in view: first, the profit that he might realize from an advance in gold; and, second, the advantage that might accrue to the railroad with which he was connected through an increase of its business in the transportation of products from the West. As set forth in Mr. Gould's letter, he entertained the opinion, which rested upon satisfactory business grounds, that an advance in the price of gold would stimulate the sale of Western products, increase the business of transportation over the railways, and aid us in the payment of liabilities abroad. If the price of gold had not been advanced beyond a premium of forty or perhaps forty-five per cent., all these results might have been realized, and without detriment to the public, while Mr. Gould and his associates would have realized large profits. When the price had advanced to forty or forty-five per cent., Mr. Gould or his associates made calls upon those who were under contracts to deliver gold to make the margins good or else to produce the gold. These demands created a panic, and the parties who had agreed to deliver gold entered the market, and bidding against each other, they carried the price beyond the point that Mr. Gould had contemplated.


If gold does not sell at 150 within 15 days I am a ruined man. You will be the cause of my ruin. Your life will be in danger.

Wilkes Booth

FACSIMILE OF THE ANONYMOUS NOTE RECEIVED BY SECRETARY BOUTWELL OCTOBER 6, 1869.

"THE HERB CALLED HEART'S-EASE."

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE,

Author of "The Court of Boyville."

Did you hear him? I dare say that boy lives a merrier life and wears more of the herb called heart's-ease in his bosom than he that is clad in silk and velvet.—*From the Observations of " Mr. Great Heart."*

It was dusk in Boyville. The boys at a game of hide-and-seek filled the air with their calls:

"Bushel of wheat, and a
Bushel of rye—
All 't ain't ready
Holler aye.
All in ten feet of my base is caught: all eyes open."

Or

"One—two—three for me."

Or

"All 's out 's in free."

Among the trees they scampered: into hay-stacks they wormed: over barrels and boxes they wiggled: they huddled under the sunflowers and the horse-weeds. It was a royal game, but as the moon rose it merged into pull-away. That game flourished for a while and transformed itself by an almost imperceptible evolution into a series of races down the dusty road. But when the moon's silver had marked itself upon the grass, the boys were lying prone on a haycock behind the royal castle. They chattered idly, and the murmur of their talk rose on the just-felt breeze that greets the rising moon, like the ripple of waters. But the chatter was only a seeming. For in

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This sympathetic sketch of boy life forms the epilogue to "The Court of Boyville," the collection of Mr. White's Boyville stories that has just been published by the Doubleday and McClure Co.

truth the boys were absorbing the glory of the moonlight. And the undertones of their being were sounding in unison with the gentle music of the hour. Their souls—fresher from God than are the souls of men—were aquiver with joy, and their lips babbled to hide their ecstasies. In Boyville it is a shameful thing to flaunt the secrets of the heart. As the night deepened, and the shy stars peeped at the bold moon, the boys let their prattle ebb into silence. Long they lay looking upward—with the impulse in their souls that prompted the eternal question that Adam left unanswered, that David cried in passion across his harp, that the wise-men of the world have left locked in mystery—the question of the Whence, the Why, and the Whither.

As the moon climbed high into the arc of the heavens, the company upon the haycock dispersed, one by one, till a solitary boy remained.

After he had gazed at the moon a while a thrill of sheer madness set him to tumbling, head over heels, upon the fresh hay. Life was full of gladness for him, and his throat cramped with a delicious longing for he knew not what. He wondered vaguely if it were not something new and unimaginably good to eat. It was the nearest he could come to a defining of the longing. Of course no one can define it. It is that which quickens the blood of all young creatures—the rosebud, the meadow-lark, the dragonfly, the colt, the boy, and the maiden, bidding them glorify God with the show and the example of their comeliness. The boy rose from the hay and skipped under the trees, over the fantastic figures of the moonspun carpet. He waved his arms, and there came to his throat a simple song, which he chanted croakingly, lest some one should hear him and laugh. He stopped, and sitting on a fence, looked at a great white cloud that was mounting the western sky. His soul was listening to the far-away music from the breakers of the restless rising sea of ambition, and the rush of life and action, that were flooding into the distant rim of his consciousness. The music charmed him. Tears came to his eyes, he knew not why. But we, whom this mighty tide has carried away from that bourne whereon the boy's feet strayed so happily—we know why the far-seeing angels gave him tears.

A dog in some distant farm-yard was baying at the moon. A whining screech-owl sent a faint shudder of superstitious fear over the boy. For a long time he sat on the fence, absorbing the night sounds—the cluck of the frogs, the burring of the crickets, the hum of the water on the milldam far down the valley, and the occasional call of some human voice, ringing like a golden bell in the hush of the night. It was after nine, and the boy was deep in his trackless revery. A woman called,—

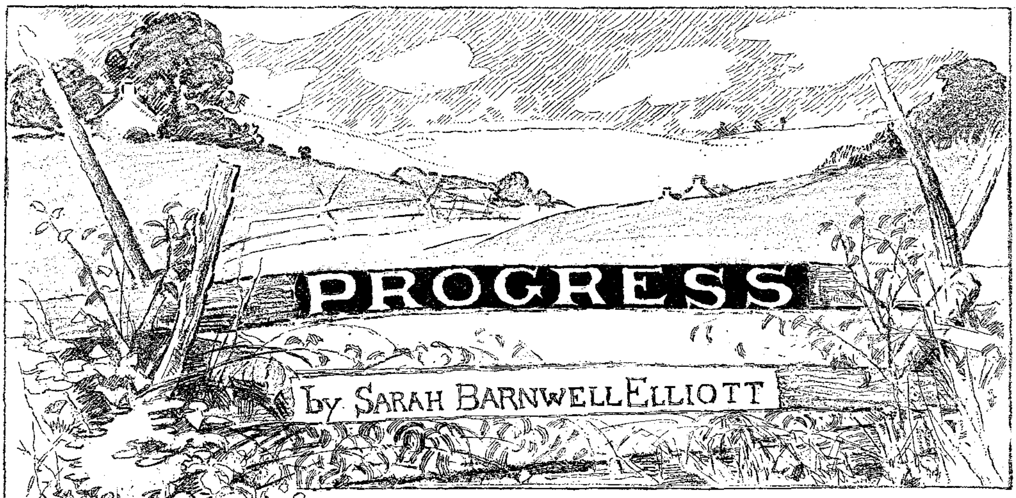
"Win-nee, Win-nee, oh, Winnie."

The spell upon him was almost too delicious to break; but he roused himself to reply,—

"Yessum. All right."

Then the mother's voice continued: "Now wash your feet, Winnie, and wipe 'em dry; don't come to bed with dirty feet."

Slowly the boy climbed to the earth. He shuffled through the dewy grass, but his feet were still too dirty. He stood in the tub of water by the pump, rubbing one foot with the other, and his eyes turned moonward. The thrall of the night caught him again. In a hazy stupor he sat on the kitchen step drying his feet. When he got up, Piggy Pennington gazed for a moment at a star—a pale star which hovered timidly over the chimney of the home which sheltered his Heart's Desire. With the lunacy upon him, he flung to the star a bashful kiss. Then he grinned foolishly and came to himself with a grunt, as he ran up-stairs to his room. He was ashamed to face the south breeze that fanned his bed.



PROGRESS

by SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT

> "Motions and means, on
> land and sea, at war
> With old poetic feeling."

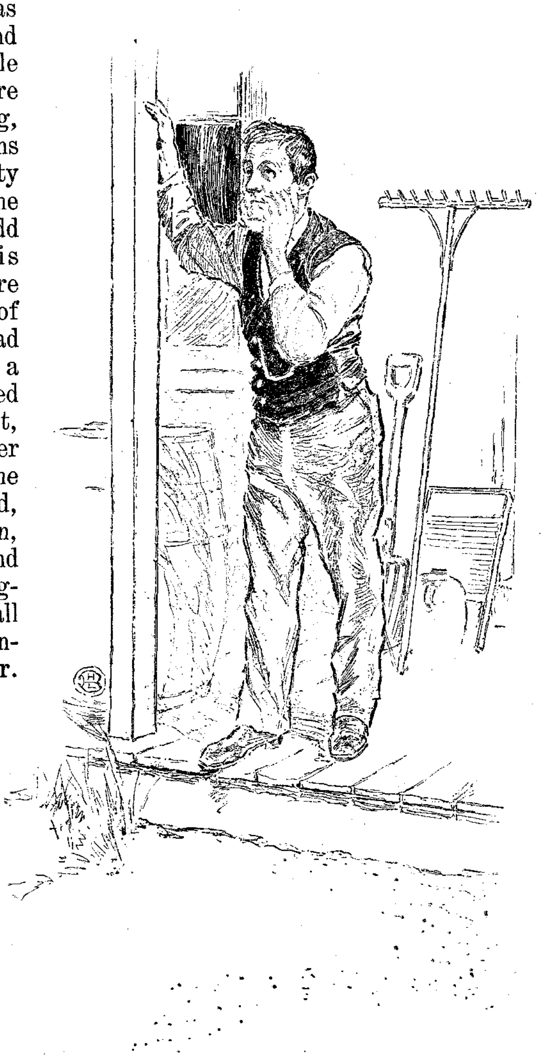
MR. SAM LONG stood in the doorway of his shop, with a troubled look on his face: a lengthening, line-drawing look that was a ridiculous misfit, for his face had been planned and prepared for the lines of laughter and kindly friendliness; his voice had a ring of hospitality all through it, and his laugh made one think of spare-ribs and sweet potatoes and "midnight 'possums" and Christmas turkeys—not to speak of hot apple-toddies by a big wood fire, and of other things on the shady front piazza. There was not a commercial line about Mr. Long, and the shop background seemed to be as unsuited to him as the look of trouble on his face. "Things have changed," he said to himself impatiently, and rubbed his chin. After a moment, he drove his hands down into his pockets, and took a turn up and down the empty shop; then coming back to his stand in the doorway, he sighed profoundly.

Of course, when the war was ended and the negroes were freed, there had been a change. But that was not what had caused Mr. Long's trouble; his difficulties had begun much later, when a railway had worked its way through the country, skirting the old farm and putting a station at the fence corner. He had been paid what he thought a good price for the land where the station and, later, the post-office had been built, and felt quite rich when a young physician came, and buying another slip of the "big field," built a small shop, where he dispensed drugs. It had all looked very cheerful and prosperous at first; and Mr. Long had liked it, for he necessarily posed as the great man of "Longville." Presently the post-office and the doctor's office caused Longville to become the lounging place for the surrounding country, and a negro blacksmith building a shed to cover his anvil, it became, as if by magic, a swarming-place for negroes. After this, a traveling-man suggested that a shop for general merchandise was needed, and why did not Mr. Sam Long build and keep one?

But all these changes had come about so naturally, the sequence had been so logical, that it took some time for the Longs to see what had happened. From the very first, the old people had bemoaned themselves for the lost peace and quiet of their days, and because of the dirt and hideousness that were encroaching on the old household. But, then, they were old. After a while, however, Mr. Sam Long's wife began to be troubled about many things, and, later, Mr. Long himself. And now, as he stood in his shop door, waiting for his friend, Mr. Hicks, who was coming to advise with him concerning his financial condition, he remembered that all these changes had begun just ten years ago.

Ten years ago this very month the engineers who were surveying the line had come, and had made his house their headquarters. They had stayed with him a month; then had gone away leaving him feeling that the whole South was making tremendous strides; that a grand new era of prosperity was dawning; that progress, with an enormous capital P, was pushing and pulling every creature in the poor, old, belated South into a financial paradise. And he remembered, too, that he had never thought of the South as being poor or old or belated until that time.

"My gracious!" he sighed, "I wish we'd stayed poor and old and belated. Progress!" and there was enough scorn in his voice, as he said this last word, to have withered that relentless blessing to its very root.



"MR. SAM LONG STOOD IN THE DOORWAY OF HIS SHOP, WITH A TROUBLED LOOK ON HIS FACE."

He sighed again as he looked up and down the horrid little thoroughfare, where pigs were wandering, and where old tins and papers and dusty weeds filled all the crooked turns and odd abutments. This very thoroughfare had been a part of his best field. He had plowed it many a time, and had picked good cotton off it, too. And just over yonder, where the post-office now stood, the fence had run, and blackberries and wild white morning-glories had grown all over it, and golden-rod in every corner. And the children used to go there and fill their little buckets with berries and their hands with flowers. How peaceful and green it had been! And he sighed again.

Then down the road he saw his friend coming, jogging along on a rough country horse. "Progress ain't helped Abe Hicks much neither," he said to himself, and his greeting of his friend was without spirit.

Lawyer Hicks hitched his horse to the rack in front of the shop, and mounted the one step to the door.

"What is it, Sam?" he asked.

"Everything," Mr. Long answered, as he dropped into a hide-bottomed chair and pointed Mr. Hicks to another. "I'm afraid I'm ruined, Abe; but I can't agree to it till somebody proves it." Then he tipped his chair back against the counter, and put a fresh piece of tobacco into his mouth; and Mr. Hicks, tilting his chair back against the side of the door, so that he faced his friend, treated himself to the same luxury.

"I thought this railroad was going to make me rich," Mr. Long went on, "and it did look so at first; but I've been getting poorer and poorer ever since it came. I've just been counting up, and it's been just ten years since those fellows came, buying up land and laying off the road. They stayed a month, and when they went away they left me thinking that the whole South was going to enter on the millennium. That's what I thought."

"I did too," the lawyer agreed.

"And that was the first time," Mr. Long continued, with a note of indignation creeping into his voice, "that I ever heard the South called poor or old or belated. Why, they made me feel fifty years behind time and that I'd have to canter to catch up. And, my gracious! I've been cantering ever since, till now I'm foundered, and am further behind than ever I was before. I wish they'd never come."

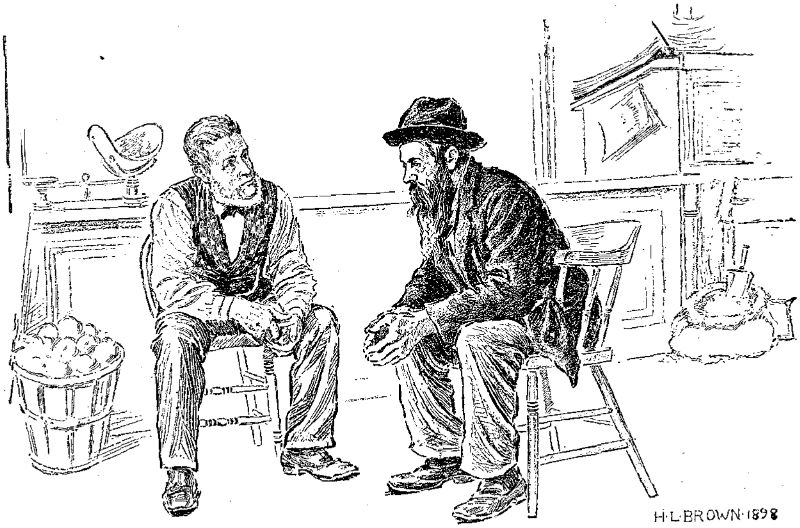
"Well, I don't know about that," Mr. Hicks demurred. "A railroad is bound to be a gain to a country."

"I used to think so," Mr. Long admitted; "but now I can't see why. We'd always had enough to live on and enough to wear, and what more does a Christian want?"

"Well, there's trade——"

Mr. Long held up his hand. "Don't mention that," he said.

"And newspapers," Mr. Hicks went on, "and a knowledge of what the world's a-doing."



"I'M AFRAID I'M RUINED, ABE; BUT I CAN'T AGREE TO IT TILL SOMEBODY PROVES IT."

"Maybe; but *we* didn't want any of that. We didn't know about it, and ruin's a mighty high price to pay for newspapers. But I'm not to blame, please God," and Mr. Long sighed. "I didn't go out hunting for any of these things. They came and shoved 'em on me, and called 'em progress. Jerusha! I hate that word so I wish there wasn't a P in the alphabet."

The lawyer smiled. "You're a born farmer, Sam," he said. Then more earnestly, "But I don't see how you lost, Sam. How was it?"

"I can't say rightly myself," Mr. Long answered with a puzzled look. "I can't add it up to save my life; but I'll tell you the best I can. Me and Betsy thought we were losing because everybody stopped with us as they passed by, and because we had to buy so many things we'd never bought before, like canned things, and cloth, and poor cloth at that, Betsy not having time, because of the people, to spin or to weave. So we took the advice of a traveling fellow, and turned the old home into a boarding-house, and I opened this store. But, I tell you, Abe, there's some funny things about keeping a store or a boarding-house, some right funny things. Sometimes we felt like we was bewitched, we or the money, one. Now there was that young Dr. Jinkins. Just as soon as I opened this store, he said, 'Mr. Long, it'll be better for both of us if I move into your store, for then the people who come to buy my things will see yours; and the people who come to buy your things 'll see mine. There's nothing like concentration.' And it looked so, Abe? Well, sir, he rented out his little shop, and I didn't charge him anything for coming into mine, because it didn't cost me anything. But, Abe, when that fellow slipped off leaving his debts unpaid, it seemed a big loss, and to save me I couldn't see where I'd lost. He didn't come for meals to our house 'cept when I took him there, and he didn't owe for any dry goods, for he sent to town for such as that. All he owed for was for hams and potatoes and fire-wood and things that came off the farm and didn't cost me nothing; but yet I seemed to lose a heap by that fellow. Betsy 'llowed it was the confidence I'd lost."

"Maybe it was the confidence," Mr. Hicks said thoughtfully; "but it strikes me he was a mighty sharp rascal."

"Well, it did look mean," Mr. Long admitted, "mean enough to make me feel sorry for him; but the actual money loss wasn't much. I've often given away lots more than he owed for, and it never seemed to count."

"Maybe," Mr. Hicks said again, "but you weren't trying to make money then, Sam. You know we never tried to make no money till this railroad came; all the time before that we just lived along comfortable and easy, and nothing seemed to count much. But just you try to make things pay, and every blessed feeling and person and thing looks different, and in no time you feel poor enough to beg."

Mr. Long sat silent for a moment. "That sounds like the truth," he said at last; "I'll think about that."

"Well, how else did you lose?" Mr. Hicks went on.

"Why, Betsy," Mr. Long resumed sadly—"Betsy felt like things ought to be heaps nicer, and heaps more of it, when folks were paying board; and of course we couldn't charge old neighbors, and between us, Abe, just as many of them stopped in for meals as boarders, and of course Betsy gave all alike. She couldn't have a poor table for old friends, and a good table for strangers, just because they paid; of course not. Then my being always in the shop and the boys over at the station, the farm sorter got away from us. But Simon's learned to telegraph, and Jimmy's learned right smart about the express business, and they don't like to plow any more. It *is* right hard work, Abe."

"But it's honest, healthy, happy work, Sam."

"Yes," Mr. Long rejoined sadly, "and God knows I'd give a heap to be back to the old times. I used to like to plow along with daddy. The fresh earth used to smell so good, and I used to be so tired when the day was done."

There was a few moments' silence, as if some dream of straight furrows and corn-shuckings and the like had fallen on the two men, until at last Mr. Long broke the spell with: "Bad accounts, Abe, accounts I can't realize a cent on, they're the worst of all. The people haven't got anything even if I'd sell them out; and I couldn't do that, you know—not old friends. Then the truck business lost me a heap; and coal oil, too, I've lost a lot on that. The fellow who sold it to me told me I'd have to charge for wash and evaporation. He was right kind about that; but all the same, charging for evaporation didn't seem honest to me. Charging for what couldn't be seen, or felt, and for what nothing got the good of 'ceppen your nose, and then 'twas bad"—laughing a little. "I sure don't feel like laughing, Abe, but that did seem funny, too funny to charge for, and so I lost."

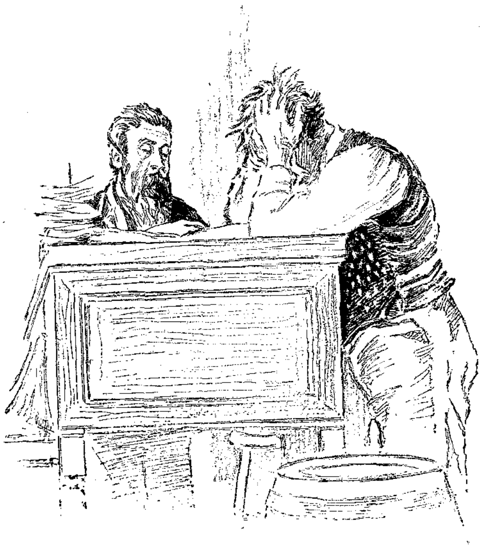
"Well, Sam, and then?"

"Well, then, when I found that I was losing on every blessed thing and raised my prices, why, bless my soul, didn't the whole country turn against me? Yes, sir, they did! Said there was no competition, and so I was squeezing 'em, and in a way stealing from 'em. My gracious! and I being ruined—plumb ruined. I swear it, Abe; come look at my books."

Down the long, narrow shop the two men walked, to the high desk at the end, where the books were—thumbed, greasy, dog-eared books, kept after the simplest fashion, for Mr. Long knew nothing of book-keeping. For some time Mr. Hicks worked diligently, unraveling the cramped figures, crossing out the bad debts, listening to explanations of leakage, of generous weight and measure, of out-and-out gifts, of failure to collect, and, long before his task was finished, realizing the disastrous results that must follow his summing up.

"It's bad," he said at last, "very bad. You haven't treated people in a business-like way, Sam."

"Business-like?" Mr. Long repeated slowly, looking at his friend wistfully. "I don't know about that; but I've tried to be honest and friendly, and to do as I'd be done by; I *have* tried that."



"MR. LONG LEANED HIS HEAD DOWN ON THE HIGH DESK."

"Of course," Mr. Hicks answered gently, "everybody knows you're honest and friendly, Sam."

"Yes," Mr. Long struck in, his voice scaling high and thin with despair; "yes, always friendly, and yet when I had to raise my prices to cover handling; when I tried to collect promptly to save myself, the folks I've known all my life won't speak to me and have taken all their trade to the next station."

Mr. Hicks shook his head. "I know," he said, "and it all looks, and is, mighty unjust; but people are like that. And being friendly, and doing as you'd be done by, takes a heap of capital; and, Sam, that ain't what they call business."

Mr. Long leaned his head down on the high desk. "What'll I do, Abe?" he asked.

"Sell."

Then a silence fell, so tense, so all-pervading, so heavy with this little, every-day, cross-roads tragedy, that a rat gnawing in the wall seemed to cry ruin, and the oil that dripped from the oil-pump into a tin cup seemed to ring a knell. Mr. Hicks could not bear it long, and he slapped his friend on the back. "Bear up, old man," he cried, "bear up. Your land is good, rich land, and in prime condition. Maybe you can sell for enough to pay the mortgage and your debts, too, and have a little over."

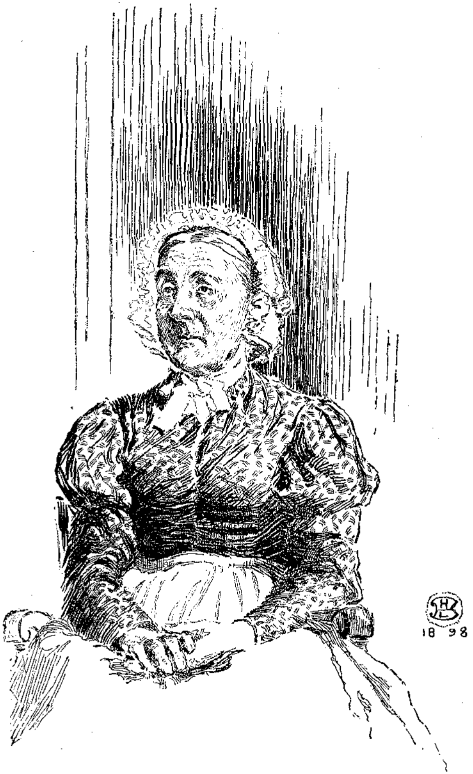
"Sell the old place?" Mr. Long said, raising his head and looking about him in a dazed way. "Sell the old place? What'll my mother do—and Betsy? Oh, Abe, it'll kill 'em!" and the face he turned toward his friend was drawn and aged and changed. All the ruddiness had faded from it, and the round cheeks hung down in flabby creases.

Mr. Hicks did not like the sight, and turned away. "It's pretty bad," he acknowledged huskily, looking down the length of the shop, "pretty bad; but I'll tell you, Sam," his voice growing firmer, "that when it comes to trouble, women bear up better than we do. They'll fret themselves to death if you clean your gun in the wrong end of the house or track up a floor, but when it comes to a great big thing that knocks a man all to flinders, they'll not turn a hair. I'm a lawyer, you know, and have lots of experience with ruin."

"Betsy'll bear up," Mr. Long moaned, "she's prepared; but my mother, oh, my mother! She's so old," and again Mr. Long's head dropped on his arms, that were crossed on the high desk.

Mr. Hicks walked down to the shop door, and stood looking out. Presently a young fellow came from the telegraph office, and he called him. "Come here, Simon," he said; and when the boy had reached his side, he went on, "I want you to keep the shop a while; I want your father to go over to the house with me."

Then he took Mr. Long out of the back door and across the fields to the old homestead. It was a friendly looking old house, low and rambling, the oldest part being of logs, and with no beauty but its friendliness, and Mr. Hicks found himself looking away from the old house, as he had looked away from the face of his friend. The two men entered slowly, Mr. Long's step dragging. He had had one last hope that his friend would be able to help him to some solution of his difficulties, and over in the shop this hope had died.



"MOTHER."

Mrs. Long met them in the hall, and went with them into the empty dining-room, where the table was laid for supper and where places were arranged for many more than the family. For some time now these places had been unused, but Mrs. Long had hoped that, when once their old friends had realized that the shop at the next station was charging the same prices as the prices to which her husband had advanced, they would bring their trade back to Longville, and prosperity would come with them. But this afternoon, as she looked from the window and saw the two men coming across the field, she realized that it had been folly to arrange these extra places. "I knew we'd have to sell, Sam," she said at once, slipping her hand into her husband's, "though I did hope that Abe could show us a way out." Her voice trembled a little, and the hand that held her husband's was very cold, but the eyes that looked up into the lawyer's eyes were steady and dry.

The lawyer shook his head. "No," he said, "I'm most as broke up about it as Sam is; but there's nothing to do but to sell."

"Everything?" and Mrs. Long's voice had grown quiet.

The lawyer nodded. Then after a moment's silence he asked, "How much does the mother know?"

Mr. Long almost wrung his hands. "We've tried to keep it all from her, me and Betsy. She's never liked the new ways, so she took the old weaving-room, at the far end of the house, and she moved in there, she and daddy. I thought she'd move out when he died, but she didn't, and she's there now. And living out of the way like that, we've tried to keep all the troubles from her, and now," looking at his wife and possessing himself once more of her work-hardened hand, "and now, Betsy?"

"Now we'll have to go and tell her," Betsy answered. "I can't save you this, Sam. She's your own mother, and she'd take it hard, and rightly, if you didn't go to her yourself. And Abe must come, too, for the respect of the thing. She'd think that we mistrusted her if we treated her like she couldn't bear it as well as we bear it. No, we must all go and make it plain to her, though I don't reckon you'll surprise her as much as you think you will, for Sam ain't much of a hand for keeping things outer his face. Come on; the longer you look at bad things, the bigger they grows. Come on."

After several turnings and following of piazzas, they entered a large, low room, ceiled with unpainted wood and lighted by four windows. A piece of rag carpet was before the big fireplace; on the mantel-piece there were some old-fashioned china ornaments and brass candlesticks; a large bedstead occupied one corner, and all other wall-space was filled with frames for weaving and wheels for spinning. A quilting frame was in the middle of the room, balanced on the backs of chairs, and an old woman, small and spare and straight, dressed in a homespun frock, with great silver-rimmed spectacles over her still bright eyes, was quilting a patchwork quilt.

She stopped working as her daughter-in-law entered, followed by the two men, and busied herself placing chairs for her visitors. It was an unusual influx, but she evinced no surprise.

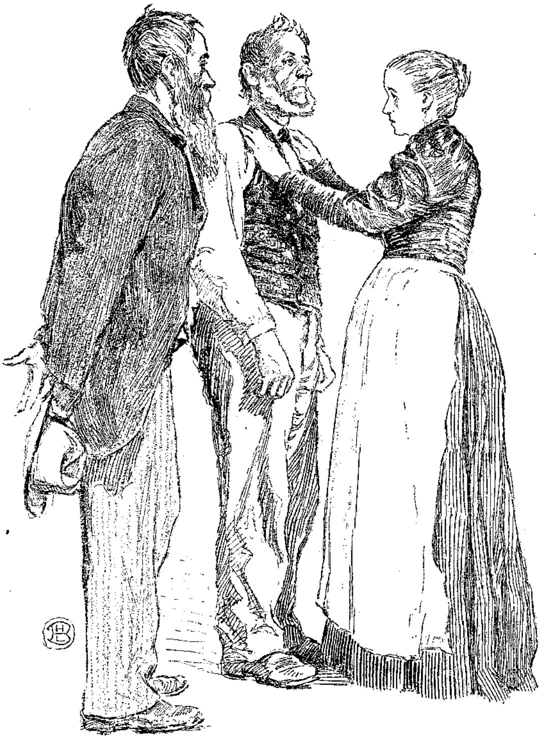
"We've come with some bad news, mother," Mrs. Sam Long began just as soon as she had seated herself, "some very bad news."

The old woman looked from one to the other, then fastening her eyes on Mr. Hicks, she said: "If it'd been death, you'd have brought a preacher; as you've brought a lawyer, it must be money."

Mr. Hicks looked at Mr. Sam Long, and both men nodded; then Mr. Hicks answered, "Yes, ma'am, Aunt Nancy, it's money."

"Well," she said, "go on."

So the story was gone over carefully from the very beginning: all the reasons for loss, down to the fact that custom of all kinds had been transferred to the



"'NOW WE'LL HAVE TO GO AND TELL HER,' BETSY ANSWERED."

next station. There Sam Long and his wife paused; their words failed them before the enormous fact of the necessary sale. The old mother had listened quietly, and when they ceased speaking, she once more fastened her eyes on the lawyer. "Is there any mortgage?" she asked.

Mr. Hicks nodded.

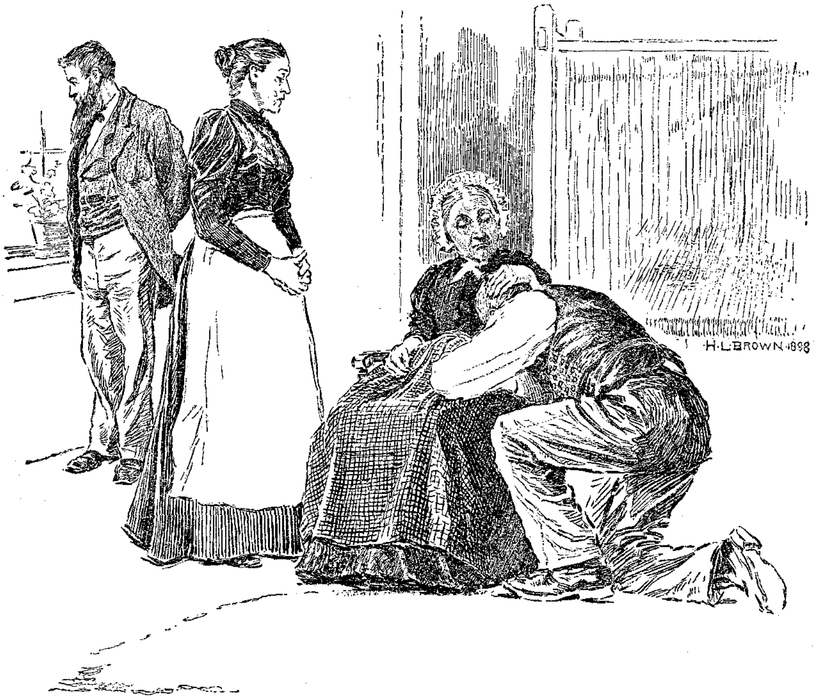
"Any credit?"

Mr. Hicks shook his head.

"My husband mortgaged this place once," she said slowly; "just after the war, for enough to start on when the niggers went; but we had good credit then, and by the time Sam was married it was all cleared off. Now it's different."

Again Mr. Hicks nodded.

"A mortgage and no credit means ruin." She took off her spectacles. Perhaps she did not wish to see too clearly the faces before her; perhaps she was afraid of dimmed glasses that would need to be wiped. Nobody spoke. Her son sat with his hands clasped and his head drooped on his breast. His wife watched him with eyes full of care, and Mr. Hicks, standing with one hand resting on the quilting-frame, was studying the toes of his big, dusty boots. "We're ruined," the old woman repeated. "But," she went on, "I've been expecting it. I've been shut away back here; but Sam's my child, and a mother's got eyes and ears in her heart as well as in her head. I scuffled through the war, and a scuffle like that don't leave folks without some experience; and my experience is that changes is mighty bad, or mighty good, one. If you're getting along with enough to eat and enough to cover you and good health, then don't go out hunting for a change, for it's mighty apt to be a bad one. For even the faithful God Almighty promises only enough."



" . . . HER TREMULOUS, WRINKLED HAND SMOOTHED TENDERLY THE GRAY HEAD OF HER 'BOY.'"

Mr. Sam Long looked up quickly. "I didn't go out hunting for no change, mammy," he interrupted reproachfully.

"No, boy, you didn't," the old mother answered. "The changes come and hunted for us, but we took to 'em too quick. If we'd sold the corner of the big field, then have left a broad road 'twixt us and that corner, and have put up a high fence—ten rails and a rider—'twixt us and that road, we'd have lost land, but we'd have done better."

Mr. Hicks nodded. "You're right," he said.

"But these is hindsights," the old woman went on quickly, as if not to take too much credit, "and we all know the old saying about hindsights and foresights. Sam couldn't see, nor Betsy couldn't see, and both done their best. And anyhow, it's the new times has done it. It takes new people to fight new times.''

Then rising, she went to a large chest that stood in a corner, and unlocked it with a key which she took from her bosom. The group she had left watched her curiously as, stooping over the chest, she laid one after another on the floor, quilts, and weaves of cloth, both cotton and wool, and hanks of yarn.

'' I've been making and saving, too,'' she went on, '' and I've laid all this by. It'll clothe us for a long time, Betsy. And I've sold a good deal in all these years, and I've got a little money;'' and drawing from the depths of the chest an old deer-skin wallet, she returned to her seat, and quickly emptied the contents of the wallet into her lap.

'' There's not enough to save the place,'' she said, '' but there's enough to buy in some things to start us off fresh. I've got a piece of land—my daddy gave it to me—ten miles back in the hills, and we can go there. It's never been cleared, and a log-house is easy built where there's timber. And things go so cruel cheap at a sale, Abe, that maybe this money'll buy us back a yoke o' steers, and a little bedding and furniture, and things for cooking, and maybe a cow. But you'll know what to buy, Abe; you'll know,'' crowding the money back into the wallet and thrusting it into Mr. Hicks's hands, ''you'll know; and maybe, Abe,'' her voice breaking a little at last, '' maybe you'll let us come to your house while the sale is going on?''

Mr. Long was down on his knees with his arms around his mother and his head on her breast; his wife was sobbing quietly where she sat, and Mr. Hicks was looking steadfastly on the face of the old woman turned up so bravely to meet his own, while her tremulous, wrinkled hand smoothed tenderly the gray head of her '' boy.''

'' You'll do it, Abe? You'll manage it all?''

'' God bless you, Aunt Nancy,'' he stammered. '' I'd sell myself to help you; but I'll do better than that''—his voice gaining in steadiness,—'' I'll stave off this sale till Sam gets that house built; then we'll take you all to my place till the sale is over and your things is moved. That's what I'll do, Aunt Nancy. And Sam,'' looking down tenderly on his friend, '' all will come out right. And it ain't your fault, old man; it's all these new ways that's creeping in. And soon your old friends'll be mighty sorry for the way they've done you, and, Sam, you must forgive 'em, for they don't know no more about business than you do.''

There was a moment's pause; then Mr. Hicks added, while he lifted his eyes to the window and looked out over the woods and fields he knew so well: '' I reckon things is bound to progress, bound to; but what you say, Aunt Nancy,'' he went on sadly, '' is true; it takes new people to fight new times. Maybe we'll see the good of all these changes some day, and maybe—God help us—maybe the next generation will forget old times and old ways, and be knowing enough and hard enough to wrestle with this progress!''

'' Maybe,'' Mr. Sam Long echoed, '' maybe, and God help us!''

SIR HENRY IRVING.

HIS OWN CAREER ON THE STAGE AND HIS OPINION OF THE STAGE AS A PROFESSION.—BASED ON CONVERSATIONS.

By H. J. W. Dam.

THERE is a rapid, heavy tread along the corridor leading to the reception-room of the famous Lyceum Theater, London. It stops, and a deep, peculiar voice gives some order which illustrates the discipline and the attention to detail which are there ever in force. Then the steps resume, and somebody enters. Tall, gaunt, wearing a soft felt hat and a cut-away coat, there stands before you the best-loved and kindest-hearted man that has ever occupied the foremost place in a jealous profession. All professions are jealous. The Power that shaped the universe made human nature slow to admire and quick to condemn. And perhaps the better part of the result of Sir Henry Irving's life of effort is the outspoken affection which, everywhere and on all occasions, reveals itself at the mention of his name.

'' Well?'' he says, smiling grimly, for he is not very fond of talking about himself. But yet he is willing, as he always has been willing, to give the benefit of his experience to those of his profession who may desire it. And so, as the conversation proceeds, he unfolds the panorama of his life—one that reveals at every point an invincible natural tendency, an unchanging tenacity of purpose, which has overcome all obstacles, subjective and objective, in a way that is as agreeable to examine as it is surprising to observe. The story of his career throws a clear and penetrating light on many of the most vexing personal equations in ambition and in art.

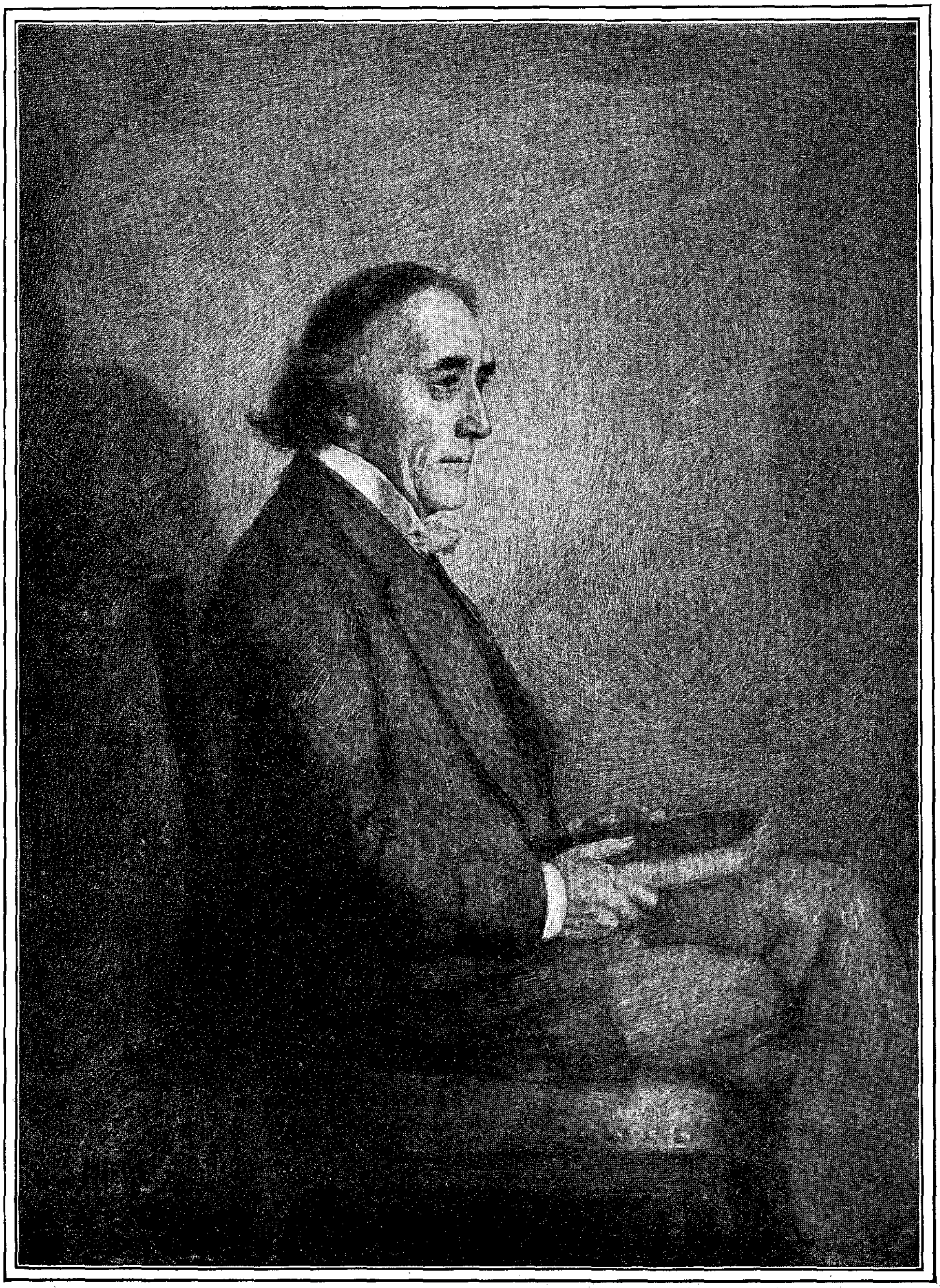
"I presume my anthropological friends," he says, "would say I loved the stage before I ever saw a theater; for my ruling passion, as a youngster, was recitation. I loved to recite. The ballad of Chevy Chase was my favorite. The amount of energy and interest I put into these recitations would have been of great value, no doubt, if diverted into the lines of agricultural achievement—but agriculture did not fire my imagination to any promising degree. This love of recitation—of dramatic expression, if you choose—continued when I was taken to London at the age of ten. My parents were then living there, and they placed me in Dr. Pinche's school in George Yard, Lombard Street. We always remember best what impresses us most deeply, and my most marked impressions of that school are the entertainments at which the pupils, on state occasions, offered Latin verses and English classics to highly receptive audiences composed of their families and friends. English classics did not, however, quite satisfy me. I wanted, on one occasion, to recite 'The Uncle,' a long, weird, and morbid poem which seemed to me altogether admirable. The dear old doctor looked at me over his spectacles with rather an amused expression, and suggested something of a milder and more political character, which I believe answered very well.

"I was two years and a half at this school, and then began to earn my living at the house of Thacker, Spink, and Company, East Indian agents. I was with this firm for a few years, during which my body was visibly present in their business, though my mind, during business hours, was usually to be found in the plays of Shakespeare, or now and then at Sadlers Wells Theater (for I went to the theater very little), or in one of those air castles which are nowhere so admirably builded as upon an uncongenial office desk.

"That I should seek, therefore, to join the City Elocution Class, an association of young men with histrionic failings, was consequently wholly natural. My entry among them as a mere boy appeared to create some surprise. A lifelong friend, who was a member of this society at that time, has been good enough to describe me as a nice boy, tall for his age, in a black cloth suit with a wide turned-over collar. He says that I had black curling hair, which is certain, and intelligent eyes, which, I trust, was equally true; also that my first recitation, in its intensity, rather astonished the class. At all events, we got on very well together—the class and I—and such little plays as 'Delicate Ground,' 'The Silent Woman,' 'Who Speaks First,' 'Boots at the Swan,' scenes from Shakespeare, and other plays which we gave at the Sussex Hall in Leadenhall Street were labors of unalloyed pleasure.

"The first theater I ever visited was Sadlers Wells, and the play was 'Hamlet,' acted by Phelps. The theater, the stage, the moving pictures, the whole mass of strange impressions affected me. I have never forgotten it, and never shall. It took me a long time to assimilate, to digest them. Even now, as I look back to it, that first visit to the theater was one of the memorable experiences of my life.

"I think it was already then my ambition to become an actor. That experience crystallized it, intensified it, augmented it very forcibly. I prepared more diligently than ever for the only future that I longed for. There was an old actor at Sadlers Wells, William Hoskins, who liked me and believed in me sufficiently to give me lessons. These were from eight to nine in the morning, before the arena of commerce and the movement of great markets claimed my personal attention. At nineteen I left Thacker and Spink's; went to Sunderland, armed with a letter from Hoskins to the manager of the Lyceum Theater there, and made my first appearance in a small part in 'Richelieu,' in 1856. This was my first appearance as a professional. I had played once with the class in the Soho Theater in 'The Honeymoon.' That great event, my entry into a real theater with real costumes, real footlights, and real dressing-rooms, was too remarkable to be lightly passed over. It was the first hill-top surmounted. Art is all hilltops. The only difficulty is that they grow ever higher and more insurmountable the farther one proceeds.



SIR HENRY IRVING. FROM THE PAINTING BY MORTIMER MEMPES.

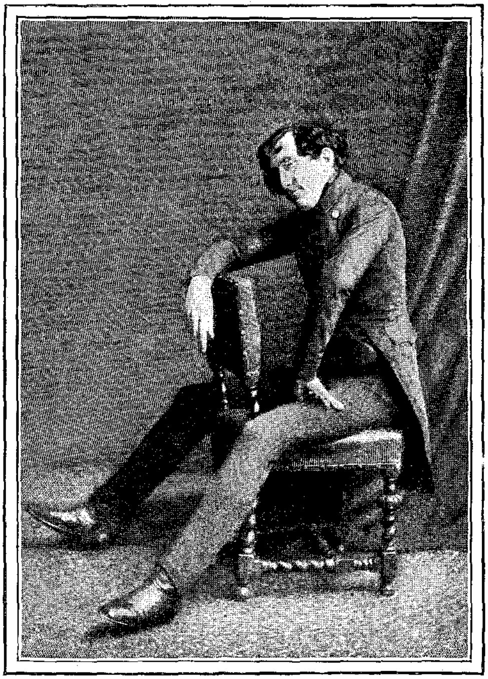
This portrait was finished only a few weeks ago, and is especially well liked by Sir Henry himself.

"All went well at the Sunderland opening; but on one occasion, later on, I had a prostrating attack of stage fright. I managed, without any preparation, to create a sensation in the company." Sir Henry smiles as he looks backward to that time. "The play was 'The Winter's Tale.' The potential destinies of the part of Cleomenes were on that occasion entrusted to myself. I made my entrance finely, and they waited for my speech. Unfortunately it had gone. It had gone from me as absolutely as if it had never existed. My tongue was paralyzed, and horror invaded me. With a tremendous effort I cried out fiercely: '*Come to the market-place, and I will tell you further!*' Then I dashed into the wings. You must understand that the line was a pure impromptu, had nothing to do with the play, as the characters had nothing to do with any market-place. In fact, I might call this my first 'gag.' When order was restored, the play resumed; but I was trying to sink through the floor of my dressing-room."

This was the beginning of the long period of Sir Henry Irving's work as a provincial actor. It is a story which will some day be told in all its minute and significant details. He summarizes it, however.

"For the next nine years," he says, "from 1857 to 1866, with the exception of three months in London at the Princess's Theater, I was in the provinces, playing all conceivable kinds of parts, and somebody has kindly taken the trouble to establish their number—428. At the end of that time my salary was three pounds ten shillings (about seventeen dollars and a half) per week, but I believe this was the usual rate of progress. It was fairly characteristic of the time.

"The money made by the actor will always be regulated by the money made by the theater. Everything, therefore, which tends to elevate and popularize the drama, artistically and financially, tends to the common benefit of all concerned. This is why I have always desired and sought a closer coherence, a more compact organization, for the common benefit of all connected with the drama. It is one of the things which I hope the future will bring forth."



SIR HENRY IRVING AS JINGLE IN "PICKWICK."

From a copyrighted photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

Resuming his autobiographical strain, Sir Henry says:

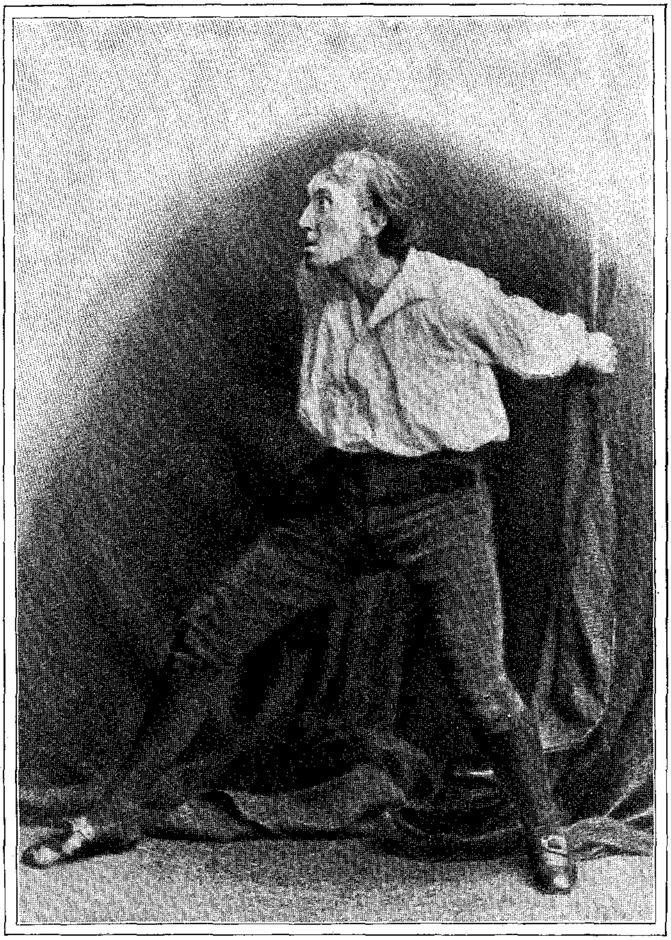
"So far as I remember, I was even at that time deemed most happily cast in those characters which were eccentric and extravagant. These perhaps offered the best outlet for my desire to make a strong impression; perhaps a tendency to overdo. They also offered more return than 'straight parts' for the pains I took in some cases in getting them up: I mean the invention and elaboration of details. My villains were always successful *rôles*. I had to do whatever offered, and even played women's parts sometimes in pantomime and burlesque.

"It was in Edinburgh that I first met Toole, then a well-known comedian, whose friendship has been one of the sunniest pleasures of a lifetime. In Liverpool, I met my friend Charles Wyndham. We were both engaged by Henderson, at the same salary, I was told, and at the same time.

"You will understand, however," he continues, "that my ten years' probation in the country, which I look upon as of the greatest importance, was perhaps the potential cause of any later acting success. Every ambitious man has two fields of conquest: the one without, the struggle for life, the competition for the highest honors in the arena where all men meet on equal terms; the other, within himself. We often put a false value on ourselves—the basis of that self-confidence which is vitally necessary. But this false value must in the course of time be tempered, chastened, transformed into a true valuation through increased knowledge of ourselves, increased knowledge of the world and the view that the world takes of us. Those who complain of lack of recognition, who sit sighing for the time to arrive when the world will come to their views of themselves, will sigh unavailingly. Mahomet must go to the mountain.

"There were hardships as well as pleasures in those days. Too many, perhaps, to recount. Christmas once found me, for instance, without money or proper clothing. My underclothing was summer underclothing, and it had been so often to the laundress that it was very summery indeed. I was invited by an old actor friend, Joe Robins, to eat my Christmas dinner with his family. Joe had formerly been a hosier in a large way of business, and abandoned socks for the buskin. When I arrived at his lodgings, he led me, to my surprise, to a room upstairs, and muttered something inarticulate, in an embarrassed way, which I could not make out. Then going to a well-stocked wardrobe, he took out a warm suit of flannel. 'Here, old fellow, is a Christmas-box; you must put the things on at once.' I did so, and when we joined the family party, I was warm not only in body, but in spirit. Such kindnesses as this do more for those who have begun to fear and falter than anything else.

"By that time I had lost a great many illusions, both as regarded my profession and myself. But I never thought of leaving it. I loved it. I loved it," he repeats. "The way of art is so long, the hardships are so many, the obstacles are so great, that the man who will succeed must have this love to sustain him. The love of art is like a religion; like the faith of the fanatic or the zealot. Vanity, the belief in one's self, does well enough for the earlier years. It is a beneficent provision of Providence to carry us for a certain distance on a career which, had we full knowledge beforehand of its difficulties, we would never have the courage to attempt. But this vanity, this belief in one's self, must sooner or later give way. Then the love of art, the fixed habits of hope and of effort, must come to the rescue. If they do not come, the worker fails. This is why the history of art shows so many who have called themselves and so few whom the world has been graciously inclined to number among the chosen.



SIR HENRY IRVING AS MATHIAS IN "THE BELLS."

From a copyrighted photograph by the London Stereoscopic Co.

"In those days," he pursues, reflectively, "I was very much of a dreamer, a comparative idler. Executively speaking, I was lazy. This gave me the text of my address to the Harvard students, which was: 'Do. Don't dream.' It is a nice question. Like most other advice in this world, it is easy to give, but difficult to follow. I am inclined to believe that, particularly in art, a man must dream of doing great things, must aim at the impossible highest, must achieve the goal in his imagination before he can achieve it as a fact. Still I would not suggest it as a general rule. It might make the dreamers more idle. And there are no laws for human nature. Every individual and his life outcome represent a special problem which he alone can solve.

"It was at Liverpool that the prospect began to brighten. London, the Mecca of the English provincial actor, loomed large as a possibility. Dion Boucicault offered me a London engagement in 1866. In that year I made my London *début* at the St. James's Theater, as Doricourt in 'The Belle's Stratagem,' with excellent success. Then came Boucicault's own play, 'Hunted Down,' in which as the wicked husband I scored another distinct success, and I made that little unmistakable stir the delight of which every actor knows. I was talked about in London, but gained no immediate benefit from this. I played with Toole at the Gaiety, played in melodrama at the Queen's and at Drury Lane, went to Paris with Sothern for five weeks, and played Abel Murcot in 'Our American Cousin.' Then came the opening of the Vaudeville by Montague, James, and Thorne, who included me in their company. My dreaming period ended with 'The Two Roses,' played at the Vaudeville. This change may have been due to public recognition; it may have been renewed belief in myself; at all events, from that time onward till now I have worked hard, and it is work, executive work, that has brought me whatever I may have won.

"I went from the Vaudeville to the Lyceum. Mr. Bateman engaged me, and after two or three failures 'The Bells' took the town. Other successes followed, and the Lyceum Theater began to be one of the centers of theatrical interest with the public. This continued until the death of Mr. Bateman, and later, nearly twenty-one years ago, I took over the lease of the theater from Mrs. Bateman, so that I have been playing at the Lyceum twenty-eight years. Subsequent events you know; especially how I had the good fortune to engage Miss Ellen Terry, with whom I had previously played Petruchio to her Katharine at the Queen's Theater, and with whom I have been privileged to be appreciated now for twenty-one years. You will recall the incomparable manner in which she played Beatrice, Portia, Queen Katharine, Imogen, Ophelia, and a host of other parts."

It would have been most interesting, indeed most valuable as a record, to hear from Sir Henry's lips his side of a story of which the other side is very much better known—the story of the crisis of his career, the story of the Irving and anti-Irving war of the seventies. It was the struggle of the man who had gained a foothold in London to maintain his position; the struggle that occurs in the life of almost every artist of great force who is led to attempt to alter existing conditions; the ever-recurring struggle between the new ideas and the old, of one man against the fixed prejudices of his time. Just such a contest once drove Mrs. Siddons into provincial retirement for seven years, until she could become strong enough in her art to return and dominate. This crisis of Irving's career came with his impersonation of Macbeth, Othello, and Richard the Third, in 1875, 1876, 1877, respectively. His genius and force as an actor had brought him to the highest theatrical position in London, and had won him support for the Lyceum enterprise. In these parts he departed widely from tradition and gave entirely new interpretations of the characters. The public divided into two fierce parties.

Probably no public man has ever aroused

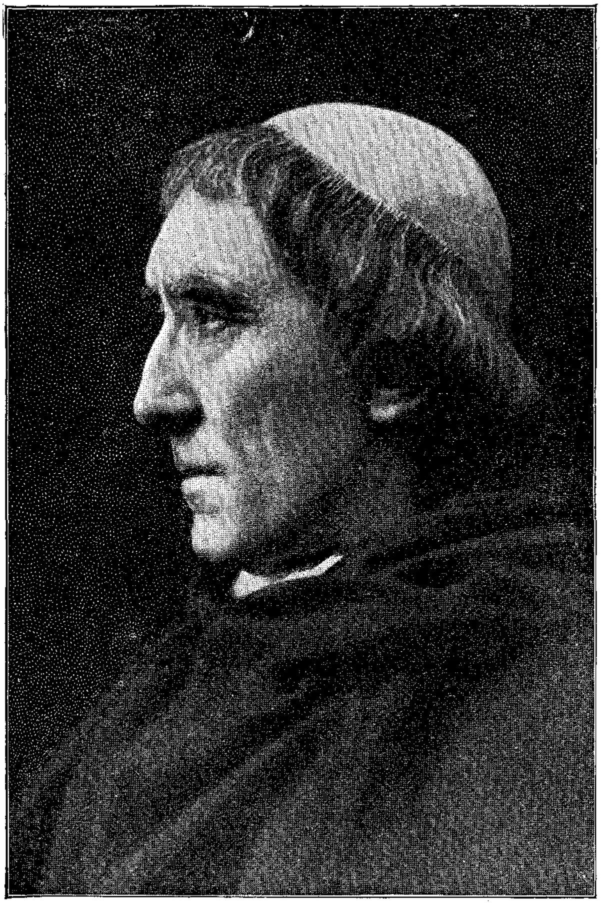
SIR HENRY IRVING AS CARDINAL WOLSEY IN "HENRY VIII."

From a photograph by W. and D. Downey, London.

more friendship of the warmest kind than he, through his lifelong sympathy with and generosity toward the members of his profession. He has lent and given away thousands and thousands. Naturally, his friends did not desert him at this time: they were staunch and outspoken; and they were strongly reinforced by the large and equally ardent body of those who were simply his admirers.

The anti-Irving party was made up of a class of critics, Shakespearian scholars, and others who held with increasing bitterness to the old school of acting instead of the new one, which, they declared, Irving was audaciously trying to force down their throats. To illustrate the difference: Macbeth had always been played in a way that emphasized only one side of the character, the soldier. The psychological side, the elaborate study of the mind, of the nature of a man who committed a great crime and who was haunted by remorse and the terrors of conscience, was new, and for daring to bring it forward Irving was abused with a harshness and malignity that now seem incredible. The poetic, metaphysical glamour in which Irving enshrouded the character, the old school would not endure.

This clashing of views between the old school and the new began really when Irving first played Hamlet. The production of Macbeth brought the two parties into bitter conflict. It at once became the occasion of a fierce battle in newspaper columns and the topic of fervid discussion at dinner parties and in drawing-rooms. It was the one social topic of the time. All the thoughtful world was either Irving or anti-Irving, and from London the dispute spread into the country. If Irving had been a different man he would have laughed in his sleeve and profited by the attention he had aroused. But he always was, and still is, extremely sensitive to anything of this kind. It was a period of great trial for him. It made him work harder than ever, but it annoyed, embarrassed, and harassed him to a degree. After Macbeth, he put on Othello. Othello was never one of his best parts. It is a type of man non-intellectual, brawny, and animal, which is the reverse of Irving's own personality. Moreover, because of the controversies then raging, he was very nervous on the first night, and the performance was not a good one. It was a triumph for the anti-Irvingites, and the fiat went forth on their side that as Othello Irving had failed. One of the great dailies, the second in importance in the United Kingdom, published a sweeping, annihilating leader, harsh to a degree, joyfully announcing that Irving as a Shakespearian actor was dead; it hoped that they had seen the last of the presumption of a man who was trying to teach his betters, when it was his duty, so to speak, to sit at their feet and learn.



SIR HENRY IRVING AS THOMAS A BECKET IN TENNYSON'S DRAMA "BECKET."

From a photograph by H. H. Hay-Cameron.

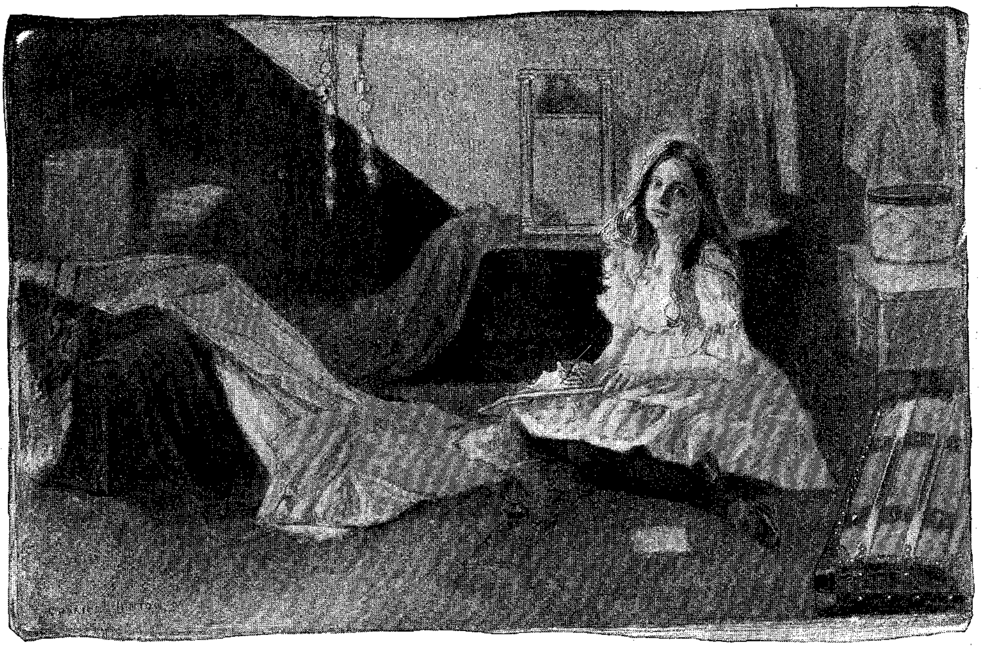
But after Othello came Richard the Third, which on the first night swept everything before it, demolishing the opposition forever. Irving was as perfectly suited to the sardonic, incisive Richard, in look and manner, as he had been unsuited to Othello. From the very first speech of the first act the house, friend and foe alike, were helplessly with him. He was on his mettle; he felt all his power, and he held his auditors in an iron grip. The excitement increased throughout the act, the whole packed theater feeling that Irving had won. The roar began with the curtain bell; the house rose and screamed itself hoarse with congratulation, and when the excited crowd streamed out into the corridors, arguing and gesticulating, everybody knew that the long battle was over, that Irving was supreme, and that London had at last placed him at the unquestioned head of his profession.

The later years and later work of the actor-manager of the Lyceum are familiar to the reader; how he has been the mainstay of the Lyceum Theater for nearly twenty-eight years, reaching during his twenty-one years' management a standard never before obtained by any London manager. This standard caused a vast and exceptional expenditure, impossible to have been maintained by any theater in Europe without a handsome subsidy, and it is an open secret that the large sums of money which Irving has earned away from the Lyceum have gone back to the theater in the Strand for its maintenance.

With the accumulation of money came no desire to expend it in the usual channels of ostentation. Sir Henry's late modest home in Grafton Street remained the same for twenty years, but his surplus capital has invariably gone by one way or another into the service of his art. A collection of theatrical prints which is the finest in England, and a gathering of theatrical souvenirs which is noted, represent the gratification of his personal tastes. Always hospitable and always fond of the society of his friends, he has entertained liberally. Always the artist and never the grasping man of business, he has raised the salaries of actors to their present high standard and made the salary list of the Lyceum, in its way, partly a record of past kindnesses to himself. He founded with Toole and Wyndham the Actors' Association, and in all directions used his surplus time and energy for the benefit of his art as well as himself.

Concerning the future of the stage and its social possibilities he has much to say which is of great value, so great that it merits another place and time. "The stage will be the great teacher of the future," he says, "but playwrights should remember that to teach is not its purpose; only its privilege. As education advances, the drama must necessarily become more thoughtful, but it should not become less dramatic. Any philosophical or social theorem may be impressed by it, but it is only the ebb and flow of strong human feeling which will make the work acceptable and impressive."

As you go outward by corridor and passage the famous playhouse seems, as ever, to have an atmosphere of its own, the impress of a peculiar personality. This may be your own imagination or it may be the way in which, through so many years, Irving has molded it in all ways to his will. Historically it will never be forgotten. More radical and lasting changes affecting the evolution of the drama have taken place within these walls than within any others of this century.



A CHILD'S LETTERS TO HER HUSBAND.

By Helen Watterson Moody,

Author of "The Unquiet Sex," etc.

TWENTY years ago and more, a motherless little girl found herself shut away for a long summer's lifetime from the books out of which chiefly arose her occupation by day and her dreams by night. She was a solitary and rather dreary child, who had lived along in the elderly fashion of those about her, turning over and over in her active little brain the problems of mature minds and knowing absolutely nothing of the spontaneous and objective life of the healthfully surrounded child.

It was during the summer of her eleventh year that the letters to her husband were written, as to a playmate out of sight, in the sheer hunger of her heart for human companionship and love. Not many years ago they were found, tied up in a package by themselves at the bottom of an unused trunk, and a very few of them are now offered here for the first time to the sight of other eyes than her own.

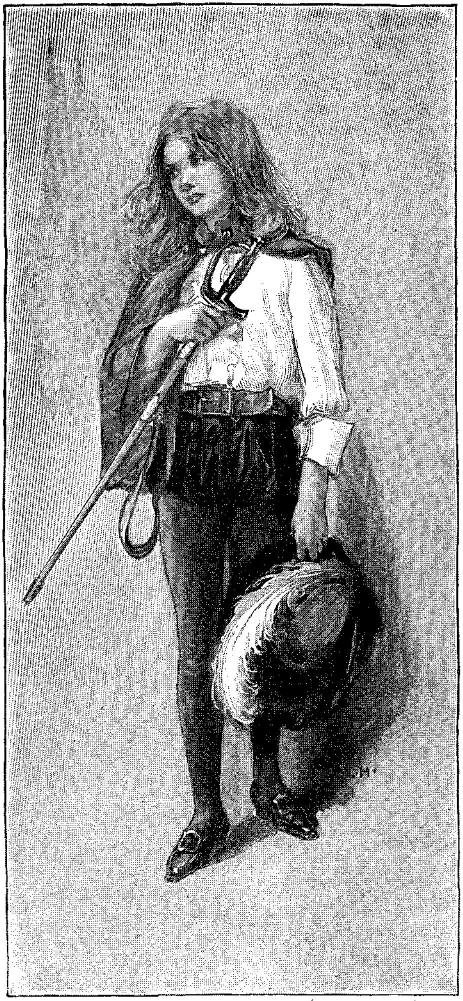
No. 1.

My dear Husband: It is very inconvenient not to be acquainted with the person you are writing to, especially if it is your husband. But I happened to think to-day that I must have a husband somewhere that I should know when I grew up, and so as I thought you might like to know about me, I am writing to tell you. My name is Elizabeth. I was not named for the Virgin Queen (I hope you know about her), because she died before I was born. My father's name is Lindsey, and he is an architect. An architect is a man that puts architeckture in houses. Greek and Roman is the best. Some people have architeckture and don't know it. My mother is dead. She had only me. If she had lived, she would have had more. I live in New York, but I have been sent out to Uncle Bôwen's to stay all summer, because he has no books that I can read, and because I read too much and hurt my eyes. He is not my real Uncle Bowen, but I call him that. Aunt Cornelia is his daughter. She is a widow, but she does not look like one.

Uncle Bowen is a Presbatterian minister. His books are all about heaven and sermons. He is fat and has a red face, and his eyes are small and twinkly, and he has the kindest spectacles. His head is bald and purple on top, because he always wipes his pen on it. He says he got into the habit of it when he had so much hair that the purple ink didn't show, and now he can't stop because he is used to it, and that is the way it always is with bad habits. Aunt Cornelia is my fairy godmother, but she don't know it. I do love beautiful ladies that speak soft and low, and wear rings on their fingers and little gold chains around their necks and lace collars all the time, don't you? I hate ugly people, and big boys that are clumsy and smell of horses and shuffle their feet. I do hope you are not like that, for I shall not love you at all, no matter if you are my husband. But I wish I knew your name, so I could know what to call you, and whether you are a nice boy or not. Do you love fairy stories best of all? I do, and that is why I can't read any, I suppose. It seems that as soon as you like anything, you can't do it because it's wrong. I've often noticed this. I learn the chatachism every day, and have got as far as what do we pray for in the fifth petition. But I don't see much use in my learning it, because I never hear grown-up people talking it together. Do you? I will write again some time.

Your loving wife,

ELIZABETH.


PRINCE CHERRIVAL.

No. 2.

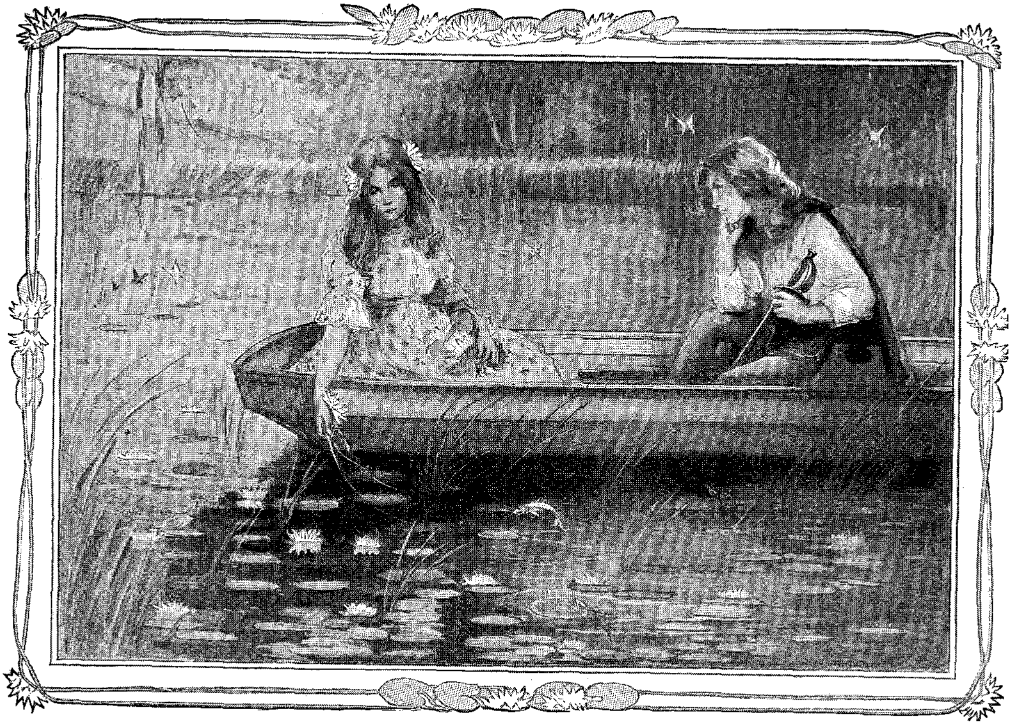
My dear Husband: I think I ought to know your name, but as I don't, I shall give you a name, and that is Prince Cherrival. It is my favorite name. I don't suppose you are a real prince, though I wish you were. I have read a beautiful story about Prince Cherrival. He was a fairy, you know, and there are pictures of him. So if you look like him, I know just how you look. You have long curls, which maybe you don't like, and trousers that look as if you hadn't any on. But there is no help for it if you are a prince. They always wear that kind. Then you have a cape fastened on one shoulder, and a cap with a long feather in it, and you carry your sword in your hand very valliantly, only when you kneel and kiss my hand you must lay your sword at my feet. I wish you were really here, so you could be my fairy prince now. For you must know that this country is enchanted, though it looks like Uncle Bowen's yard. It is surrounded by an enormously high wall with pointed slats on top, and there are very large forests of lilacs and rose-bushes scattered over the face of nature, while two winding paths lead to the enchanted castle that stands in the middle. One path goes to the front door and one to the side door. People come up the front walk when they come to see Uncle Bowen about religion, and up the side one when they just drop in. So you can always tell. There is also a very large willow tree, which is enchanted. It was once a giant of tremendous stature, who was turned into a tree because he wanted always to be near the grave of his dear princess whom he loved tenderly, and they thought a willow tree would look better there than any other kind. This is true, because he tells me about it himself, when I climb up the ladder which he has let them put against his breast, and I lean close to him to hear, for he whispers softly as he drops his long green branches about us. In this enchanted castle Aunt Cornelia is the beautiful princess. You would know she was the princess as soon as you looked at her. She has soft yellow hair which hangs in long curls, and her eyes are blue, and her cheeks are very pink. She has the tiniest slippers. I have hunted for the glass one, but I have not found it yet. She cannot be Cinderella, though, for her clothes are always beautiful, like the proud sisters. I love her so that I almost want to cry when she lets me hold her hand and sit close to her. I never loved anybody so much, for I never knew any lady that was so beautiful. She lets me do things for her, which makes me very happy. I hold her curling-stick and brushes, when she does her hair, and bring her drinks of water, and take her letters to post when it is too warm for her to go out. And sometimes, but not often, she lets me wear the gold watch that my Uncle Joshua gave her. From which you will see how good she is. Uncle Bowen is the ogre. I tried to make him the fairy prince, but he wouldn't act like one, so I had to turn him into an ogre, as that was all there was left. But he isn't really an ogre, you know, so I have made him a good ogre, which you don't often see. Most ogres are very wicked. I cannot write any more now, as I have to go to a little girls' meeting at the chapel, which is not what I would like, but we should all strive to set a good example.

From your wife,

ELIZABETH.

No. 3.

My dear Prince Cherrival: I have been very bad. I suppose you will not love me any more, as Aunt Cornelia says no one loves bad children. I shall be sorry for this if you don't, but of course I shall not mind it so much as I would if anybody ever had loved me very much. I suppose my papa loves me. He pats my hair sometimes, and kisses me, and then, oh, I love him so, and I could love him more if he had time to let me. But mostly there is only Martha to love. Martha is my nurse, who takes care of me when I am in the city. She says she has taken care of me since I was a little baby, and fed me, and taught me to walk, and that I ought to be very grateful to her for it. I am. How sad it would be if I had never learned to walk. But I wish she would not buy me such funny old dresses. Sometimes I act very bad when she puts them on me. I stamp and cry because I hate them, they



"A BOAT ON A RIVER FULL OF POND-LILIES."

are so ugly. And then Martha always tells papa, and he looks so unhappy that I cry louder than ever, and he says, "I am sure I don't know what to do with her, Martha." Martha says any little girl should be glad enough to have such nice, whole, clean clothes, but I'm not glad at all. I'm mad, mad, mad. I'm mad now, just writing about it to you. You will buy me pretty dresses when I am your grown-up wife, won't you? And I am glad now I do not know any other little girls. They would laugh at my crooked, crazy clothes. But I get very lonesome, and I am glad Miss Mead, who comes to our house in the city every day to teach me, let me learn to read. Only I read too much and hurt my eyes, so I can only read my bible and chatachism now, and they do not know I write letters to you. I wish I knew where you are, so I could send them to you. I like to write to you. And I should love dearly to get a letter from you. But of course you cannot write to a wife you do not know.

Your loving wife,

ELIZABETH.

No. 4.

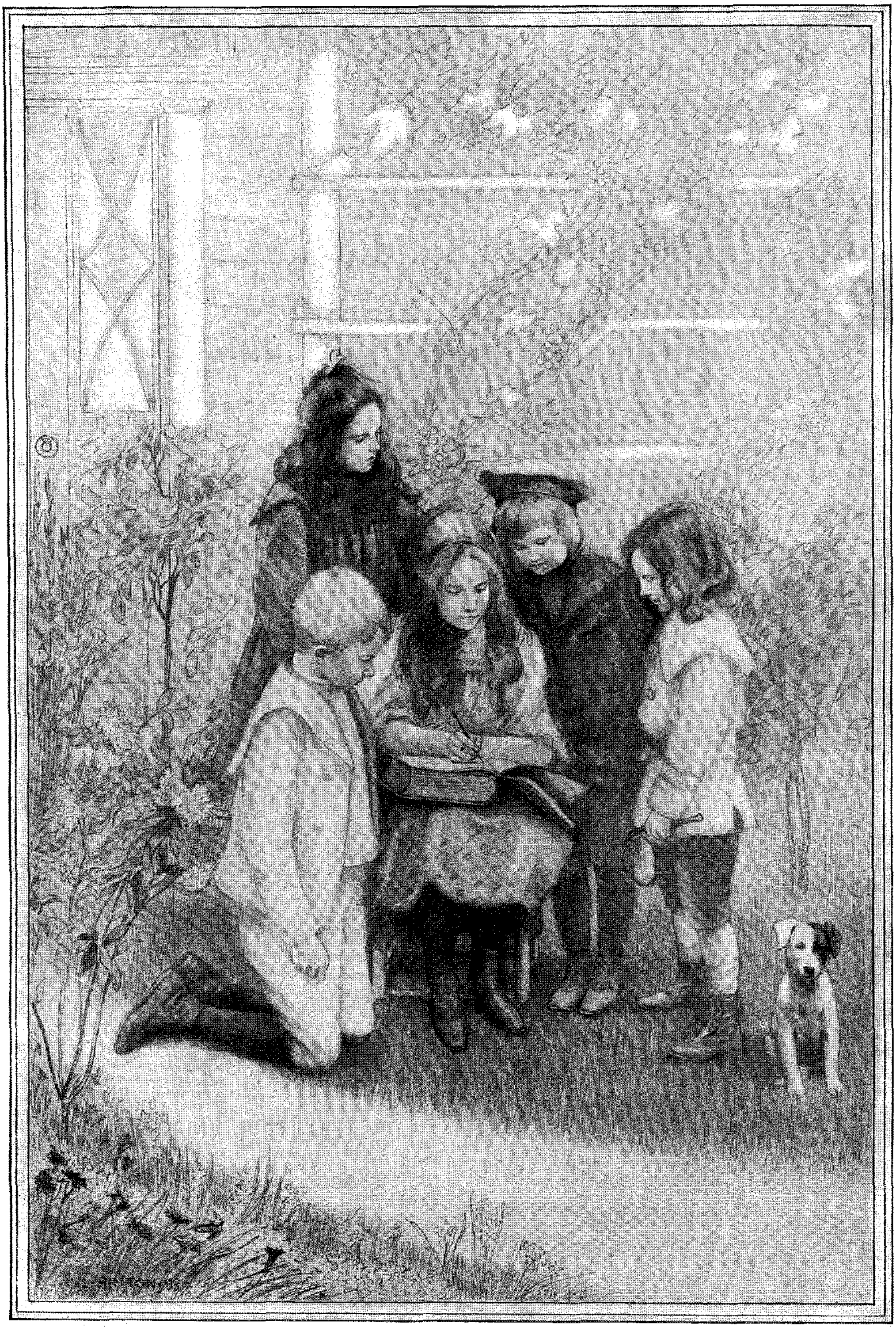
Dear Prince Cherrival: I did not write to you for all this long time, because Aunt Cornelia and God have been punishing me, and I must be very bad indeed, it has taken them so long to get me all punished up. Aunt Cornelia told me not to eat any green apples, because if I did, I would be sick. So I ate some to see if Aunt Cornelia told me the truth, because sometimes she doesn't. I suppose you don't always have to tell the truth when you grow up, only when you're small and don't always know what the sure truth is. This is so you can find out. But Aunt Cornelia did tell me the truth, and I said so to her. For my stomach ached harder and harder, till I could not bear it any longer. When I told Aunt Bowen, she was very sorry for me and wanted to give me some medicine; but Aunt Cornelia said No, I must go to bed for being so disobediant, and take my punishment without complaining, and that God was very angry with me because I had disobeyed him by eating the apples. But I did not understand why God should punish me for eating things he never told me not to. Besides, Aunt Cornelia was punishing me anyway. By and by, Uncle Bowen came into the room when he knew Aunt Cornelia was out in the summer-house, with his purple hair standing up straight. I suppose Aunt Cornelia had told him he mustn't interfere, which he seems to do every time he is sorry for me. So I said, "Please, Uncle Bowen, will you tell me who is punishing me now, God or Aunt Cornelia, because I don't know." And he laughed a little, but he said very gently and low too, as if he was afraid Aunt Cornelia would hear him, "My dear little girl, I don't think there is much God in the stomach-ache, do you?" And I am sure I would rather think it was Aunt Cornelia, but oh, I wish she wasn't so pretty, then I wouldn't have to love her so. I was just going to tell Uncle Bowen about that when Aunt Cornelia opened the door and came in. When she saw Uncle Bowen, she said very crossly, "Father, I must ask you not to interfere with my management of my niece." But Uncle Bowen looked up at her oh, so different from the way he usually looks, and he said with his minister voice, "Daughter, this little child has asked me to help her soul find God, and you must leave us alone together." Aunt Cornelia turned and went out of the room without saying a word, but her feet on the stairs sounded worse than swearing. Then Uncle Bowen gave me some drops and went away, but I kissed his hand and cried in the pillow, only the tears didn't hurt me.

From your wife,

ELIZABETH.

No. 5.

Dear Husband: Next door to us lives a very funny lady. Her name is Mrs. Trumbell, and she always calls her husband Trumbell without any mister. She has eight children. She has gray and black hair, and looks cross, but she isn't though. I used to be so afraid of her I hid in the lilac bush when she came to see Aunt Bowen. She is very tall and thin. One day she came to the hedge, and called me. I was going to hide in the lilac, but she asked me quick if I didn't want some nice, hot griddle-cakes with maple syrup on them, and I said I did. So I went over there, and she was baking griddle-cakes right in the middle of the forenoon for her children. I did not know any of them, to play with them, until then. We sat at the table, and she baked cakes for us as fast as we could eat them, and she let us put the syrup on them ourselves. I like my syrup poured on crinkle cronkle, but she said she liked hers best in puddles. She makes griddle-cakes for us nearly every morning, or ginger-bread and milk, and we can have all we want. She says she thinks children ought to eat or sleep most of the time, and she doesn't let her children have many books to read, but I think she respects me because I



"THEODORE DE MONTMORRENCY TRUMBELL, MAY 17, 1856."

have read so many that I hurt my eyes. But then I belong to the minister. She isn't the same kind of Christian that we are, though she has to go to Uncle Bowen's church or the Episcople, because there isn't any other kind in town. She doesn't like the Episcople very well, I guess. She says she isn't much of a kneeler. Her knees are too thin. And she always carries cotton wool in her pocket. And when Uncle Bowen begins to say anything in his sermon that isn't her kind of religion, she says "Ahem!" very loud, and takes out two large pieces of cotton and puts them in her ears. This makes everybody smile. I asked her one day which one of her children she could spare best, if one of them had to die, and she looked at me very cross for a minute, and then said in a funny voice, "Humph, I guess I could spare Trumbell as well as any of them." I think that was funny—don't you?—because she had eight children and only one husband. But perhaps she was thinking of marrying again. The other day old Mrs. Salter asked me, when she came here and everybody had gone away, whether I supposed Aunt Cornelia thought of marrying again, and I said, "Yes'm I do." But when she asked me why I supposed so, I wouldn't tell her. I thought she ought to know. I didn't see any harm in saying what I did, but it seems there is harm in saying things you think, because Mrs. Salter told some people that Aunt Cornelia was going to marry the young doctor, for I said so. And Aunt Cornelia cried, and Aunt Bowen told me how unladylike it was to gossip; but Uncle Bowen laughed a little, because I told him that I didn't even know about the doctor and I only said I thought Aunt Cornelia was thinking about marrying again because ladies always did. He asked me how I knew, and I said I knew I should. And so I should, if you were to die right now or any time. Ladies have to be happy, even if their husbands are dead. And a dead husband isn't a nice thing to keep thinking about, so you think about another one.

Your loving wife,
ELIZABETH.

No. 6.

Dear Prince Cherrival: Let us play a fairy story which I have thought up. Play you were a real prince, but you are of course, and I am a real princess. And pretend all the people in the world were dead. Every single person but just us two. Then, I'll play that God forgot about us, if you will. Then all the world and everything in it would belong to us, all the cities, and the houses, and the things in them. And the boats on the oceans and rivers, and all the trains of cars, and the horses and carriages, and all we would have to do would be to get up in the morning and choose a place and go there. In England, or India, or the United States of America. And in all the streets of the cities would be shops and shops full of all manner of beautiful things, with the windows full of cakes and candies and fruits, and nuts and ice-cream, which we could go in and eat without paying a cent for. So we shouldn't need to be bothered with money, only the banks would be full of golden sequins, if we wanted to go in and get some. And when we were tired or night came, we would pick out the most beautiful house in a garden full of flowers, and with plenty of books, all fairy tales, which my eyes would be well enough to read; and in there we would go and sleep in a big soft bed, until another day came, and then there would be another city, or a boat on a river full of pond-lilies, and gold and silver fish, and the tide always running swiftly one way, and at night the moon would always shine as bright as day, because this would be an enchanted world, and everything in it would stay just as it was, with ice-cream that never melted, and you never had to have your nails cut, and nobody was more than eleven years. Now it is your turn to tell about it next. Please tell soon to

Your loving wife.

No. 7.

My dear Husband: It is very hard to be always doing things because you think of them, and then they are wrong, and you have to be punished. I have been, and this time even Uncle Bowen thinks I did wrong. And so I must be almost as bad as the—it is a word I mustn't say, but you know who I mean. But I guess Uncle Bowen thought it was the worst, because it had the bible in it. I will tell you about it. There are lots of families of children in this town, and nearly all of them have a brother or sister that is dead, and in Heaven, and sometimes two. This is because last year there was a scarlet fever eppidemic in this town, and most everybody's children died. All but the Trumbells. None of them did, and they are very sorry. Because when the other boys and girls talk about their dead brothers and sisters in Heaven they have none there to talk about. So when they told me abou^t it, I showed them how to have one. And they got me the big family bible where all the births and deaths are, and I wrote in the births, right under Mary Trumbell's name, Theodore de Montmorrency Trumbell, May 17, 1856. Then in the deaths I wrote his name, died January 9, 1861, aged eight years, seven months, and three days. That was their dead brother, and when they told about him and the other boys and girls said it wasn't so, they showed them the bible. But when Mrs. Trumbell found it out, she was very angry with us all, and me more than the others, because I was the thinker of it. Of course I was sorry, and I told her so. But when I shut me up in my room and cried, George Trumbell felt so bad he came under my window and wrote a bad word on the gravel walk with a stick. He had to do it that way, because he had promised his mother he would never, never swear. But he spelled it wrong like this DALM, and it looked so funny I had to laugh, and that made me feel better. Besides it wasn't really swearing at all. I hope you won't swear, because it is very wrong. I shall never love you if you do.

Your loving wife,

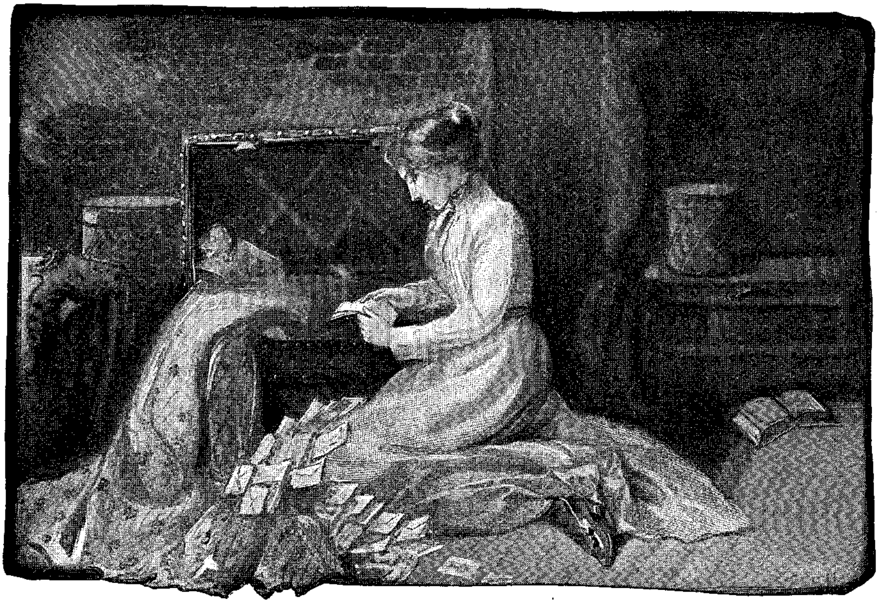
ELIZABETH.

No. 8.

My dear Husband: Oh, I wish I had you now, because my heart is broken with agony and I don't know what to do, except to die, and I am going to try to very hard indeed. Yesterday I had a letter from my papa. It was very loving, but oh, he told me that he had a very great happiness in store for me, and what do you suppose it was? A new step-mother. He did not call her that, but I know what she is, and she need not think to deceive me. And Martha has written to me to tell me the cruel blow. She says her heart bleeds for me, and so does mine. I know what step-mothers are. I have read too many stories about them. They always beat and cruelly ill-treat the dear children they pretend to love. I shall write and tell my father so, and he need not expect anything else of his step-wife. He says she will love me, but he never had a step-mother, and he never read many stories about them. So how can he know? Martha says she is sure he is being sadly deceived, and so am I, but I think I shall die soon, I could not stand such abuse. I hope I will, and I will look very sad and peaceful, as I lie on my little bed, and when my father and she look at me, and know they have done it, I hope they will feel bad enough to pay them back, and their bitter tears will drop on my still, white face, and I will be an angel in Heaven, and will be glad that I am dead and they are sorry. Martha is coming to take me home soon, but I would rather die—if I don't die before that. And so perhaps I shall never write to you again, but you will know why, and pity me, and think of me sometimes, and the Trumbells all say that they will, and perhaps it won't be so bad after all. But I know it will.

From your sorrowful wife for the last time.

"NOT MANY YEARS AGO THEY WERE FOUND."



DECATUR AND THE "PHILADELPHIA."

BY THE REV. CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY,

Author of "For Love of Country," "For the Freedom of the Sea," etc.

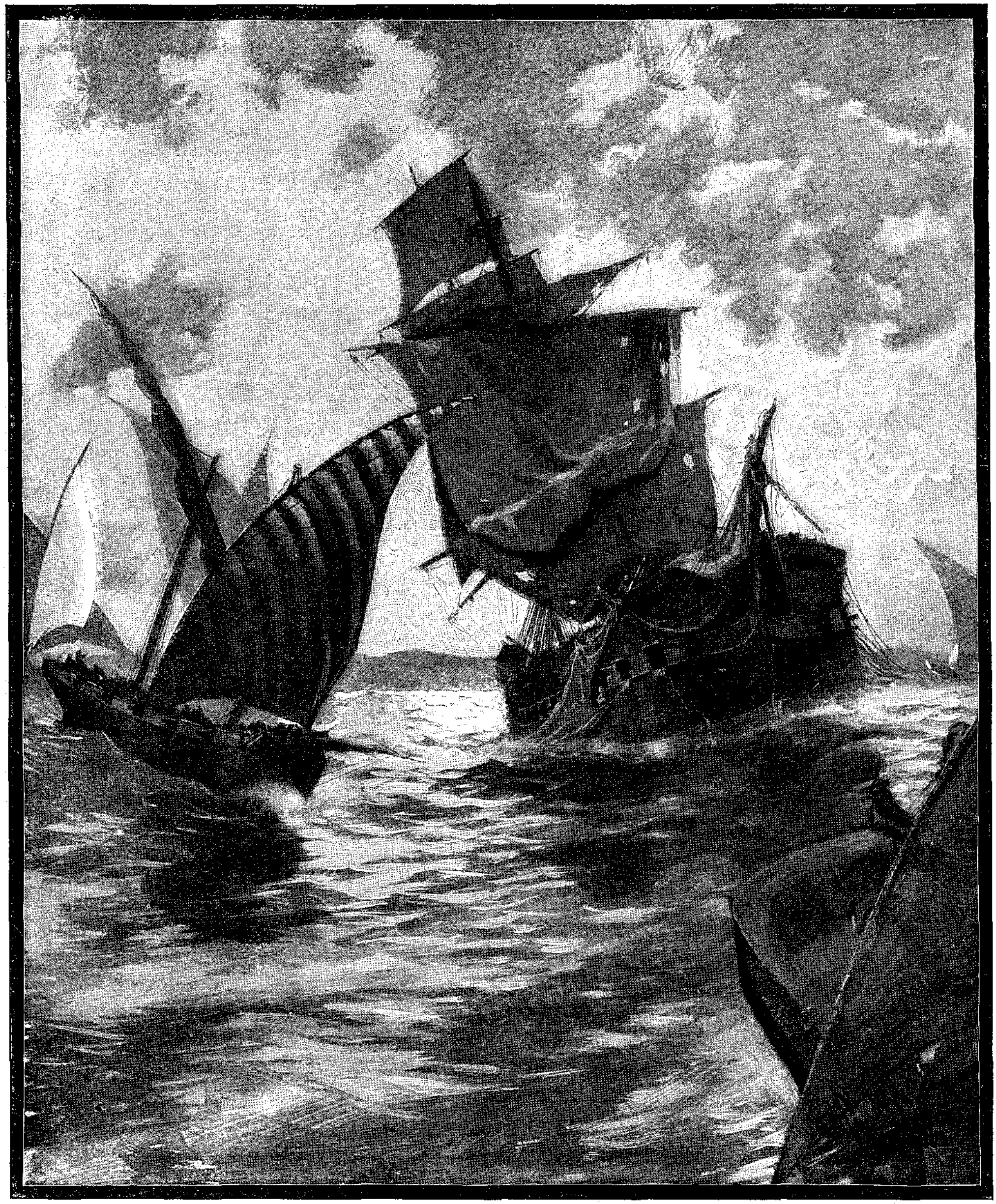
THE most romantic and brilliant figure in the naval annals of our country is Stephen Decatur. Born in 1779, while this country was in the throes of the Revolution, his ancestry French and Irish, always a brilliant combination, he early set the pace for daring and courage, and consistently kept up to his own mark until the end. Most of our other naval heroes gained their immortality by a single fight. Decatur's name is associated, during three wars, with a half dozen exploits and encounters of the greatest brilliancy, any one of which would give him eternal fame. But the deed which has most endeared him to his countrymen and all who love the brave is that exploit which Lord Nelson, than whom there could be no better judge, called "the most bold and daring act of the age"—the cutting out of the "Philadelphia." This occurred in the year 1804, in the war with the Barbary pirates.

It is to the eternal glory of America that the United States, then a young, weak, struggling country, should have been the first among civilized powers to put down the frightful depredations of those brutal pirates with an iron hand. The nascent navy followed Scipio's famous maxim, and carried the war into Africa, prosecuting it there with such vigor and success that, when the conflict was over, the ships of our country sailed the Mediterranean untroubled by these ruthless corsairs; while merchant vessels of other countries pursued their way before these licensed blackmailers in fear and trembling, unless protected by ignoble tribute, until our example of resistance was followed. The war not only resulted in the protection of the merchant marine, but it proved the nursery of the navy as well, and in it were laid those foundations of skill and ability which were so costly to Great Britain and so useful to our country in later days. The history of the little war fairly bristles with glorious achievements, but Decatur's was the boldest. He had been but five years in the naval service, to which he traditionally belonged, as his father had been a naval officer during the Revolution and his brother and other relatives were in the service with him, when he was sent to Tripoli, at the age of twenty-four, as one of Preble's "schoolboy captains."

The frigate "Philadelphia," thirty-eight, one of the best of her class, had been blockading the harbor of Tripoli in the fall of 1803. She was under the command of William Bainbridge, an officer of great professional skill and high merit, who subsequently distinguished himself in the War of 1812, in the old "Constitution," by his capture of the frigate "Java." One morning while chasing a cruiser or blockade-runner hard in shore, the "Philadelphia" ran upon an unknown and uncharted reef. Her guns were thrown overboard, she was otherwise lightened, and every effort was made to force her off; but she finally bilged, and unable in that condition to make any resistance, was captured by a swarm of Tripolitan gunboats.

In spite of the efforts which had been made by Bainbridge to render the "Philadelphia" unseaworthy, the Tripolitans, being unhampered by any American vessels of war, for none were present, succeeded in hauling her off the rocks, patching her up, and taking her into the harbor of Tripoli, where she was anchored under the guns of the pasha's castle. Her guns had been recovered, and replaced in her ports. The addition of this heavy frigate to the other defences of the place rendered it impossible for the small American squadron to attack with any degree of success. It might be said that the whole war depended, for the present, at any rate, upon the "Philadelphia."

Decatur conceived the idea of cutting her out, and applied to Commodore Preble for the privilege of doing so. The notion seems to have occurred to several other officers independently about the same time, one of whom was Stewart, and probably to Preble himself as well; but careful investigation inclines me to believe in the priority of Deca-



"SHE [THE 'PHILADELPHIA'] FINALLY BILGED, AND UNABLE . . . TO MAKE ANY RESISTANCE, WAS CAPTURED BY A SWARM OF TRIPOLITAN GUNBOATS."

tur's conception. At any rate, his offer was accepted, and arrangements were at once made to carry it out.

A little ketch called the "Mastico" had been captured recently by the "Enterprise," at that time under the command of Decatur himself. She was a vessel of about fifty tons burthen, peculiar to the Mediterranean, with two masts, the forward one set well amidships—leaving a long, clear space forward, upon which bombs were frequently mounted—and the after one the smaller, both carrying fore and aft sails. She was also provided with sweeps, or enormous oars, used in fair or calm weather. She had been built by the French, and used as a bomb vessel in Egypt, where she was captured by the English at the battle of Aboukir and by them presented to the Tripolitans—a Greek gift, as it afterward turned out! When she was captured by Decatur, she had just left the harbor with a lot of female slaves on board, a present to the Sultan of Turkey. When she returned, she carried quite a different crew. She was a small and miserable vessel, but the best that could be had.

As soon as he had received his orders from Preble, to whose wise planning their success was largely due, Decatur mustered his crew on the "Enterprise," explained the hazardous nature of the venture, and called for volunteers. Every officer and man at once clamored to be taken. From the "Enterprise" Lieutenants James Lawrence, Joseph Bainbridge, Jonathan Thorn, Surgeon L. Heerman, and Midshipman Thomas Macdonough (late of the "Philadelphia," and escaping capture through being on detached service when she was lost), with sixty-two of the more active men of the crew, were chosen. To these were added Midshipmen Izard, Rowe, Charles Morris, Lewis, and Davis from the "Constitution," and a Sicilian pilot named Salvator Catalino. Charles Stewart, who commanded the war brig "Siren," and who as Decatur's superior officer was nominally in command of the whole expedition, though the details and the execution of the matter were left entirely to Decatur, was ordered to accompany the ketch, now renamed (appropriately) the "Intrepid."

One hour after receiving notice, the "Siren" and the "Intrepid" left Syracuse, Italy, on the 3d of February, 1804, and six days after, late in the afternoon, appeared off the mouth of the harbor of Tripoli. The wind was rising, and the sea broke over the bar off the mouth of the harbor with such force that Midshipman Morris and the pilot, who had been sent in one of the cutters to reconnoiter, reported that it would be difficult to get in with safety and impossible to get out; so the two vessels reluctantly decided to wait for better weather. It came on to blow tremendously almost immediately thereafter, and for six days the two little boats beat up against an awful storm. The situation on the ketch was most critical. No provision had been made for so extended a stay. There were no places in which the men could adequately shelter themselves from the fury of the storm; the captain and three lieutenants occupied the small cabin, the midshipmen and marines slept upon a small platform, the sailors on the water and provision casks. The salt bacon, their only provision, spoiled, and as the ship was infested with vermin from her previous occupants, their situation was as uncomfortable as it was precarious.

After six days of labor the gale abated, and the two ships determinedly made for the harbor once more, to carry out their astonishing purpose. After getting as near as she dared for fear of discovering her character to the enemy, the "Siren" hove to, about two miles from the harbor mouth, and the "Intrepid" went on alone. Before she parted from the "Siren," however, Midshipman Anderson and eight men were sent aboard of her by Stewart to supplement the crew. It had been arranged that the attack of the ketch should be supported by the "Siren's" boats; but delay occurring, Decatur decided not to wait for them, remarking to his officers, "The fewer the number, the greater the honor!" It was still early evening, and with beating hearts the men on the brig watched the little ketch speed into the harbor toward the "Philadelphia."

The frigate lay swinging to the wind under the guns of the pasha's castle and protected on every side by land batteries and forts that mounted over 115 heavy guns, besides numberless smaller pieces, and were manned by 25,000 soldiers. On either side, reaching toward the entrance of the harbor like the horns of a wide crescent, were arranged three smart cruisers, two large galleys, and nineteen gunboats. The group of vessels looked like an open mouth, at the back of which was the "Philadelphia." Into these jaws of death Decatur boldly carried the "Intrepid." The breeze being still fresh, though dying, drags composed of buckets, spare spars, and canvas were cast astern, to diminish the speed of the vessel and keep her from coming on too rapidly, for any attempt to take in sail would have excited suspicion.

The evening was balmy and pleasant, the moon in that tropic land had flooded the heavens with mystic light, bathing the minarets and towers of the sleeping town upon the shores with silver splendor. Lights twinkled here and there in the white-walled city, and the "Philadelphia" herself was brilliantly illuminated by long rows of battle lanterns. Her foremast had been cut away in the effort to get her off the reef, her topmasts were housed, and the lower yards lay athwart ship on the bulwarks. The lower rigging was set up, however; and as it was afterward learned, all her guns were shotted. A heavy crew, probably 350 men, was on board.

What must have been the sensations of the men in that little ketch as they glided along? To what were they going? Destruction—victory—what would be the end of it? By Decatur's orders, the men had concealed themselves by lying flat upon the decks, behind the bulwarks, rails, masts, bits, etc., and only a few of the seamen, dressed after the fashion of Sicilian sailors, with Decatur and the pilot aft to con the ship, and an old battle-scarred veteran at the wheel, were visible. Eighty men in a little ramshackle boat, a cockleshell, were going into a harbor defended by scientifically constructed and well-armed batteries, to attempt to take a thirty-eight-gun frigate, full manned and armed, and surrounded by a fleet of small boats carrying fifty or sixty more guns, all bearing upon the "Philadelphia" herself; the attack itself to be delivered in the bright moonlight and in the early night, about half-past ten o'clock! The very audacity of the conception strikes one with amazement. But to its boldness is largely due the immunity the attackers enjoyed; that anybody should attempt such a thing was absolutely incredible!

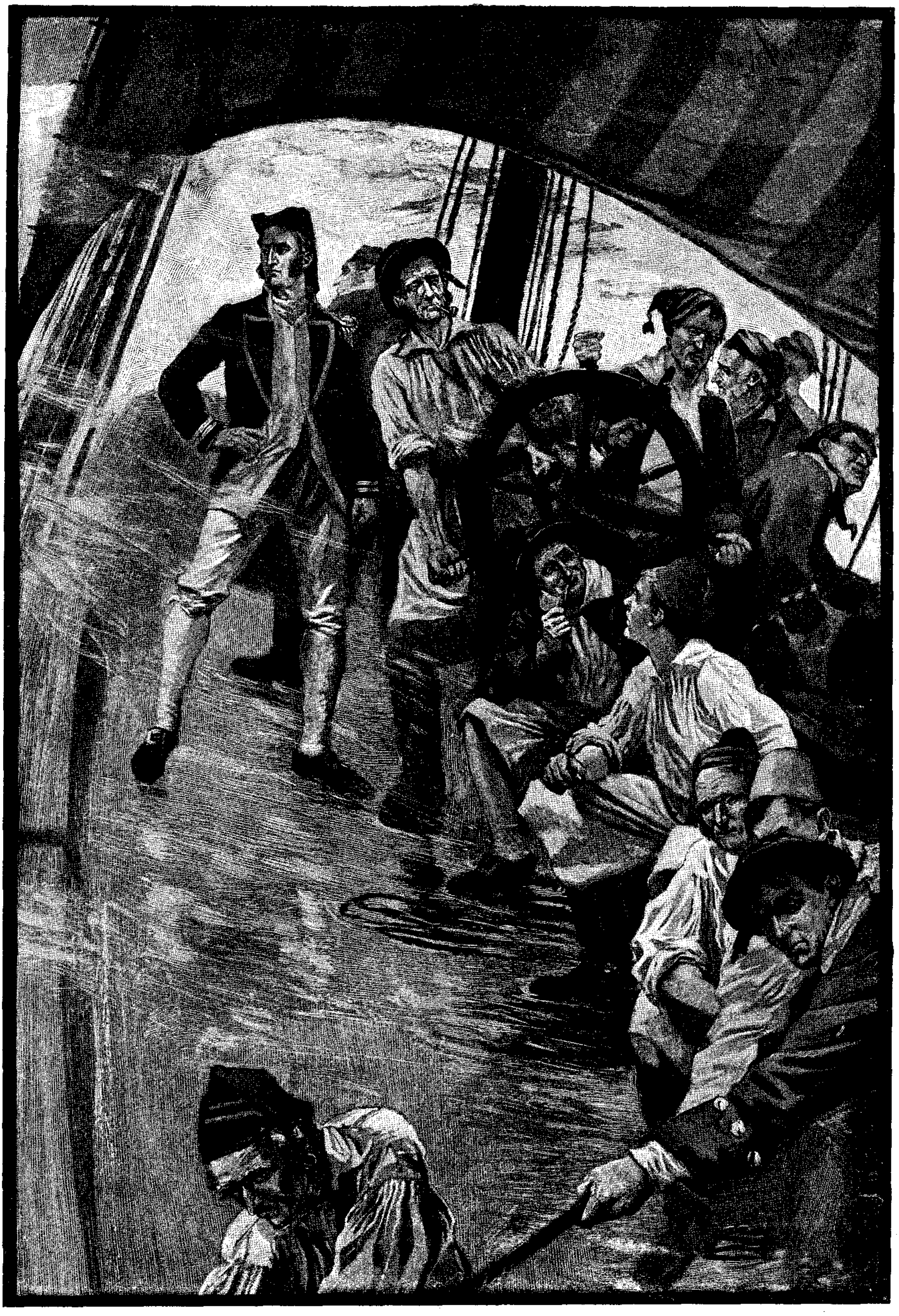
As they approached the "Philadelphia," Decatur ordered the seaman at the wheel to head the ketch for the "Philadelphia's" bows, determining to lay his vessel athwart the hawse of the frigate and board from thence. As they drew near, the Tripolitan hailed. By Decatur's direction, the pilot answered that they were traders from Malta, who had lost their anchors in the recent storm and desired the privilege of riding by the "Philadelphia" (*i.e.*, attaching their boat to the frigate's cables) until morning.

This not unusual request was granted as a matter of course, and after assuring the watchful Tripolitan that the brig in the offing, about which he had made inquiry, was an English schooner, the "Experiment," the "Siren's" boat, which was swinging astern the ketch, was manned by the sailors upon the deck, and a line carried forward to the port sheet cable. At this moment a sudden shift of wind took the ketch aback, and she hung motionless, directly in line with the frigate's battery, and not forty yards away. The position was one fraught with the greatest danger. If they were recognized now they were lost. The pilot, however, by Decatur's orders, amused the enemy with descriptions of the cargo and sea gossip in his *lingua Franca*, the common language of the Mediterranean, until the boat got away, and the ketch feeling the breeze, moved forward again. The Tripolitans with ready kindness—soon to be ill-requited—had sent a boat of their own, with a cable leading from the port quarter, off which they desired the ketch to lie. With great presence of mind, the Americans intercepted the boat, and took the cable back to the ketch themselves. The two lines were fastened together, and then passed inboard, where the men lying down on the deck grasped the cable in their hands without rising, and lustily hauled away, breasting the "Intrepid" steadily in toward the frigate.

As the ketch gathered way, she shot into the moonlight between the shadows cast by the masts of the "Philadelphia." The Tripolitan commander at once discovered her anchors hanging over her bows in plain sight. Indignant at the deception which had been practised, but still unsuspicious of the true character of the stranger, he ordered the fasts to be cut immediately. At the same moment some of his crew discovered the men upon the decks of the ketch. The alarm was instantly given. The cry, "Americanos, Americanos!" rang out over the waters. The Americans at once sprang to their feet, and though the ketch at this time lay directly under the broadside of the "Philadelphia" and could have been blown out of the water by her heavy guns, disregarding their peril in their wild desire for action after their long restraint, they gave such a pull upon the line that before it could be cut the ketch had sufficient way to strike the side of the "Philadelphia," where eager hands at once made her fast. Not an order had been given, nor a sound made.

Decatur now shouted the command, "Boarders away!" and sprang at the main chains. Midshipmen Morris and Laws, who were beside him, leaped forward at the same instant. Laws dashed in through a port, but the pistols in his boarding-belt caught between the gun and the port sill, the foot of Decatur slipped, and Charles Morris was the first man to stand upon the deck of the "Philadelphia." A second after, the other two men were with him, and the rest of the crew poured in over the rail, and with cutlass or boarding-pike charged down upon the astonished Tripolitans. The weapons were cold steel, the watchword "Philadelphia." No firearms were used, for Preble's strict orders had been to "carry all with the sword." Without cheers, but with desperate energy, the little band dashed at the masses of astonished, terrified men before them, and the whistle of the cutlasses, the ring of steel against steel, the thud of the pike as it buried itself in some beating heart, alone disclosed the fell purpose of the boarders.

Their attack was pressed home with such vigor that they could not be denied; forming a line from bulwark to bulwark, they cleared the deck. After a short, but fierce



"DECATUR AND THE PILOT AFT TO CON THE SHIP, AND AN OLD BATTLE-SCARRED VETERAN AT THE WHEEL."

resistance, in which upwards of twenty Tripolitans were killed, those remaining on the upper deck jumped overboard, where many of them were killed by Anderson and his boat crew or were drowned. Others concealed themselves below to meet a worse fate later. A similar scene was enacted upon the gun-deck, by Lawrence, Bainbridge, Macdonough, and others, during and following the action above. Only the watchword, in the darkness and excitement, had prevented several of the Americans from attacking each other. In ten minutes the ship was captured. Not an American had been wounded.

Decatur would have given half his life to have brought her out, and many naval officers have believed that he could have done so. It would have been a matter of extreme difficulty in face of the dangers, especially as there was not a yard crossed nor a sail bent; and as he had received positive orders not to attempt it, he had to obey. The ketch had been filled with combustibles, and they were immediately passed on board. The crew had been divided into several different parties, and each body of men, under the direction of an officer, had been carefully instructed just what was to be done. With remarkable speed and order each little group at once proceeded to its appointed station, and speedily arranging the inflammable matter, applied the torch. So rapidly was this done that those charged with the duty of starting the fires below were almost cut off from escape by the flames and smoke from the fire above.

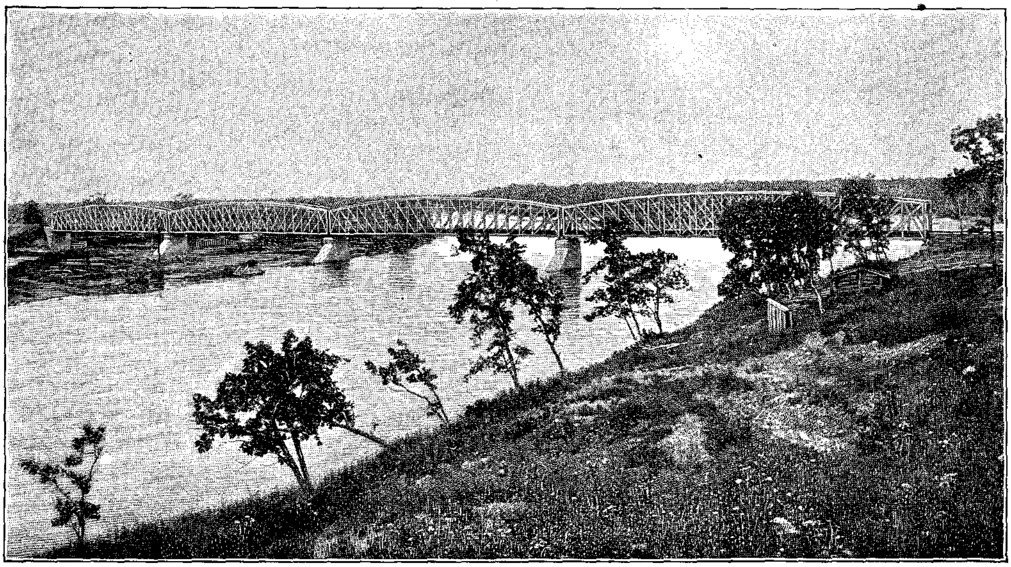
In less than thirty minutes the ship was on fire in every direction, and the Americans had regained the ketch. Decatur was the last man to leave the "Philadelphia." The bow fast and the grapnels on the "Intrepid" were at once cut, the sweeps manned, and instant endeavor was made to get clear. For some unaccountable reason, however, the ketch clung to the frigate. Broad sheets of flame came rushing out from the latter's ports and played over the deck of the "Intrepid." The situation was serious. It was the most critical moment of the enterprise. All the powder on the "Intrepid," in default of a magazine, was stored upon the deck, covered only by a tarpaulin, over which the flames were roaring. In another moment they would be blown up. They retained their presence of mind, however, and soon discovered that the stern fast had not been cast off. Decatur and others sprang upon the taffrail in the midst of the flames, and as no axes were at hand, hacked it away with their swords. The "Intrepid" was clear. After a few lusty strokes with the oars, which carried them a little distance away, the men stopped rowing, and gave three hearty American cheers. They had waited until success was achieved, and then, though still in the midst of danger, gave tongue to their emotions, a significant action!

At the same moment the startled Tripolitans awoke to life. The minutes of stupor with which they had witnessed the attack, hardly comprehending it, gave place to energy. The rolling of the drums upon the shore mingled with the wild shouts and cries of the excited soldiery. Lights appeared upon the parapets, and immediately the roar of a heavy gun, which sent a shell over the ketch, broke the silence. As if this had been a signal, every battery and every vessel in the harbor awoke to action, and commenced a furious cannonade. Solid shot, shells, canister, and grape shrieked and screamed in the air about the devoted "Intrepid," casting up beautiful *jets-d'eau* upon the surface of the bay, which the flames from the burning "Philadelphia" rendered as light as day. The Americans having cheered to their hearts' content, bent to their oars, and speedily fled from the harbor.

The spectacle they were leaving was one of awe-inspiring magnificence. The frigate, from her long cruise in the tropic latitude, was as dry as paper, and burned like tinder. The flames ran up the lofty spars in lambent columns, and clustered about the broad tops in rosy capitals of wavering and mysterious beauty. As the fire spread, the guns of her battery became heated, and in sullen succession they poured forth their messengers of death upon the harbor and upon the affrighted town upon which the starboard broadside bore. It was a death song and a last salute, for, as the eager watchers gazed in melancholy triumph upon the results of their own destructive handiwork, with an explosion which seemed to rend the heavens and surface the sky with fire, she blew up. A moment of silence supervened; it was broken by the roar of the batteries resuming the cannonade.

Strange to say, the "Intrepid" passed through the fusillade unharmed, one man being slightly wounded, and a grapeshot passing through a sail. The moon had set, and the eager watchers on the "Siren" finally lost track of the "Intrepid" in the darkness. Their burning anxiety as to her fate was not relieved until a boat dashed alongside, and a manly figure clad in a sailor's rough jacket and grimed with smoke sprang on board, triumphantly announcing their safe arrival. It was Decatur!

BRIDGE OVER THE USSURI RIVER ON THE RAILROAD RUNNING NORTH FROM VLADIVOSTOK.

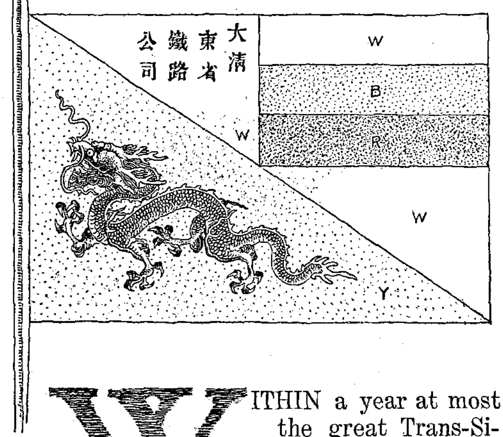


THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY.

RUSSIA'S CONQUEST IN CHINA.—THE IMPORTANT AID RENDERED BY AMERICAN TOOLS AND MACHINERY.

By Alexander Hume Ford.

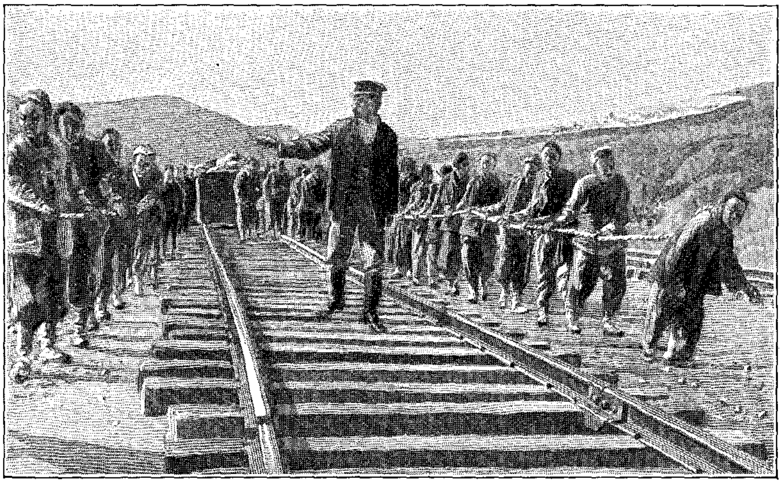
THE FLAG OF THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY. Y = YELLOW, W = WHITE, B = BLUE, AND R = RED.



WITHIN a year at most the great Trans-Siberian Railway will have been completed, and trains will be running over the entire line from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok and Port Arthur on the Pacific. To the general public this may seem a bold statement; but from observations I myself made on a journey during the past summer over uncompleted portions of the line, and from information given me by persons perfectly familiar with the work, I feel that it is more than justified. The Russian Government will then be in easy communication with the whole breadth of the Russian dominion, a reach of nearly 8,000 miles, or more than twice the distance from Boston to San Francisco; and across an empire which ten years ago the most imperative despatches could not traverse in less than half a year, loaded trains will be making the journey in ten days.

THE PROGRESS OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

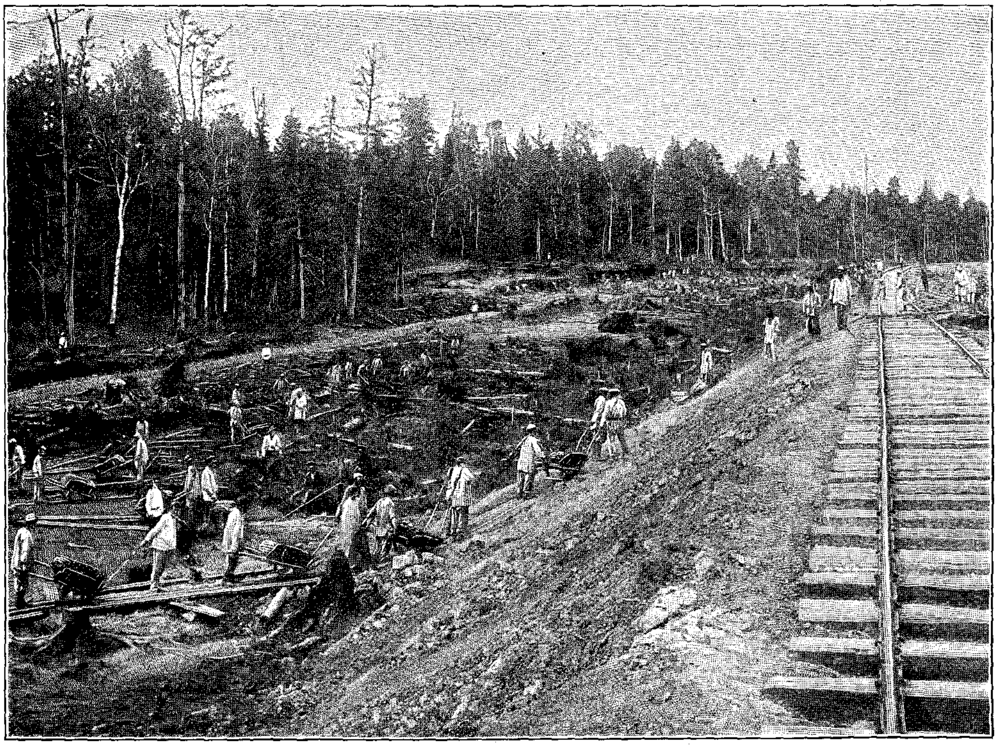
The Russian Government began to meditate a railroad connecting the western with the eastern boundary as early as 1860, but with so little definiteness that seven years later, in 1867, it sold Alaska to the United



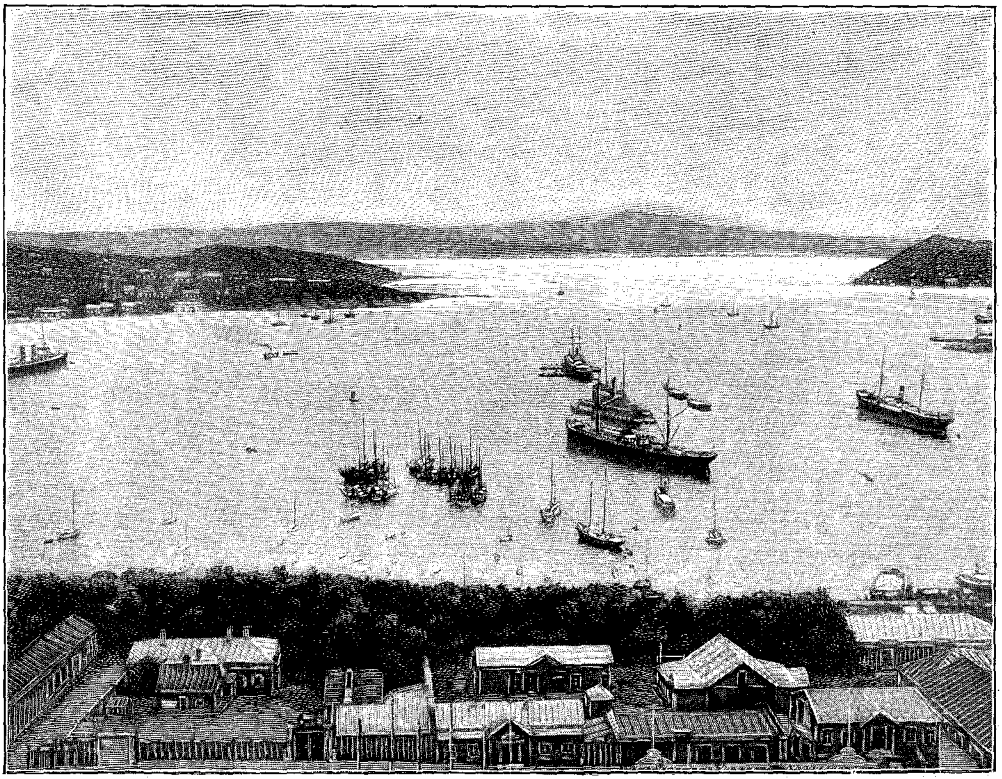
HAULING HEAVY MATERIAL FOR THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY OUT OF PORT ARTHUR.

The load is drawn along the rails by a line of coolies pulling by a rope at either side of the track. The ruins shown on the hill to the right are those of the old Yamen palace, now used as a barracks for the Cossack soldiers. From a photograph by the author.

States for $7,000,000, because it was felt that Russian America must forever remain too far away. If this sale had not been made, we might to-day be anticipating the early completion of a Russian railroad, not to Vladivostok, 4,500 miles from our nearest seaport, but to Fort Wrangell, almost at our own doors on Puget Sound; while England would turn her ever-watchful eyes from Russia at the gate of Herat to Russia within a day's march of Vancouver. Indeed, nearly thirty years passed before the enterprise took really positive form. The work of actual construction may be said to have begun on May 30, 1891, when the present Emperor, then Czarovitch, on his way around the world visited Vladivostok and drove the first spike. At



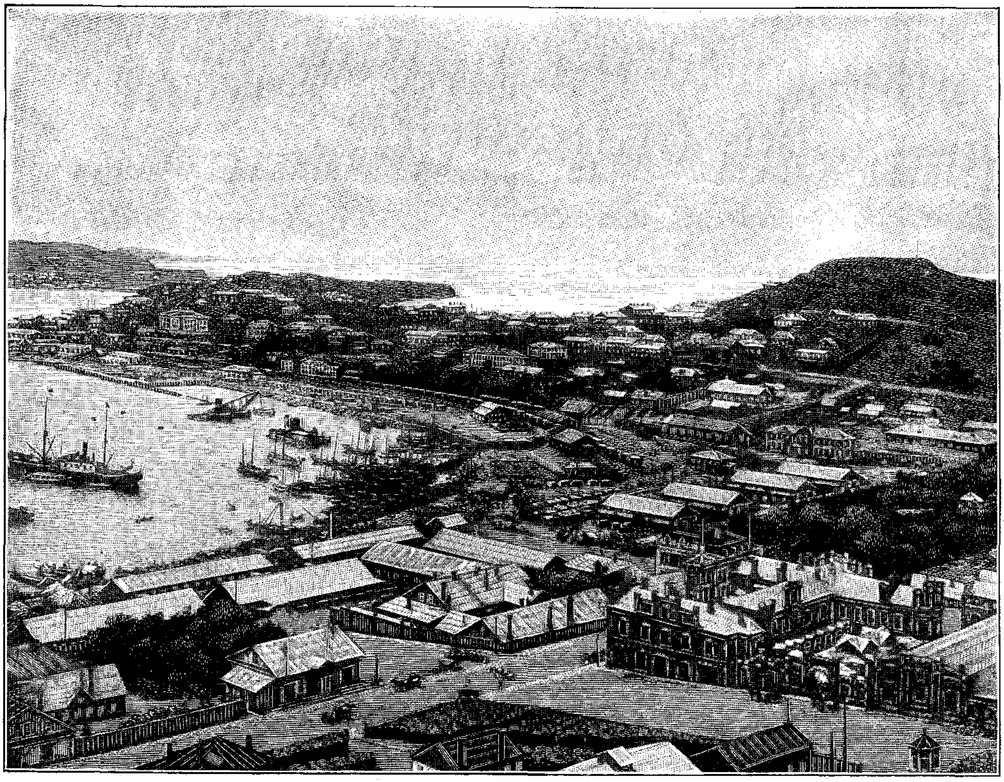
RUSSIAN CONVICTS AT WORK CLEARING TIMBER AND BUILDING A RAILROAD EMBANKMENT ON THE NIKOLSKOY SECTION OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.



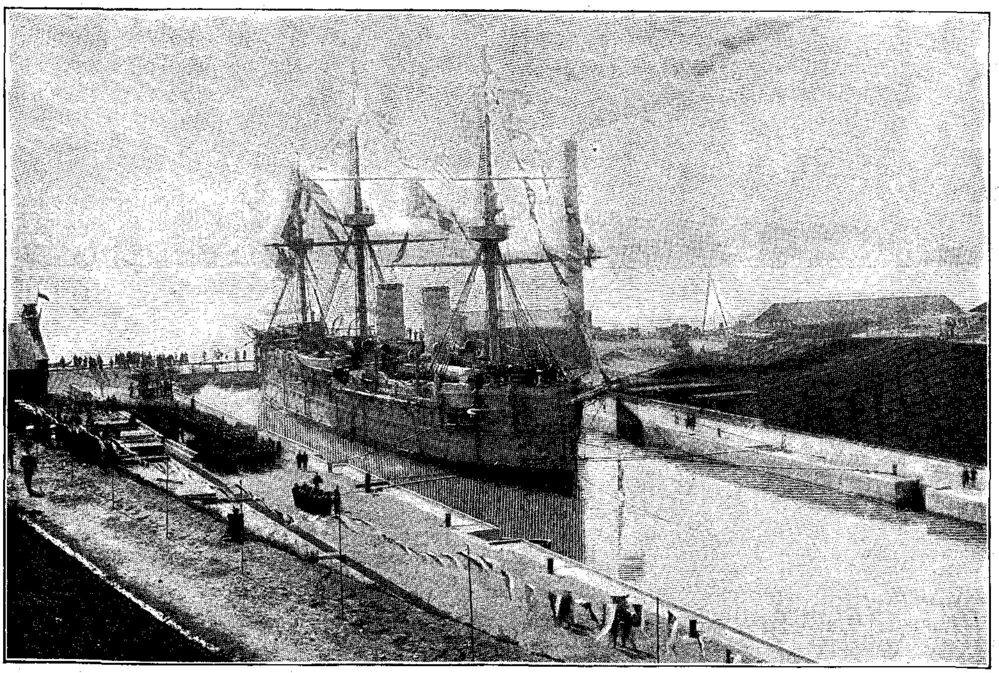
THE HARBOR OF VLADIVOSTOK, LOOKING TOWARD THE GOLDEN HORN.

first, 1905 was named by the engineers as the time of the completion of the road; but up to 1895 the work progressed slowly, and finally it was said that the line could not be opened before 1907 at the earliest. Then came the Japanese-Chinese war, and the concessions from China to Russia as a reward for the latter's friendliness to China throughout that difficulty, especially the concession of an outlet for the Trans-Siberian line through Manchuria, to the saving of 700 miles of distance over going along the border of that province; and thereupon the work began to be prosecuted with a zeal and energy beyond anything in all the previous annals of railroad building. By the beginning of the spring of this year (1899) the line had been completed to Lake Baikal, nearly 4,000 miles from St. Petersburg, where immense iron steam barges, similar to the ferry-boats used at Detroit, but larger, take the trains across the lake, a distance of forty miles.

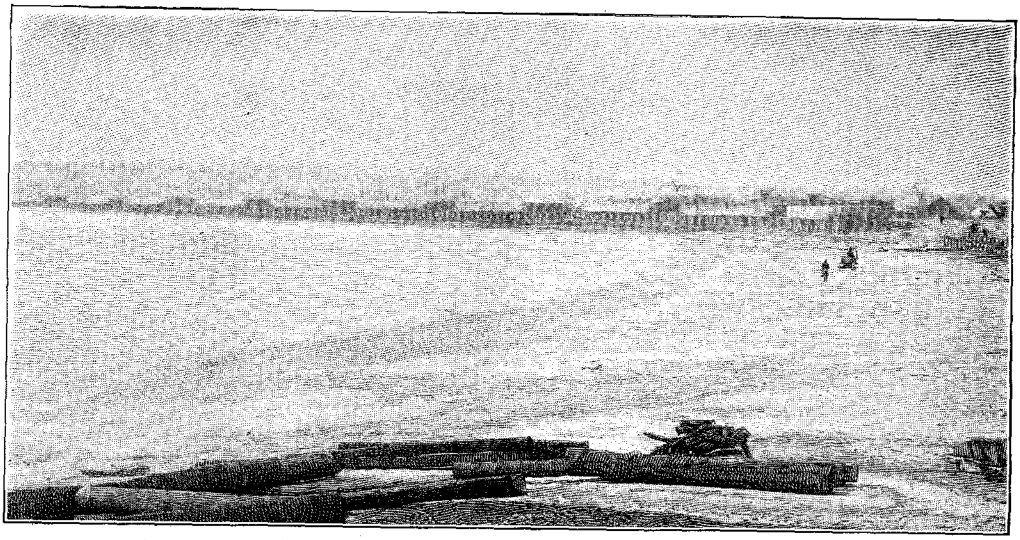
Work was then commenced on the last section of the road toward the Amur River. For one-third of the 600 miles from Lake Baikal to Stretinsk, on the Amur, tracks are already laid; for another third the work is well under way, while from the Pacific coast barges with construction material for work from that end are beginning to arrive at Stretinsk, the head of navigation on the Amur, and now to be the terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway, strictly so called. As originally projected, the road was to have been continued along the Amur, which is here the boundary line between Russia and Manchuria, to the Pacific. In fact, it had been surveyed 1,600 miles from Stretinsk to Khabarovka, the terminus of the Ussuri Railroad, running north from Vladivostok and already built. But all intention to utilize this northern route was abandoned more than two years ago, when Russia first began to absorb Manchuria. At Stretinsk, government steamers take up the journey and ply up and down the river during the open season, so that even by next spring, when the railroad will be completed to Stretinsk, St. Petersburg will be in direct full communication by rail and boat with Vladivostok and the Pacific provinces. In fact, the Trans-Siberian road is even now considered practically completed, and the $150,000,000 thus far appropriated to pay the cost of constructing it will, in all probability, suffice to finish the work.



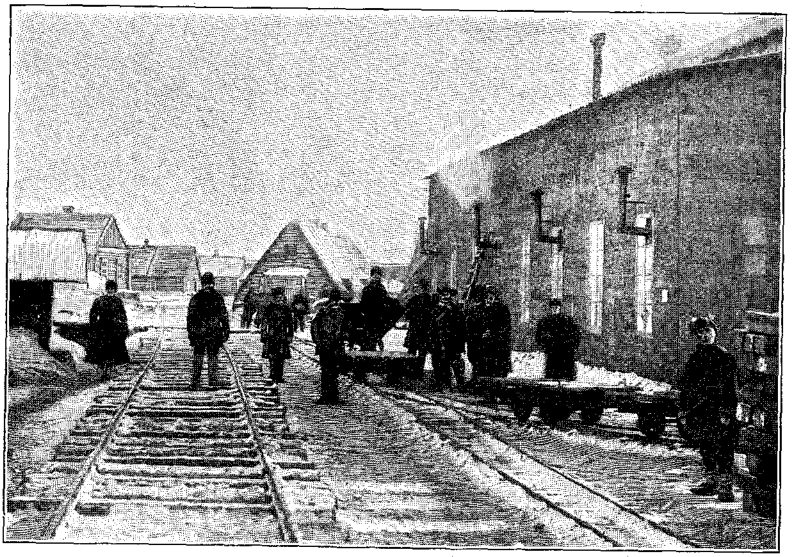
VLADIVOSTOK, THE RUSSIAN PORT ON THE PACIFIC ORIGINALLY CHOSEN AS THE PRINCIPAL EASTERN TERMINUS OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.



GOVERNMENT NAVAL DRY DOCK AT VLADIVOSTOK



BUILDING IRON BARGES AT IMAN FOR TRANSPORTING RAILROAD MATERIAL BY THE USSURI, AMUR, AND SUNGARI RIVERS TO CHULANCHEN, MANCHURIA.

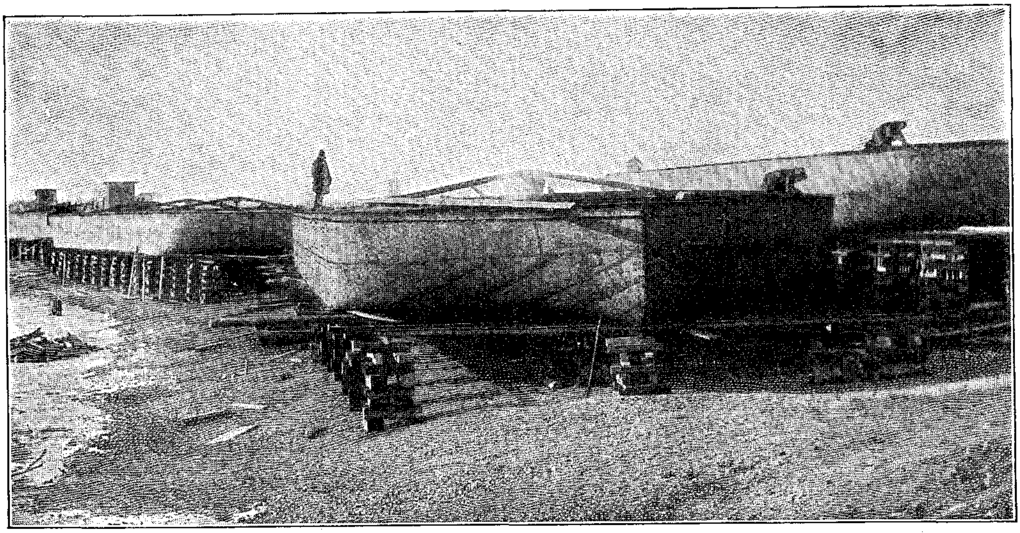


IMAN IN 1898—THE SITE OF IMAN BEFORE THE RECENT ADVENT OF THE RAILWAY WAS A COMPLETE WILDERNESS.

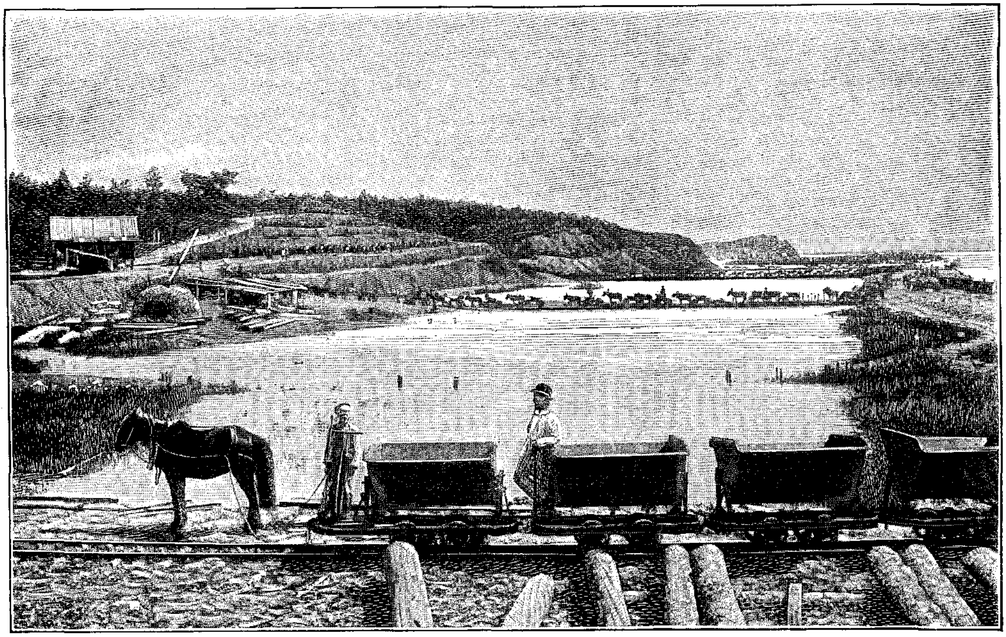
THE PRESENT CENTER OF INTEREST IN THE FAR EAST.

The center of interest in the Far East now is not the Trans-Siberian line proper, but the Chinese Eastern Railway, that shortened way by which, through the complacency of China, the Trans-Siberian line is to find its chief outlet to the Pacific. No railroad has had such a remarkable history as this Chinese Eastern; and no railroad has been built under such seemingly insurmountable difficulties. And yet it holds the world's record for rapid construction. In 1896, a year after peace had been declared between China and Japan, Russia entered into a contract with China to build a railroad through the Chinese province of Manchuria, guaranteeing that the president of the line should be a Chinaman, and that at the end of eighty years the entire ownership of it should pass to the Chinese Government upon payment. Then, in the spring of 1898, Russia leased Port Arthur and the entire Liao-tung peninsula from China, thus securing a Pacific port that is free from ice through the entire year, which her own port of Vladivostok is not. And as soon as Port Arthur was acquired, it was decided to make that the main terminus of the Chinese Eastern (and consequently of the Trans-Siberian) road, instead of ice-bound Vladivostok.

The Chinese Eastern Railway runs through the richest section of all Asia, and covers, like a hand, the whole 400,000 square miles of territory comprised in Manchuria. It

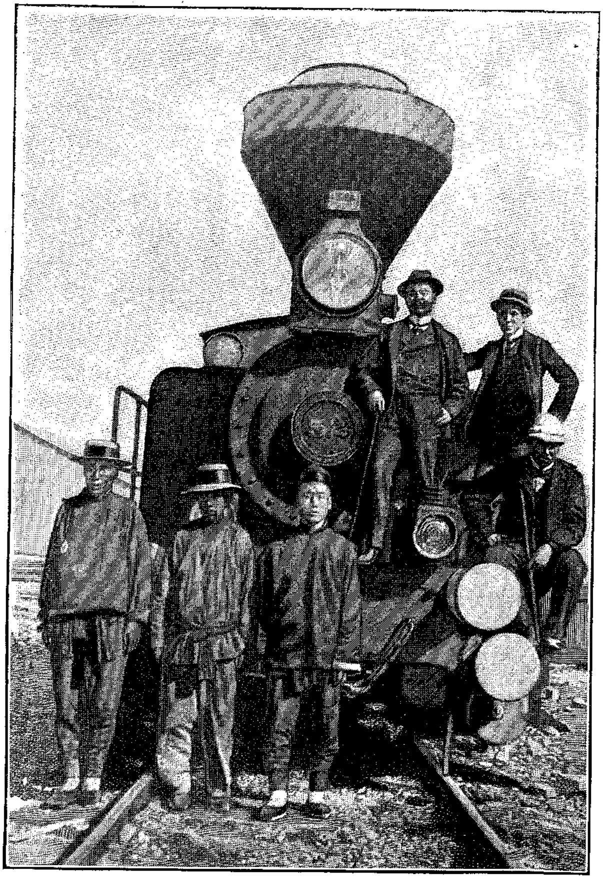


begins at Kidalova, in Siberia, fifty-three miles east of Chita, where it leaves the Trans-Siberian road and runs southeast in a straight line 600 miles to Harbin. There, 500 miles from Vladivostok, it crosses the Sungari River, and what is now really the main line turns almost due south, and continues on 650 miles to Port Arthur, while southeastward from Harbin runs the line, or branch, to Vladivostok. From the main line, south of Harbin, a branch will be constructed southeastward to Girin; and another, farther south, is about completed southwestward to Newchwang. And the latter branch—to the final triumph of Russian diplomacy and the perfection of Russian dominance in China—is to be pushed on, when the road will connect with Pekin, the capital of China. A year and a half ago the very locations of the various lines of the Chinese Eastern were in doubt; today the road is all but completed. Through



BREAKING GROUND FOR THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY AT KHABAROVKA, ON THE AMUR.

Khabarovka is the terminus of the railway running north from Vladivostok, and is situated at the mouth of the Ussuri River. By the Amur River it connects with the main line of the Trans-Siberian Railway at Stretinsk.



THE FIRST ENGINE RUN FROM PORT ARTHUR—IT IS AN AMERICAN ENGINE.

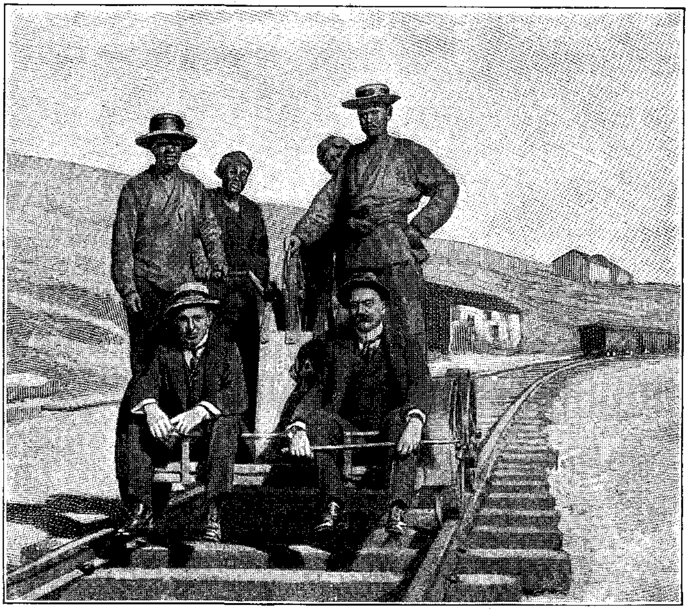
Up beside the headlight stands Mr. Sergey Friede, the American engineer through whose efforts the Russian Government was induced to purchase large quantities of American tools and machinery to be used in the construction and equipment of the Chinese Eastern Railway. From a photograph by the author.

the great wheat-growing valleys of central and southern Manchuria, the engineers had an easy way prepared for them. From Kidalova to Tsitsikar, however, the country is repeatedly crossed by rugged mountain chains. But for this inhospitable and almost insurmountable section, trains would be running through from St. Petersburg to Port Arthur before next Christmas.

To finance this undertaking, the expense of which no man's brain could compute beforehand, the Russo-Chinese Bank was organized, with headquarters at St. Petersburg. It now has branches in every city of the Far East, and honors all requisitions of the railway officials for however large a sum. The engineers have orders to build the road, and draw money as it is needed.

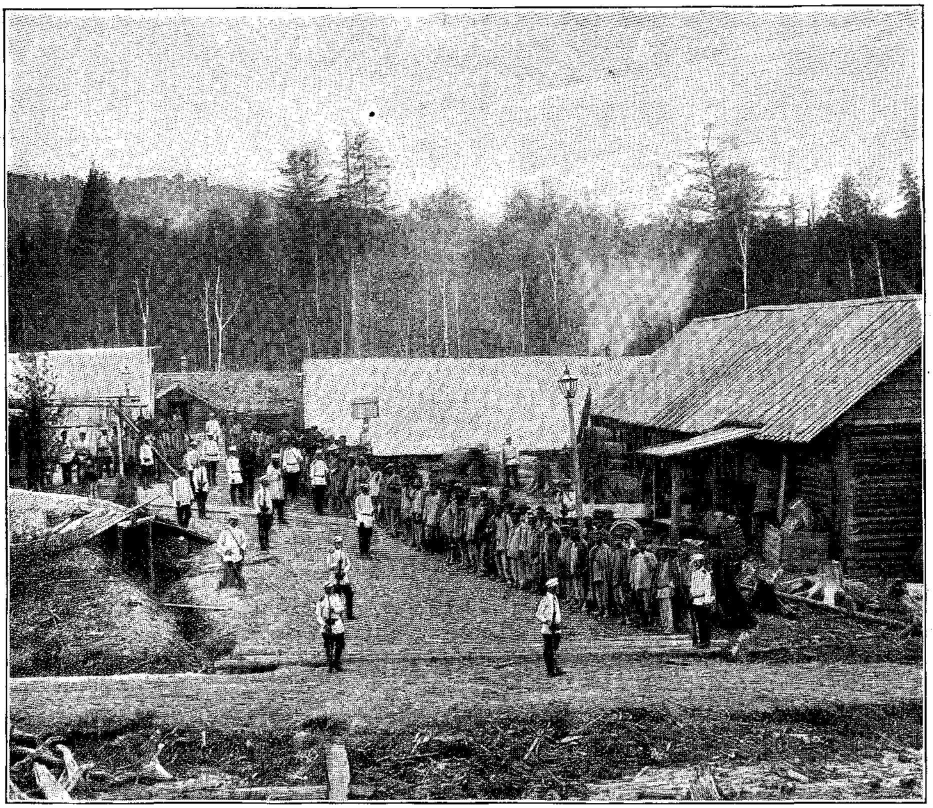
RUSSIAN REGARD FOR CHINESE SENSIBILITIES.

While practically the Chinese Eastern Railway is altogether a Russian enterprise and the final section of the Trans-Siberian Railway itself, the greatest care is taken to keep the two companies outwardly, at least, separate and distinct. Thus the docks at Vladivostok, built at enormous cost, were originally the terminus of the Trans-Siberian Railway; but now they have become practically the property of the Chinese Eastern Railway. We have already seen how, under the original compact between China



AN AMERICAN HAND-CAR IN SERVICE ON THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY.

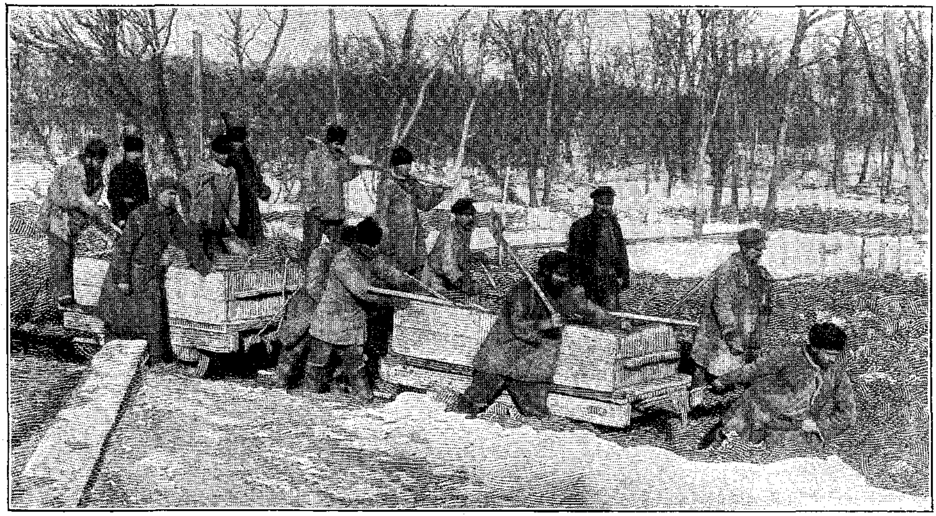
During the summer of 1899, when there were still a good many pieces of unfinished track, the hand-car was the only available means of getting up and down the line. From a photograph by the author.



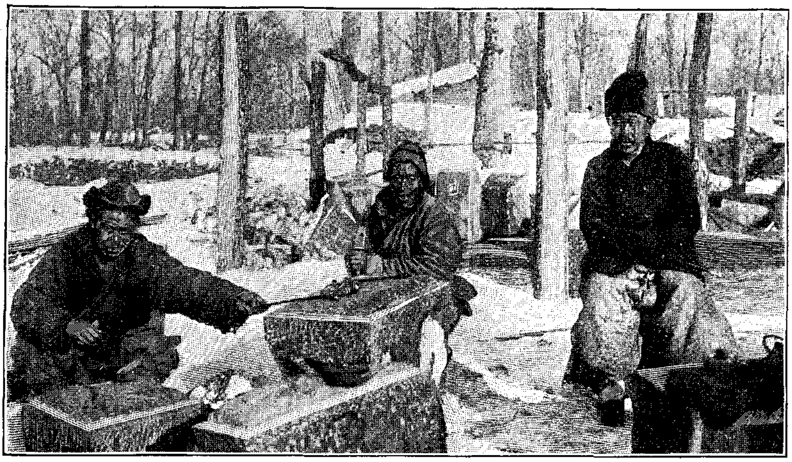
A CONVICT CAMP ON THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

The convicts are about to march to their work under the charge of Cossack guards. Convict labor was used very largely in the construction of the Trans-Siberian line proper; but it has been used very little, if at all, on the Chinese Eastern.

and Russia, the president of the Chinese Eastern is always to be a Chinaman. It has throughout its own separate officers and management. It has a flag of its own, half Chinese, half Russian; and the Cossacks who guard its lines have been compelled to adopt a uniform which, like the flag, is part Russian and part Manchurian, and they are no longer even known as Cossacks, but as the Manchurian *Ochana* (guards).



RUSSIAN CONVICTS AT WORK CONSTRUCTING THE ROAD-BED IN WINTER.



A GROUP OF MANCHURIAN STONE-CUTTERS.

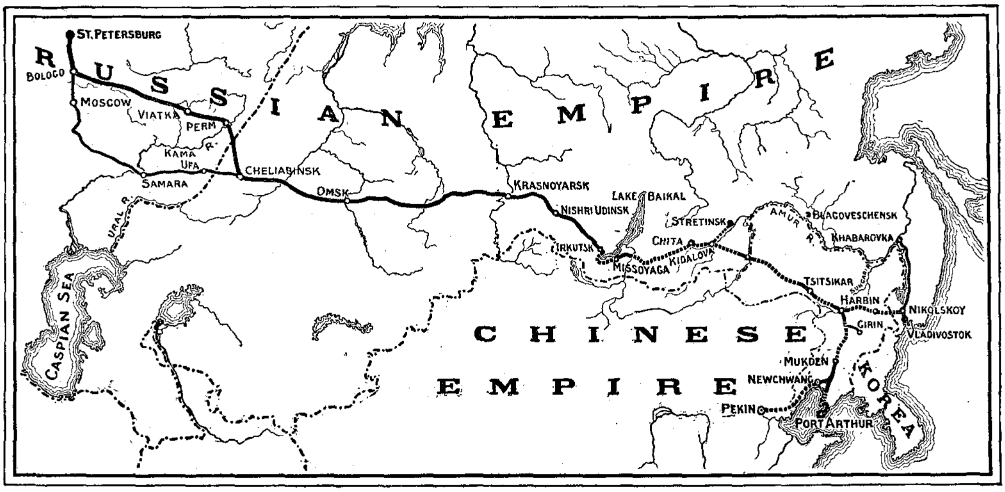
The native stone-cutters, when the American steam rock-drills were at work, thought the machines must be operated by evil spirits, and in their terror refused to work beside them and struck.

THE INTEREST OF THE UNITED STATES IN THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY.

The Chinese Eastern Railway has a peculiar and special interest for America. If it is building with a rapidity never before approached in railroad construction, the fact is largely due to American ingenuity, trustworthiness, and energy, for the tools, machinery, and materials with which the work is done are largely of American production; and the promptitude and skill with which these have been supplied, despite the great distance separating the United States and Manchuria, are not the least of the many wonders that have marked the whole enterprise. Naturally, we did not secure so eminent a part in the work without effort on our own part; and the story of how our ability to serve them was first brought convincingly to the attention of the builders of the line is nothing less than romantic.

GROUP OF KOREAN COOLIE WORKMEN.

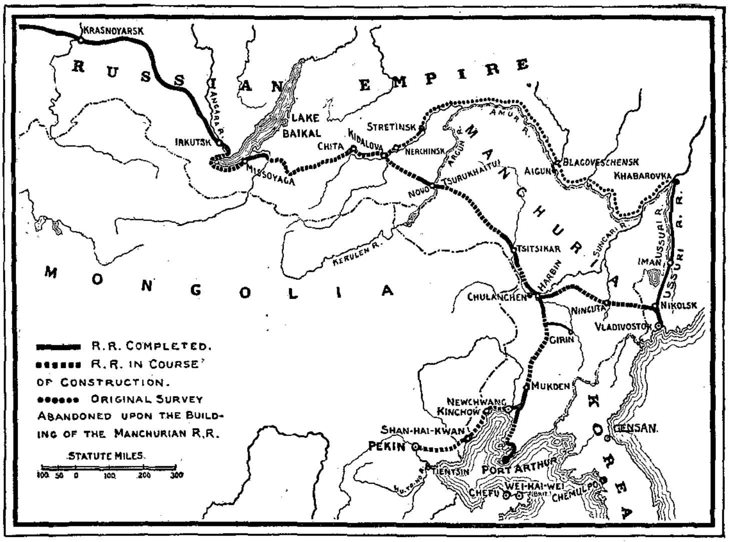
As the Trans-Siberian line drew nearer to the Pacific, Mr. Sergey Friede, a member of the Engineers' Club of New York City, became convinced that, if the matter were properly managed, a market for American railway machinery and materials could be found in eastern Siberia and Manchuria. Being thoroughly conversant with affairs in northern Asia, and also familiar with the Russian language, he decided to try to effect such a relation in those localities himself. In the spring of 1897, therefore, he set out for Vladivostok. On arriving there, however, he found that the engineers would not listen to what they regarded as his fabulous tales of American supremacy in the manufacture of tools and machinery, and the chief engineer was off in the wilds of Manchuria, somewhere on the Sungari River. The country was at that time unexplored by any white man, and engineers were setting out for the Sungari River to find and survey a route through Manchuria to the Siberian frontier. There were no means of following them, so Mr. Friede determined to go to Newchwang and proceed northward in the hope of meeting them. On reaching Newchwang, he fitted out a cavalcade at his own expense, and then set off with his compass


ST. PETERSBURG
BOLOGO
MOSCOW
VIATKA
PERM
KAMA R.
UFA
SAMARA
CHELIABINSK
OMSK
URAL R.
CASPIAN SEA
KRASNOYARSK
NISHRI UDINSK
LAKE BAIKAL
IRKUTSK
MISSOYAGA
CHITA
KIDALOVA
STRETINSK
AMUR R.
BLAGOVESCHENSK
KHABAROVKA
TSITSIKAR
HARBIN
GIRIN
NIKOLSKOY
VLADIVOSTOK
MUKDEN
NEWCHWANG
PEKIN
PORT ARTHUR
KOREA
RUSSIAN EMPIRE
CHINESE EMPIRE

A MAP OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN AND CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAYS, SHOWING THE ENTIRE LINE FROM ST. PETERSBURG TO PORT ARTHUR. *WHERE THE LINE IS BROKEN, THE CONSTRUCTION IS STILL MORE OR LESS INCOMPLETE.*

and instruments, to cross a section of country never before entered by a white man.

The greatest and strangest difficulties were encountered. Although Mr. Friede carried a passport vised by the Viceroy himself in Pekin, a formidable-looking document of brilliant red, fully three feet long, he found the local officials extremely suspicious and fearful of him; and often in the villages and towns he came to it was difficult to get accommodations for himself and his party.


KRASNOYARSK
RUSSIAN EMPIRE
ANGARA R.
IRKUTSK
LAKE BAIKAL
MISSOYACA
CHITA
KIDALOVA
STRETINSK
NERCHINSK
ARGUN
TSURUKHAITUI
NOVO
AMUR R.
MANCHURIA
AIGUN
BLAGOVESCHENSK
KHABAROVKA
USSURI R.
IMAN
SUNGARI R.
TSITSIKAR
HARBIN
KERULEN R.
MONGOLIA
CHULANCHEN
NINGUTA
NIKOLSK
VLADIVOSTOK
GIRIN
MUKDEN
NEWCHWANG
KINCHOW
SHAN-HAI-KWAN
PEKIN
TIENTSIN
PORT ARTHUR
WEI-HAI-WEI
CHEFU
CHEMULPO
GENSAN
KOREA
R.R. COMPLETED.
R.R. IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION.
ORIGINAL SURVEY ABANDONED UPON THE BUILDING OF THE MANCHURIAN R.R.
STATUTE MILES.
100 50 0 100 200 300

A MAP OF THE CHINESE EASTERN RAILWAY AND THE CONNECTING PARTS OF THE TRANS-SIBERIAN RAILWAY.

Properly speaking, there were no roads, only rude, uncertain trails. As a rule, it was little use to ask for information about the way. Occasionally, if a proper bargain was struck, some marvelous adventurer who had actually traveled twenty miles from home would hazard some uncertain directions as far as to the next village. In the latter part of the journey there arose much anxiety regarding highwaymen, who were reported to abound and operate rather boldly in those parts. And once, when his cash wagon got away from him, Mr. Friede thought he had really fallen into their hands; but the thief proved to be the man who was driving the wagon, and it was soon recovered.

In spite of all obstacles and hardships, the party got through, and one day, at a point near the Sungari, a body of Russian engineers, intent on their surveying instruments, were astonished at hearing some one call out in excellent Russian, "Is this Engineer Iugowitch's surveying party?" They were dumfounded at the sight of a stranger, and a white man, emerging from the forest, and could not believe that Mr. Friede had crossed the country they were about to penetrate. A friendship was at once struck up, and the engineers proved more than willing to listen to arguments in favor of machinery and railway supplies that could reach them in weeks instead of months. Mr. Friede soon after began his homeward trip, to inform American manufacturers that Siberia and Manchuria were open to them.

AMERICAN TOOLS INAUGURATE A NEW ERA IN ORIENTAL RAILROAD BUILDING.

With the arrival of the first invoice of American tools a new era began in railway construction in the Far East. It was found that the American pickaxes, hammers, and shovels were of better quality than those of European make, and were capable of heavier work. New orders for American material on a larger scale were given, and before the close of navigation in November, 1898, American rails, locomotives, hand-cars, and even cross-ties were delivered in central Manchuria, while at Vladivostok and Port Arthur supplies from America were arriving by the ship-load. It was realized that America could not only deliver better goods at a lower price than European countries, but deliver them in half the time. England, Belgium, and Germany were practically driven from the field in the first round. Orders were placed not only for construction tools and material, but for American locomotives and equipment.

All winter long belated material was sent from point to point over the ice on sledges, and early this spring the great final superhuman effort to complete the road commenced. Now, thoroughly equipped with American tools and every labor-saving device, the advance was rapid; but the Americanizing process caused one difficulty, the first of its kind ever known in Siberia or Manchuria—a strike. Tens of thousands of coolies were at work along the line of road this spring when the American rock drill was introduced by Mr. Friede. The Manchus dropped their chisels, ceased chipping rock, and watched the drills thumping away hour after hour, apparently without motive power, drilling deep into the rock; they saw dynamite used, a sheet of flame burst forth and the rock fly in great fragments—then they struck. Such performances were against all their traditions, and nothing could induce them to return to work. Even the Russian laborers caught the contagion, and joined the strike. The entire line was locked up and inactive for three days. However, the Cossacks did not go out with the strikers, and an adjustment was finally made, and the coolies returned to their labors. Now they enjoy nothing more than watching the drills picking away at the rocks, firmly believing that they work solely by the power of the white man's "devil."

To round out the store of our own prosperity in this great enterprise, the representatives sent around the world this past summer by Chief Engineer Iugowitch to find the best market for material, after spending several months in America, officially reported that of the millions yet to be used to complete the Chinese Eastern Railway, more than seventy-five per cent. can be spent to the best advantage in the United States. Moreover, this last summer a contract for all the bridges still to be placed was given to an American firm, and they have now crossed the ocean, and are on their way in sections overland to their various destinations in Siberia and Manchuria.

From now on most of the material will go to Port Arthur after trans-shipment at Nagasaki; but sometimes a whole cargo of tools sails direct from New York, *via* the Suez Canal. With the approaching completion of the road, the Russians are encouraging the establishment of a direct steamship line between San Francisco and the ports of Vladivostok and Port Arthur, for with the road completed a rich country of 10,000,000 population, to start with, will be brought nearer our entire Western country than England or Germany. It is but about 6,000 miles from Portland to Port Arthur by water, and nearly twice as far from competing Europe by rail.

A RECENT JOURNEY OVER THE NEW ROAD.

When I arrived at Port Arthur in the summer of 1899 the first train was just about to run for a short distance on the section between that city and Harbin. Everywhere on the wharves and along the line of the railway were piled mountains of construction material, each piece bearing the stamp of some American firm, and on each pile sat cross-legged a Cossack guard, musket in hand. He had been there for months past; he will remain until the last bit of material is used.

And what changes have taken place in Port Arthur during the few months of Russian occupation! Many Americans are familiar with Western towns that spring up in a night, as it were; but to see a city of stone constructed before your eyes is an unusual sight. All day long an army of coolies, thousands strong, marches from over the hill made historical by the Japs climbing over it to enter Port Arthur during the war. Each half-stripped man carries two small open baskets suspended from either end of a pole which he bears on his shoulders. Nature has prepared the little rocks with which the baskets are laden—the hills are literally composed of them—and they are used to fill in the low ground behind the breakwaters which are being constructed day and night by this line of two miles of humanity. Each jostling the man in front of him and the one behind, they can be seen marching over the mountain eternally. In the crevasses of these hills, made by summer rain, these coolies are also building their villages—of either flint rocks, picked up everywhere, or sun-dried mud bricks of native manufacture. The square, one-storied houses rise up on the sides of the ravines in terraces, the roof of one serving as the veranda of the one above, or as the roadway for a village street. And in all this mass of humanity a woman's face is never seen. Even in the homes of the officials of the railway the sight of a woman's face is rare; indeed, so rare that among all the 20,000 workers and as many soldiers in Port Arthur, it is doubtful if there are two-score women.

MR. SERGEY FRIEDE.

Everything gives first place to commercial progress: there is not a temple of any kind in the city; the Chinese joss houses have been turned into offices for the employees of the Chinese Eastern Railway and the Russo-Chinese Bank; and the pretty little Greek church, lately built, stood dull and unlighted during the gay Eastertide (the first Eastertide, by the way, ever celebrated in this thousand-year-old town), because the engineer could not spare any of his 20,000 workmen from the railroad, to put on the finishing touches. In addition to the 20,000 coolies at work building fortifications and filling in low ground where massive stone piers are being constructed, there is another army of 20,000 stationed here—Cossacks, encamped in the various walled barracks that a year ago were Mandarin palaces. And in the harbor are a score of warships; and there are always a few hundred sailors ashore for a spree.

It was in June of this year that I traveled on the first locomotive to turn wheels on the completed section of the Port Arthur branch of the trans-continental railroad. Everywhere were great changes. It was an American locomotive, as were the rails and cross-ties over which it ran, while on every piece of construction material lying about was to be seen the trade-mark of some enterprising Yankee. In the cab, too, with the engineer was the American who had brought this marvel to pass. Mr. Friede was again in Manchuria, an honored passenger on the first train to start from the southern terminus of the longest railroad in the world.

We had started out for Chulanchen, originally the central meeting-point of all the trans-continental systems; but upon arrival there we discovered that the city had been abolished several months previously. The extremely low water in the Sungari River last summer a year ago prevented the larger steamers from making their way to Chulanchen. So the engineers decided to take the city to the steamboats; and machine-shops, round-houses, offices, banks, and residences were moved thirty miles down the river to deep water, and the new location christened Harbin. It is not to be found on any printed map, yet Harbin is destined to become the Chicago of northern Asia. Already it is a city of magnificent offices and dwellings, to say nothing of broad avenues lit by electricity by night, and patrolled during the day by American steam rollers, crushing rock and building asphalted roads. A Yankee-imported ice plant is now being erected, and everywhere about the railroad is seen the evidence of American commercial supremacy.

The trip down the Sungari and Amur rivers again revealed the wonderful revolutionizing methods of Russia's mighty hand. Two years ago the trip was possible only by Chinese junks, and weeks were consumed, while now palace steamers run regularly for nearly 2,000 miles to Khabarovka, where direct railroad communication with Vladivostok is maintained the year round. At Nikolskoy, sixty miles north of Vladivostok, where the Chinese Eastern Railroad to Harbin makes connection, a sleeping village has suddenly grown into a town, and this summer it was officially advanced to the station of "city" with full privileges.

The word Vladivostok signifies in Russian "The Glad Far East," but, alas! I found that its glory had departed. Three years ago the government at St. Petersburg was appropriating millions upon millions for the improvement of the port. A granite pier nearly a mile long was constructed. Immense floating dry-docks have just been completed at an enormous outlay; and last winter colossal ice-breakers kept a channel to the port free from ice, so that Vladivostok for the first time in her history was not shut off from the outside world during the coldest months. Speculations in real estate reached fever heat. Then came the acquisition of Port Arthur, and in a twinkling, officially, Vladivostok was deserted. Side-tracked, she became a secondary port, a mere military outpost. The fleet sailed away to occupy Port Arthur, the railway offices were removed to Chulanchen, and are now located at Harbin. The supremacy of Vladivostok has vanished, but around her is springing up a population that may yet redeem her withered hopes. So near is the completion of the railroad that connects her with Europe, that rates for passenger travel have already been established. They will be extremely low—$102 from St. Petersburg to the Pacific, first-class fare, with third-class fare much less. At present the fare by rail and camel, or *troika,* is advertised as $160 for the entire distance from ocean to ocean. One of the possibilities of the closing days of the Paris Exposition next year is a half-Cossack, half-gendarme guard, who will call out at the railway station, "This way for trains from Paris to Port Arthur"—a distance bordering on 10,000 miles, through France, Germany, across European Russia *via* Moscow and the road now building to Perm, where the great trans-Siberian road may be said to really commence. One change of cars would probably be necessary, for the Russian and trans-Siberian roads have a gauge of five feet, which is, with one exception, the widest in the world. But for this, it will be a ride straight through—and a ride of what novelty and wonder in landscape and products and people!

THE KING.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "The Seven Seas," "Stalky & Co.," etc.

ALL we have of freedom—all we use or know—
This our fathers bought for us, long and long ago;
Ancient Right unnoticed as the breath we draw—
Leave to live by no man's leave, underneath the Law.

Lance and torch and tumult, steel and gray-goose wing
Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly from the King;
Till our fathers 'stablished, after bloody years,
How our King is one with us, first among his peers.

So they bought us freedom—not at little cost—
Wherefore must we watch the King, lest our gain be lost.
Over all things certain, this is sure indeed,
Suffer not the old King: for we know the breed!

Give no ear to bondsmen bidding us endure,
Whining, "He is weak and far:" crying, "Time shall cure."
(Time himself is witness, till the battle joins
Deeper strikes the rottenness in the people's loins.)

Give no heed to bondsmen masking war with peace.
Suffer not the old King here or overseas;
They that beg us barter—wait his yielding mood—
Pledge the years we hold in trust—pawn our brother's blood.

Howso' great their clamor, whatso'er their claim,
Suffer not the old King under any name!
Here is naught unproven—here is naught to learn.
It is written what shall fall, if the King return.

He shall mark our goings; question whence we came;
Set his guards about us, all in Freedom's name.
He shall take his tribute, toll of all our ware.
He shall change our gold for arms—arms we may not bear.

He shall break his Judges, if they cross his word:
He shall rule above the Law, calling on the Lord.
He shall heed our whispers, for the night shall bring
Watchers 'neath our window lest we mock the King.

Hate and all division; hosts of hurrying spies;
Money poured in secret, carrion-breeding flies.
Strangers of his council, hirelings of his pay,
These shall deal our Justice: sell—deny—delay.

We shall drink dishonor, we shall eat abuse
For the Land we look to—for the Tongue we use.
We shall take our station, dirt beneath his feet,
While his hired captains jeer us in the street.

Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun,
Far beyond his borders shall his teaching run.
Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled—
Laying on a new land evil of the old;

Long-forgotten bondage, dwarfing heart and brain—
All our fathers died to loose he shall bind again.
Here is nought at venture, random nor untrue—
Swings the wheel full-circle, brims the cup anew.

Here is nought unproven, here is nothing hid:
Step for step and word for word—so the old Kings did!
Step by step and word by word: who is ruled may read.
Suffer not the old Kings—for we know the breed—
All the right they promise—all the wrong they bring.
Stewards of the Judgment, *suffer not this King!*

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MONSIEUR BIBI'S BOOM-BOOM.

By H. J. W. Dam.

THE sun burned hot on the Channel. It was a warm morning in June. The yachts at anchor off St. Milicent's-on-Sea were like snowy carvings set in green and dancing diamonds.

Monsieur Bibi stepped from the perfect dining-room of his perfect new hotel upon the cool green lawn, where the breakfast tables were set under the blue and white striped awning. Monsieur Bibi was a broad, short, and very stout Alsatian, with a big, waxed mustache like the third Napoleon's, and large, projecting, melancholy eyes like a pug dog's. He was immaculately dressed in a black frock coat, an expansive white waistcoat which increased his abdominal rotundity, and a Piccadilly scarf with a diamond pin. He wore other things too, of course; but these do not matter.

He frowned at a fly which had placed itself on a menu without the cook's order.

The fly flew. Monsieur Bibi pounced upon a breakfast roll which had not been properly browned on top, and gave it to a waiter. He seized the waiter's white necktie, which was a sixteenth of an inch off the center, and centered it. "Eh? Vot I pay you for? Eh?" said he, rebuking.

Then Monsieur Bibi, alone, sighed heavily, a deep-drawn, fat man's sigh. He had sunk all his fortune in this perfect hotel, which had just been opened. His running expenses were very heavy, and the public did not come. It had been open for a week, had been well advertised, and there were only three guests. Ruin stared him in the face. He came sadly over to our table.

"Vot I need is a great advertisement, a sensation, a boom-boom. Dat is de American word, is it not?"

We explained that the word "boom" in America, being highly valued, was used only once at a time.

"Truly!" said he. "I 'ave 'ad de idea dat it was 'boom-boom,' from de big drum." Then he sighed again, and looked sadly out to sea. We were sorry for him, for Monsieur Bibi, though a genius at making out a bill, was a man of feelings and a cook of eminence, which means an artist of soul.

And at that exact moment Monsieur Bibi's boom-boom stepped out through the French windows of the dining-room, and sat down at her table under the awning. She was destined to give him an enormous advertisement, focus the eyes of all the fashionable world on his hotel, and bring warships, officials, and diplomatists galore to St. Milicent's. But Monsieur Bibi did not know this. So he merely bowed profoundly to the lady—his hand upon his heart and a look of professional admiration in his pug-dog eyes—and majestically summoned her waiter.

Though registered at the hotel as "Mrs. Craven of Paris," she looked like an unmarried girl of twenty. She was tall, slender, and well formed, with wonderful Titian red hair, parted on the left side. This, with her large black eyes, gave her a strange and fascinating personality. She was simply dressed in a white serge skirt and pale blue silk blouse. Her belt was of white satin, and was fastened by a large buckle of what seemed at first sight to be imitation diamonds. An errant sunbeam caught them, however, and the sparkling flash revealed that they were real stones, and very costly. The most singular thing about her, however, was her manner. This was cool, careless, and imperial. She seemed to be perfectly able to take care of herself under any and all circumstances, and her decision of character showed even in such trifles as opening and shutting her purse, ordering her breakfast, and nodding in acknowledgment of Monsieur Bibi's salutation.

"De manager of de Queen's Crescent Hotel in London writes me dat she is a ''owling swell—incognita,'" he whispered. "Russian," he added, under his breath.

It shortly appeared, in fact, that "the lady of the ground-floor right" was a very great mystery indeed. She wrote and received no letters, and saw no one but her maid; but she sent and received telegrams in sheaves. They kept the porters and waiters constantly on the run. Monsieur Bibi's curiosity was great, but it was baffled. A few of the telegrams were in French and in cipher; the rest in Russian. Monsieur Bibi, to relieve his mind, gave us periodical bulletins concerning her.

"Wot you t'ink?" he said. "She wants to drive, and will drive not'ing but a coach and four. And didn't she drive dem! Mon Dieu!"

The next day it was: "Vot you t'ink? She tells me to order her a private mass at de Catholic church, and pays a hundred pounds. Mon Dieu! I vould have got it up in de hotel for half."

On Friday morning, when the London papers arrived, Monsieur Bibi's close-cut, coarse black hair stood straight on end with amazement. He read in the "Telegraph":

SENSATION IN ST. PETERSBURG.

> It has just leaked out that a great sensation was caused in the court circle ten days ago by the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Princess Wanda Souvaroff. This beautiful girl, a reigning belle, was betrothed to the Grand Duke Stanislas, who is some twenty-three years her senior. The marriage was arranged, it is said, on political lines, by her father, Admiral Prince Souvaroff, and is specially favored by the Czar, who will make Admiral Souvaroff the head of the Marine. At the ball given by the Grand Duke in honor of the betrothal, Princess Wanda disappeared, leaving absolutely no trace of her whereabouts. Report has it that a love story is behind the mystery, and this gains currency from the fact that a handsome young Polish officer, a captain in the Imperial Guard, has obtained leave of absence, and has also disappeared. His name is Ladislas Borowski, and his family is the richest in Poland.

"Holy Saint Dominique," gasped Monsieur Bibi. "It is de Princesse Wanda. My boom-boom was under my nose, and I did not smell it."

As he stood there transfigured, the lady of the ground-floor right walked out to him. "Monsieur," she said, "I leave by the 'Celt' to-morrow for South Africa. You will have a special steamer to take me to Southampton ready at the pier at ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

Monsieur Bibi's heart turned cold. His great opportunity had come only to vanish like a mocking will-o'-the-wisp. He said faintly, "Oui, madame." She went away, and he staggered to a garden chair, and mopped his bald-topped brow with a red-figured silk handkerchief.

"Angelic Saint Dominique! It is too exceedingly cruel. It is anguishing." But instead of weeping, his face soon set itself in firm determination. He rose like the great man that he was to the strategic demand. Fifteen minutes later he was in the cabin of a long, narrow, black excursion steamer, the "Swift." He was saying excitedly to the captain, "You onderstand? I pay you twenty-five pounds to Southampton. Dat is de agreement. Bot I pay you feefty pounds if you miss de liner. Dat is between you an' me."

"You are the one to give the orders," said the captain.

"You can crack you cylinder-head, snap you crank-shaft, bust you b'iler; I don't care wot you do, bot don't catch de liner," said Monsieur Bibi wildly.

"I won't," said the captain. He thought Monsieur Bibi was mad, but the bank-notes were perfectly sane.

At half-past one next day, when the "Swift," bearing the princess, her luggage, and Bibi, ran into Southampton, the "Celt" was represented by a faded track of foam upon the waters and a column of smoke on the horizon. A tall, dark, handsome young man sat, dejected, on the jetty. Monsieur Bibi was the first to see him. "Ah!" said he in beatific calm, "my boom-boom has not departed. It is probablement de pride of de Borowskis."

Princess Wanda, who was in a state of blank despair over missing the steamer, gave a scream of joy on seeing her lover. She sprang to her feet, her eyes dilated and her face radiant. "Ladislas, Ladislas," she cried. Ladislas did not answer, because he was several hundred yards away, and did not hear her. She waved her sun-shade wildly, and called his name again. Then love or sound or the swift-flying steamer impressed him, and he saw. He sprang to his feet, cried out something in unintelligible joy, and waved a brown bag frantically. There is nothing so ridiculous as a man on a wharf in love with a woman on a steamer. But Ladislas was handsome, and the woman on the steamer is not critical as a rule.

As the "Swift" approached the jetty their two faces were a study. Their eyes were full of love, joy, and tears. He sprang over the rail, seized the princess, and kissed her passionately, cheeks, eyes, and mouth. Tell it not in Gath, but she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him no less. These Russians love, in some respects, as people ought to love, and high-born St. Petersburg girls are generally held to be more impulsive than logical.

"Lofe rules de court, de camp, de grove," said Monsieur Bibi, with happy eyes and radiant face. "De boom-boom is beginning. He shall have fifteen, sixteen, and bath."

The meeting was really touching. Princess Wanda, somewhat calmer, laughed, cried, and laughed by turns. She was radiantly happy. The young man was pale with joy.

"How beautiful is de outpouring of pure first lofe," said Monsieur Bibi. "Heaven bless dem! Dey must vait two veeks more, fifty guineas per each."

The lovers sat hand in hand on deck all the way back to St. Milicent's. When they arrived there, Monsieur Bibi filled fifteen, sixteen, and bath, his largest and most expensive rooms. She whispered that the rooms must be dressed with fresh flowers daily, like hers.

"How exquisite is de floral symbolism off our highest and tenderest feelings! Von guinea per room per daily," said Monsieur Bibi. No flowers were too good for Ladislas.

But now it appeared that the nesting doves were in a terrible plight. They could not get married. A registrar's license required a two weeks' residence. A special license they could not obtain, not being members of the English Church. The Greek Church authorities in London had refused all Wanda's petitions to marry her and Ladislas because they suspected something wrong, and Wanda dared not reveal herself. Monsieur Bibi, consulted, gave his best opinion as in favor of two weeks' residence and marriage by registrar.

"But we shall be found, arrested, separated," said Wanda.

"An Englishman's 'ouse is my castle," said Monsieur Bibi. "Dis house is licensed to me for dancing, music, and honeymoons. I am efen a job master," he added proudly.

This was not very clear, but it gave Wanda some courage. They concluded to wait.

The next day, a tall, stalwart, jolly-looking fellow, in a brown wideawake hat and tweeds, arrived. He had a curling black mustache and a pink necktie, and spoke Berlin German. Monsieur Bibi's experienced eyes examined him.

"He is a Russian spy," he said. "On de track of de lofers. Votever I charge him, he will charge de bureau double."

"I want a room," said the man.

"De Russian secret service is de admiration of de vorld," said Monsieur Bibi. "De baby boom-boom has begun to take its nourishment. He shall have sixty-one, sixty-two, and bath."

The spy knew his business. He shadowed the lovers, and set the wires humming to London and St. Petersburg.

Monsieur Bibi knew *his* business. He was also a man of gallant sentiments. He went to the lovers. He found them sitting in the soft calm of the June twilight, drinking in the beauty of the night and the exquisite presence of each other.

There were tears in his sad, puggy eyes. "The gracious lady will pardon me, but you should be warned."

"Warned?"

"It is a Russian spy; sixty-one, sixty-two, and bath," he added mechanically.

"A spy here? In this hotel?"

"Pardon me. Your story is known. It is even in de English newspapers. Dey print not'ing until everybody knows it. It is de custom of de country."

"Good heavens! Help us! What shall we do?"

"You vant a solicitor. De best in London, vit his clerk."

"Then get them. Quick. Telegraph."

He did so. "Poor babies!" said he. "It shall never be said dat lovers have not a friend in Bibi. De solicitor shall have forty-two, forty-three, and bath. His clerk shall have forty-four, forty-five, and bath. Solicitors' clerks don't take baths, but he might risk it down here if it was all paid for."

The solicitor and his clerk arrived that evening. They went to Wanda's sitting-room, and talked long and earnestly. Finally Wanda came out excitedly.

"I want the Russian Ambassador. He is my uncle."

Monsieur Bibi bowed, and ordered the Russian Ambassador by telegraph as calmly as if he had been serving *Russian Ambassador au vin blanc* on the *carte du jour*. Then he went to his office, intoxicated with delight.

"An ambassador. Heavens! My poor hotel will be honored," he said. He chuckled, rubbed his waistcoat, then sang an opera phrase in a spasm of joy. "My hotel will be famous!" Then he commenced to caper and bob about the room in an inconceivable manner. He could not contain himself. He was dancing a breakdown. Eugene, the head waiter, came in, and stared curiously at him like a scientist upon seeing a familiar bug in a new and strange aspect.

"Go vay," said Monsieur Bibi. "I am under de storm and stress of strong emotion." Eugene went.

"De Russian Ambassador shall have de whole top floor left, completely enclosed, vit fine view of de sea. If he don't sleep vit his wife, vich isn't likely, she shall have de whole top floor right, completely enclosed, vit fine view of de sea!"

They came. The Russian Ambassador was a grave man with gray side-whiskers. His wife was a handsome, majestic woman, perfectly dressed. They saw Wanda. They declined to see Ladislas. There were more consultations.

These went on from day to night. Love and political ambition were at deadly odds. Wanda had insulted the Grand Duke, angered the Czar, injured her father, and made things very unpleasant for her uncle the Ambassador. But Wanda was immovable. She would marry Ladislas or nobody. She hated the Grand Duke's teeth. She also hated the Grand Duke. She would run away again, and never marry anybody as long as she lived if Ladislas went with her.

The lovers were now separated. Ladislas roamed the corridors gnawing his mustache in fear and gloom. Their fever vented itself in ardent epistles and heavy bribes. Monsieur Bibi was postmaster. Both his heart and his pocket were full.

"I vould really like to be Postmaster Cheneral and make all de stamps myself," said he. "Vouldn't I make pretty ones," he added, winking at the lift.

The time was now ripe, and as it could do no harm, Monsieur Bibi told the newspapers. They used their blackest type, and sighed for American headlines. "The Missing Russian Princess at the Hotel Savarin, St. Milicent's," was Monsieur Bibi's stipulation. This was faithfully fulfilled. It appeared in all. The public now found the hotel, and began to come. The correspondents came first.

"Information only to dose who stop here," said Bibi.

The "Telegraph," "Morning Post," and "Daily Mail" concluded to stop.

"De English press is an honor to de vorld. No oder correspondents spend half so much money. Twenty-one and bath, twenty-two and bath, twenty-three and bath and a private table," was the order.

Things now remained at a standstill for four-and-twenty entire hours. Something then happened, however, which completely changed the face of the situation. It was ten o'clock in the morning. Monsieur Bibi was in his office. "Boom," went a heavy gun from the fort at the mouth of the harbor.

"Boom, boom," went two more heavy guns in succession.

"Condemn dose target missers," said Bibi. "Dey'll break all my vindows." He went to the window, and saw something startling.

"Boom, boom, boom," went the guns. The fort was wrapped in a cloud of white smoke, through which flashed periodical flashes of lightning, while thundering guns woke all the echoes of the bay.

A tremendous, magnificent white battleship, with foreign lines, was entering the harbor. She was flying a foreign flag, an admiral's pennant, and another signal which was peculiar.

"Monsieur Bibi! Save me," cried Wanda, running into the office.

"Save you? Vit my own life! Who is de peril?" screamed Bibi.

"My father. They are saluting his ship."

"Vot? Dat ship stops here?"

"Yes!"

"A Russian battleship in front off my hotel? Holy Saint Dominique!" He sprang to his desk, pounced like a tiger on a telegraph form, and wrote quickly. Then he rang the electric bell continuously. "At vonce," he said. "Don't lose a moments."

"What have you done?" said Wanda.

"Am I a novice? Do I know not'ing of my business? Russian officers? Should I not order the two hundred dozen of champagne?" asked he. "Ah! I forgot. I beg deeply your highness's pardon. You shall be saved, mademoiselle. On the honor of Bibi."

Grandly, majestically, and enormously the great battleship "Holoet," the finest vessel in the Russian navy, steamed to her position like a floating fort, and came to anchor.

A boat put off, an officer landed at the pier, and came to the hotel.

"I wish to see the manager."

Monsieur Bibi appeared.

The officer wanted information.

"I haf no information."

"It will be paid for."

"I take no pay. All I know is at de service of my guests."

"Give me a room," said the officer.

"De intelligence of dese young foreign officers is wonderful; England should take warning; thirty-seven, thirty-eight, and bath," said Bibi.

"Now," said the officer, "the Admiral wants to see you."

"I am here," said Bibi.

"You must come on board."

"Pardon! Have pity," said Bibi. His sad eyes threatened to fall upon his cheek. "De sea makes me ill; so ill; it is incredible. I nefer make bot von voyage. It was across de Channel. I shall nevaire make anoder. I shall never see my native France again."

"But the Admiral wants to see you."

"I am here, I am not going away. It is an excellent hotel. My second cook is a Russian. I stake my family honor on his cromeskis."

"I will tell the Admiral," said the officer.

"I am a father myself. I feel for him. He shall have fifty-five, fifty-six, fifty-seven, and fifty-eight, meals in his apartments," said Bibi.

"The Grand Duke is with him."

"Vich Grand Duke?"

"Stanislas."

"Vat? De oder lofer? He has come too? Vive la Russe! De divine right of kings shall be respected. De Royal Suite!" he shouted. "Ready at vonce! Fill de sideboard vit champagne. Fill everyt'ing vit champagne."

The Admiral and the Grand Duke came ashore in a launch. Both were in uniform. The Admiral was a short, stout man, with an eagle eye and an eagle nose. He went straight into the hotel, stopped at the office, and said: "Mrs. Craven of Paris."

"What name, please?"

"Admiral Souvaroff."

He was shown to Princess Wanda's sitting-room. It was empty. In a moment she entered, very elegantly dressed, very haughty and very cold. They looked at each other without speaking; the father bursting with rage, the daughter keen-witted and defiant.

Princess Wanda had much strength of character, but she was also very soft of heart just then and very deeply in love. If Souvaroff had approached her in tenderness, something might have been done. But he did not. He was an iron man, accustomed to instant obedience. He had owned serfs.

"So you, my daughter, are here with this scoundrel?"

She said nothing. She looked at him steadily.

"You are going on board my ship."

"Can you take me?"

"Yes. The English authorities will assist."

"Very well. When do I go?"

"Now."

"Toni," she said, calling to her maid, "pack my luggage."

The Admiral sat down fuming. Princess Wanda went into the room adjoining to assist the maid.

The packing took some time. He grew more and more impatient. Finally, after twenty minutes, he walked into the room angrily. The maid was still packing.

"Where is your mistress?"

"I don't know."

"What!"

As a matter of fact nobody knew.

The Russian navy nearly lost a highly esteemed officer. Admiral Souvaroff was so angry that he nearly blew up. The one thing missing in the human machine is a safety valve. To some men it would be worth a million.

The Grand Duke was a big, lumbering giant, who showed all his teeth when he talked. He had a clean-shaven chin, a dark mustache, and very bushy side-whiskers. Left by the Admiral in the hotel garden, he sat down with his equerry at one of the tables on the lawn.

"Gimme a bott tchampagne," he growled. This was at half-past eleven.

"Gimme a bott tchampagne," he repeated. This at ten minutes to twelve.

"Gimme a bott tchampagne," he snarled. This at ten past the hour.

"He vould make a good clock," said Monsieur Bibi. "He don't know much English, bot vot he knows is useful." Then he said to the head waiter: "Take six cases of champagne to de second floor service. And hereafter don't close de cellar at night till de ship goes avay."

Wanda had disappeared for the second time. Not a trace of her destination could be found. It was learned that she had gone out by the side door, and had walked alone to the railway station carrying only a small dressing-bag. She took a single ticket for Dover. Everybody was aghast.

Her father was unapproachable in his rage. The Grand Duke drank ducally. At intervals he would go upstairs and kick the spy. Most frantic of all was Ladislas. Wanda had left him no message. The sight of the Grand Duke made him furious, and he took sundry draughts of brandy, which made him more so. Finally, about four in the afternoon, he went out on the lawn and took a seat at the table next to the Grand Duke's. Every table was occupied by Russian officers. The champagne corks popped like volunteer shooting in a sham battle. All the officers pricked up their ears awaiting the scene. Monsieur Bibi knew that the sparks would fly, and they did. The two men glared at each other.

"Gimme a bott tchampagne," snapped the Grand Duke.

"Gimme a bott tchampagne," said Ladislas, undaunted. The Grand Duke poured out a full glass and rose to throw it in the face of his rival. He stumbled, however, and spilt it on the equerry. He began to pour out another.

"Do you dare?" cried Ladislas.

"Fool," said the Grand Duke contemptuously. This is translating very freely. They spoke Russian.

"You are my superior officer."

"I waive that."

"You are a prince of the blood royal."

"I waive that."

"Then we fight," hissed Ladislas, hotly.

"At five to-morrow morning. Gimme a bott tchampagne."

Ladislas went to his room, and locked the door. He walked to and fro in misery, thinking of Wanda, trying to imagine where she was, and vainly hoping for a message. There came a knock at the door.

"Who is it?"

"Bibi."

Ladislas opened.

"Dere is a telegram coming for you, but you must not get it. You must go away."

"I cannot; I have to fight a duel."

"Fight all de duels you please, but don't get dat telegram."

"I will not go."

"Not for the Princess?"

"What? You know where she is?"

Monsieur Bibi winked his left pug-dog eye. It was convincing. Ladislas went.

The Admiral and the Ambassador had put their heads together and hit upon the right thing to do. They telegraphed the Minister of War at St. Petersburg to stop Ladislas's leave and order his immediate return. He must obey instantly or be court-martialed for desertion. At six o'clock that evening the answering telegram arrived. It was sent to his room. He had gone out. Where was he? He could not be found. The telegram was laid on the porter's desk in the hall. The Admiral and the Ambassador posted themselves in the smoking-room. Every few moments one of them would steal out and peer over the bannisters at the telegram lying on the center of the desk. They were to be the proof of its receipt in person. Then the watcher would steal back to his companion and say, "Not yet," and they would each drink a liqueur glass of vodka. They stole out several times. It was always still there. So was the fresh glass of vodka on the return to the room.

"If dey wait till he gets dat telegram," said Monsieur Bibi, "dey vill be under my smoking-room sofa." Bibi had seen the direction of their telegram: "To the Minister of War." He said to the waiter: "Dat is very special vodka, made by Mister Vodka himself, vit his own fair hands. Charge half a crown a glass."

Ladislas did not fail to keep his appointment next morning.

The duel was fought at five, in a secluded field, filled with young wheat and red poppies, about ten minutes' walk from the hotel. Ladislas was pale and resolute. The Grand Duke was imperially drunk. He could not have hit a tram-car, sitting, at five paces. Monsieur Bibi had marshaled the correspondents in a column of fours. He was immaculately dressed in black, with black tie. He had once been cook to a duelist. The men were placed at thirty-one yards rise. This was the suggestion of the "Daily Telegraph," who gravely said that was the rule in England! The seconds were the equerry and a Russian officer. The wavering and eccentric motion of the Grand Duke's arm after he got his pistol cocked was calculated to make onlookers nervous. Monsieur Bibi wished he had a tree. He had never cared for trees, but he had a fancy just then for a large, thick oak. He took a strategic position behind the correspondents, who were cool. The "Morning Post" said it was like Atbara.

The equerry gave the word. "One—two—three—fire." Ladislas could not shoot at a prince of the blood royal. He raised his right arm to its full length, and fired in the air.

The Grand Duke started at the noise, and pulled himself together. He looked curiously up in the air.

"Vat you shooting at?"

Ladislas had confused him. He thought for the moment that it was a shooting party.

"I cannot shoot at you."

"But I can shoot at you."

"That is your right."

"Say you vill not marry Wanda."

"I will not."

"Oh! You vill not marry Wanda. Den I don't shoot."

"I will marry Wanda."

"Vot you mean? You vill and you vill not. Foolishness."

"You don't understand. You said to me: 'Say you will not marry Wanda.' I said 'I will not.' That is to say, I said I will not say so. Then you thought I meant yes, consenting to your desire. On the contrary, however, whether I live or die——"

He stopped. The Grand Duke, lulled by the sequence of sibilant verbs, was falling sound asleep and swaying to and fro. His pistol was still cocked, and pointed directly at the right toe of a prince of the blood royal. Clearly this could not go on.

"Time," said the "Morning Post."

The equerry went to His Highness, and took away the pistol. "Gimme a bott tchampagne," murmured His Highness feebly, and then, leaning on the equerry, fell sound asleep.

The party separated.

The Grand Duke slept all day. He dined with the Admiral and the Ambassador. It was nine o'clock in the evening.

The spy came tearing down the road from the pier at full speed. "Come! Quick! I have found them."

They rose, and followed him rapidly. The Grand Duke and the spy took long, rapid strides, the Ambassador trotted, and the Admiral, whose legs were shortest, had to canter. The spy led them for a short distance out upon the pier. "See," he said, and pointed to a large brass telescope, mounted on a tripod, which was used by the public for observing the heavens at a penny per observation. The spy seized the instrument, turned it downward from the sky and along the cliffs. In a moment it pointed at a cottage, boldly facing the sea, about half a mile away. The ground-floor windows of this cottage were brilliantly lighted, so brilliantly that they caught the unaided eye.

"A penny each," cried the man.

The Grand Duke, the Ambassador, and the Admiral, excited and eager, bumped their heads in trying to get three eyes behind one eyepiece. This was impossible. Precedence ruled.

"Who? Vich? Vere?" snapped the Grand Duke impatiently. He was sweeping the whole coast with the glass, and finally located a gas lamp about ten feet distant. "Ah," said he; then he swore. The spy again pointed the glass at the cottage, and the three looked by turns through the long half-mile of calm, still darkness.

The glowing lights were in the drawing-room, which throughout nearly its whole extent was commanded by the glass. It was a strange sensation to the observers. Through the powerful telescope they were brought so near to the mute and moving personages that it seemed they could almost touch them. They seemed to be present, to hear the words that were being said, though half a mile of night lay between. And the picture was a beautiful one.

The influence of Wanda, Ladislas, and his family had sufficed in St. Petersburg to soften the heart of the church. The Greek Church authorities in London had come to the rescue. The drawing-room of Wanda's hiding-place had been transformed into a temporary chapel. A large table had been dressed as an improvised altar. Many candles lighted the room with a golden glow, in which the figure of the Christ upon the cross stood out solemnly. There was a Greek priest and an assistant priest in full canonicals. The priest stood in front of the altar, and before him knelt, with bowed heads, the handsome lover and his beautiful love. The assistant priest stood on the left. Monsieur Bibi, in immaculate evening dress, stood on the right. The priest's hands were raised. The Admiral was looking through the glass.

"Forever and ever, world without end—" said the priest in the room.

"A penny each," said the man on the pier.

The Admiral turned away, his back to his friends, and looked out on the sea.

Rage, pride, a father's love, and the powerful influence of religion upon a superstitious Russian mind struggled in conflict within him. "Ouf!" he said, with the angry, convulsive movement of a proud man who has been beaten and in whom the better feelings are striving for the mastery. He turned again to the glass.

"A penny each," said the man.

"In the name of the Father, and of the Son—" said the priest.

The Admiral gave a deep sigh, submitted to the inevitable, and turned to his friends.

"Amen," said he, removing his hat.

The Grand Duke and the Ambassador bowed gravely, with uncovered heads.

The Revolt of the Blackfoot

By W. A. FRASER

Author of "The Eye of a God," "The Ballygunge Cup," and other stories.

As a thing of evil Felix Gabrou was complete; never had there been such a delicately adjusted piece of mechanism for the working of unrighteousness. There had been other criminals before his time, but none of them so perfectly constructed as Felix. Two sects of the house of God had cast him out. When he was Father Gabrou the Roman Church had groaned at the iniquity of the man who had desecrated her robes. Then one day he had ceased to be of their number. He was not long with the Protestants as a teacher at Winnipeg. When the land, and the living, and the time are ripe, and the seed of iniquity is blown that way, there will be much to relate which is not of the ordained.

The Land was the mastless sea of rolling plain where the crystal Bow warms its waters, chilled by its snow baptism up in the Cascades; and the Living were the children of "Crowfoot," he that was father to the Blackfoot for two-score winters; and the Time was the fullness of forty moons, counting from the burial of the dead chief on the high hill where gleamed the white cross in the sombre light of the setting sun; and the seed of iniquity which was blown there at the time of the fullness of forty moons was Felix Gabrou. No man may serve two masters; and the excellence of Felix's wickedness was that he had never tried; unswervingly he followed the father of sin. Because of this which follows was the time of forty moons.

"No one is great in all my tribe," spoke Crowfoot to the minor chiefs who sat silent in his tepee; silent and with bowed heads, for the Great Spirit had whispered through the flapping doorway, and under the edge of the buffalo-skin sides, that a lodge had been made ready for the greatest of all Indians in the Happy Hunting Ground.

There was no dissenting voice. When Crowfoot spoke the tongue was not forked; the words were words of truth. "There is no one great," he said, simply; "but some one must guide my children until he who is to be great rises from among you. Morning Sun, who was a great warrior, is old, and many among you would not sit in silence when he spoke words of wisdom, but would also speak; therefore it is not good that he should take the great medal of silver which our pale-face Mother has sent us from across the water. Iron Head, he who has sat much at Crowfoot's feet, will be to you a father for a little—until forty moons have passed. At the fullness of that time one will come who will bear words of wisdom and of whom you will ask who shall be father to the great Blackfoot people."

Just at the last—just when the Great Spirit had bent his head over Crowfoot until the cold breath smote upon his cheek—Father Lacombe, to whom Crowfoot had been as a brother, came silently into the dying chief's tepee, and holding the cross before the fast-glazing eyes, asked, "Do you believe, brother?" The lips moved. "He believes!" cried the priest, exultantly.

"He has gone to the Happy Hunting Ground—to the Great Father, the Great Spirit," muttered the silent watchers, the minor chiefs.

"Each to his own belief," sneered Felix's Master, the King of Evil, who also was hovering near, just without the circle of the influence of the cross.

Crowfoot's horse was sent on that dread journey with him: a chief could not walk. His tomahawk, his moccasins, his fire-bag, with the stone pipe and tobacco, were placed where he could get them. A great wooden cross was put at the dead chief's head by his friend, Father Lacombe; a gaunt, white-armed link between the God of the Heavens and the earth-covered pagan. And with a warrior to watch the silent mound at the top of the hill began the time of the forty moons; and at the end came Felix Gabrou.

It was Felix's Master, he who knows of all things that may be put wrong, that cast his influence about Felix and drew him to the chance, as one magnet draws its affinity.

It had been said in Felix's country that there were three great liars in all that land: Armand, that was Felix's brother, was one, and Felix himself was the other two. So perfect had the Master made the man that when he spoke Running Bear held up his hand, so—straight in line with his oval chin and fierce, hooked nose, and sped it forward the length of his sweeping arm. That was that Felix's speech was straight talk and not lies. Only little Singing Bird, she who was in the lodge of Iron Head, spread two fingers like unto the tongue of a serpent, and darted her small brown hand out like the graceful strike of a copperhead; and that was that Felix spoke with a forked tongue.

With Felix came two carts, their wooden axles sending out high, wavering notes of protest against the heavy load of goods that were heaped up in the square box-frames above them. And Felix's tale of the carts and the goods was as a chapter of Genesis; for the two men lying out on the rose-sprinkled prairie, away to the south, could utter never a word; they were dead—dead of the torn holes in their breasts where the bullets from Felix's rifle had swirled through. Like the black eagle of Pallas that comes down from the far north coast, and passes over the land of the Blackfoot when the Great Spirit is angry, was Felix, with his cruel, merciless face. The Great Spirit had sent the goods he brought, he said; sent them to his children, the loved Blackfoot.

Now the faith of a Blackfoot is bought at so much per head; and the gauge of his Christian belief is the value thereof in worldly goods. Whether he confess to man, or confess not at all, is of small moment so long as the tobacco he receives in exchange for his spiritual support is of a strong quality and goodly quantity. So Felix's converts were as the sprouts of sage, for all that he brought he gave in gifts to the tribe. He came as a priest—as Father Felix. The gifts he gave were as bread cast upon the waters, for the influence he obtained was out of all proportion to the offering—the offering that was so easily come by, too: only two dead men lying out on the crisp, dry plain, their drawn faces set heavenward, and only the pitying stars to see them.

It was in vain that the other priest—he who was in the fold—proclaimed that Felix was an outcast from the church; that he was no priest. The Blackfoot listened, and smoked, and then went to Felix for advice, spiritual and otherwise. For had he not come at the fullness of forty moons, as their dead father; Saponaxitaw, whom the pale faces called Crowfoot, had told them he would, ere he started on his long journey to the Happy Hunting Ground from the place up on the hill there? And, also, had not Wie-sah-kie-chack, the Great Spirit, beat his mighty drums the night Felix came among them? The agent, Braund, had called it thunder; but that was because the pale faces knew not. And Eagle Bird, the medicine-man, had taken his medicine-bag and lain out on the plain, close to the foot of the hill upon which Crowfoot had mounted his dead horse and galloped away to the Great Spirit, and there Eagle Bird had seen in a dream Crowfoot pass the pipe to this stranger, this Felix, and was that not enough? Nor did it matter that Iron Head, he that reigned as chief, scowled when Felix spoke to him—spoke to him in his own tongue—but smoked on as though he had not heard Father Felix.

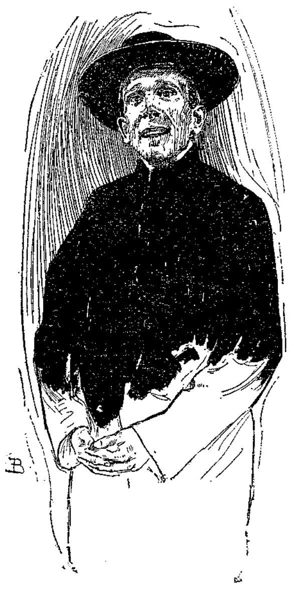
And when the power of Felix had grown a little, the Evil One whispered to him to make Buffalo Horn chief. And the medicine-man said to Felix, make Buffalo Horn chief.

So Felix spoke to the giant Blackfoot: "Brother, you shall be chief; but if the foolish liars of whites say it is not good, what will then be?"

"I *will* be chief," said the big, fierce warrior, "and all the braves who are saying that Iron Head is a squaw will then say that I, Buffalo Horn, am the chief. And their guns and their knives will say it; and the lies will choke in the throats of the pale faces, choke with their own blood."

"It is good," said Felix; and his thin, dark lip curled even as the lip of a hyena curls.

"Last night," continued the Blackfoot warrior, "I put yonder on the hill many yards of red cloth on a bush of wolf willow; and then the spirit which is with Crowfoot came to me in my dreams, and said: 'Buffalo Horn shall be chief.'"



"AS A THING OF EVIL FELIX GABROU WAS COMPLETE."

That was the beginning of the evil, the evil which had sprung from the silent brooding of Felix's demoniac mind. And all the time Singing Bird was saying that the priest's heart was bad, that he spoke with a forked tongue, and that evil would come to her people, the Blackfoot, because of him. She was of Iron Head's lodge, though not his daughter, for he was black and gnarled like an old buffalo bull, and she was fair, and the golden hair which clustered in masses about her head shrouded a face sweet as a wild rose. It was said she had come back to Iron Head's tepee, a little, golden-headed mite, after one of the fierce Blackfoot raids; that she had been stolen and her parents killed. But no one knew.

Also was Paul Braund, the agent, saying that Felix was "a bad lot"; and that his Indians were getting out of hand. Down at the ration house, where the bullocks were slaughtered twice a week and the meat served out to the Indians, there was always trouble now. They crowded around the issuer of rations like famished wolves, and almost as fierce. "Small wonder," thought Braund, "in a way, for what is three pounds of meat twice a week to an Indian who can finish a small antelope at a sitting? His three pounds goes at a single meal, and then he is a famished beast until next ration day."

But it had been going on for a long time, and there had never been any trouble till now. Ever since the treaty had been made in '77 till now—the time of the fullness of forty moons and the coming of Felix—had these fierce children been quiet. The big silver medal which had come to Crowfoot from the Queen was lying in a drawer up at the agency, for there was no settled chief. The Queen's agent had said that Running Horse should be head of the Blackfoot nation, but, by virtue of Crowfoot's wish, Iron Head's lodge was where the old men gathered for counsel.

When the air is full of evil even the sky becomes red ; and at the time of the treaty payment the little boy that was Scraping Hide's only son became ill. Scraping Hide was a bad Indian ; now he became a morose demon. "It is the pale faces who have come down here for the treaty payment that have cast upon him the evil eye," he said. "Behold, he was well, and now he is wearing away toward the Happy Hunting Ground. If he dies, others will die." And he ground sharp the big buffalo knife, with its brass-studded, wooden handle.

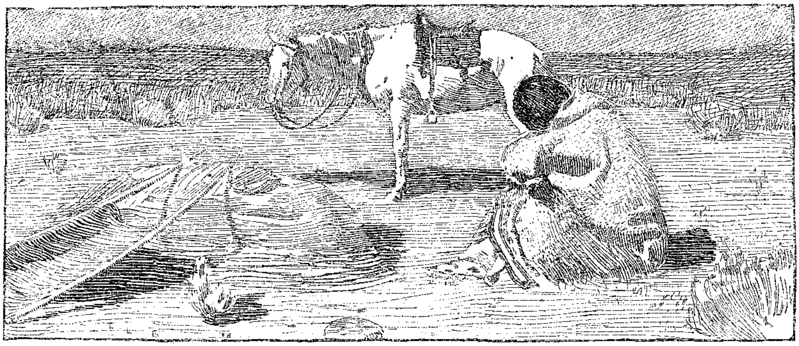
"Is it not so," he asked Felix, "that the evil eye has done this?"

"It is," answered the priest, for his soul laughed at the prospect of sin.

And while the child was battling for life and the knife was kept sharp for the mad vengeance, the treaty money was days overdue. From the North Camp the braves rode down to the South Camp, for they were divided into two villages, ten miles apart, and asked if the Queen Mother had sent the big box of one-dollar bills there, for of a surety each one was waiting for his portion. To each one of them, man, woman, or child, were five one-dollar bills due; and for the minor chiefs should there have been fifteen of those crisp notes; and twenty-five for the head chiefs. Never before had their White Mother kept them waiting a single day. In many things had the pale faces broken faith with them, and now the treaty money was not. Who but Felix could have thought to send Buffalo Horn to make a speech to the Indians then? Like an evil spirit looked Buffalo Horn as he rocked his gaunt body back and forth in the fitful moonlight and talked to his people.

"Who asked the pale faces to come here and take our land? Once the buffalo were as the flies that swarm in the spruce forests where hide the Crees; and our lodges were ever full of the meat which was as the biting of ripe berries; and before each winter we made new tepees, because the hides of the buffalo were as leaves from a tree. And now we are as children within a tepee—we cannot go from here; neither is there anything to slay. Only one thing is there to slay—the pale faces. And to us, who are warriors, the pale-face Mother doles out of meat and flour so little that we must become as old women for want of the strength which we get not. See!" and he held in his hand his three days' ration of beef. "I have saved this because it is not worth the eating. My little boy, Whispering Wind, could eat this at one time. Are we, who are warriors, to live like this?"

Buffalo Horn's words fanned the fierce fires which were smoldering in the breasts of the young bucks, and their dark, hawk-like faces lighted up with the old-time savagery as they thought of the days when murder was a pastime and the buffalo lay dead before their speeding arrows like countless mounds of sand. The child that was ill of the evil eye was always sinking lower and lower, and the knife was now sharp as the point of a stag's horn. In Scraping Hide's savage heart the hatred of the pale faces who had brought this on him was growing deeper and deeper. His little boy, Sound-in-the-Water, whom he had never even touched in anger, was suffering like a wounded buffalo calf, the fierce heat of fever burning him up as the dry grass is scorched in a prairie fire.



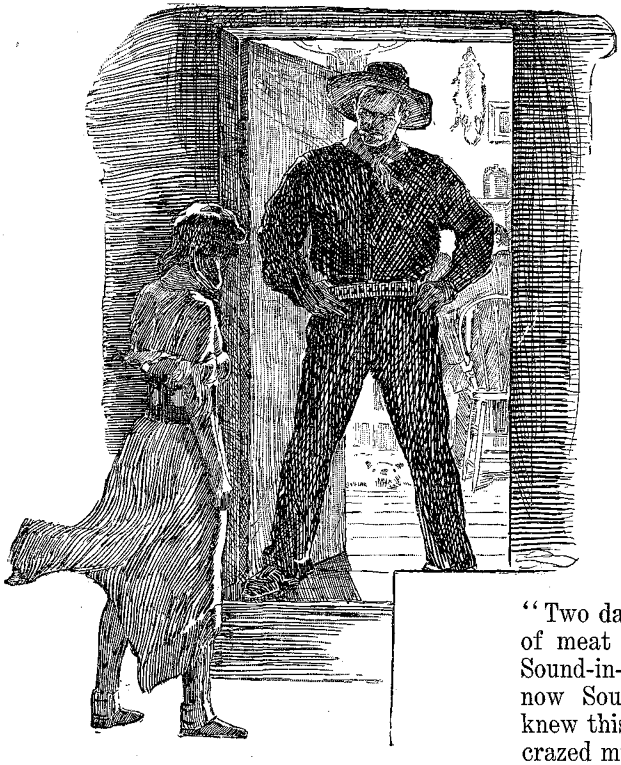
"FAR INTO THE NIGHT SCRAPING HIDE SAT."

The mover of evil, Felix, was ever busy sowing the seeds of discord. "Foolish liars!" said Buffalo Horn, when Paul Braund spoke to him and told him that the treaty money would be there in a day or two.

The traders had come down from Calgary

with loads of goods; and they would take back most of the treaty money. They, too, were waiting for the payments. To divert the Indians from their grievance for one brief day at least, Paul Braund gave prizes for horse races, and the traders clubbed together and supplied tea and sugar for a tea dance. But even this in the end all went Felix's way, for Buffalo Horn's pony, Yellow Coat, won the chief races. Had not Eagle Bird, the medicine-man, had a dream that Crowfoot's spirit would ride Buffalo Horn's pony and win the race?

That night some of the traders went away; some ammunition and a saddle had been stolen from one of them, and the Indians were getting so restless that they feared for their goods and their lives. The three mounted police from Gleichen had been in the crowd at the races that day, and their horses had been jostled and knocked about considerably. Young braves were constantly running into them, seemingly by accident, but hot words followed once or twice. In the general mêlée one of the constables' horses had stepped on the foot of Buffalo Horn's little boy, Whispering Wind. The agent, Paul Braund, heard the cry, and ran forward quickly. Usually the gift of a little money would have been salve to the wound, but the quarter which he put in Whispering Wind's little brown hand was snatched away by Buffalo Horn, as he reached down from the back of his pony, and thrown far out on the prairie with a contemptuous swing of his mighty arm.



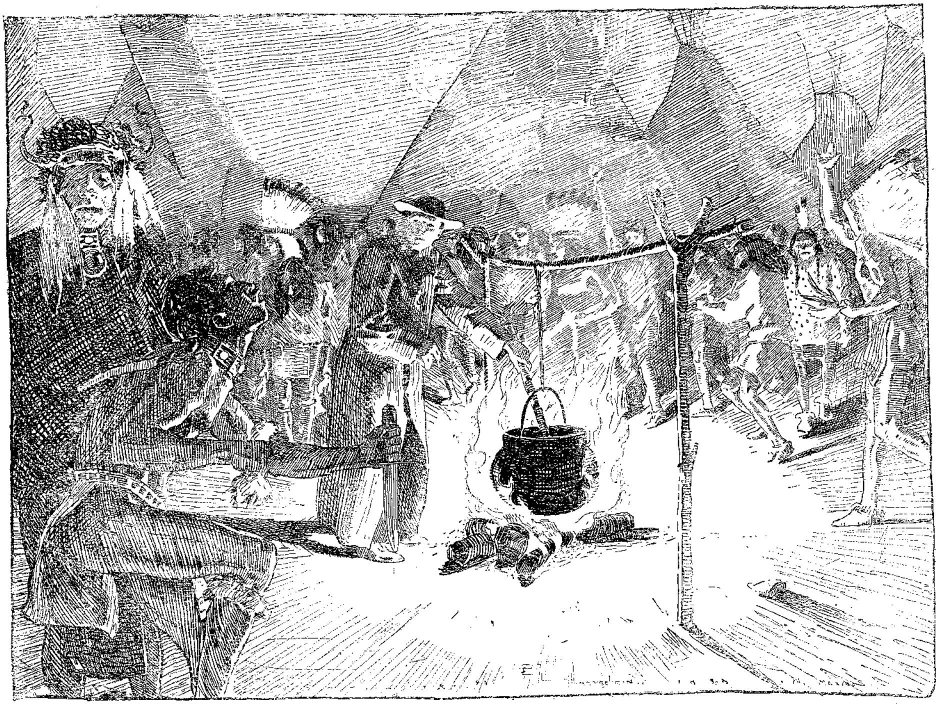
"'TO-NIGHT THE BLACKFOOT WILL RISE,' SAID SINGING BIRD."

That night Scraping Hide's child died. The father's heart, bad at all times, was as the poison in the little bag at the base of the rattlesnake's hooked tooth—it poisoned the hot blood that surged through it till his brain was on fire. There was an ominous lull in all things the next day. The dead child, Sound-in-the-Water, was buried; and the half-crazed father placed a little travois close to the tiny, rounded mound: this was that the field mice might draw the wee spirit away to the Happy Hunting Ground. The tepee in which Sound-in-the-Water had died was razed to the ground. All day, and far into the night, Scraping Hide sat with head between his knees, huddled up like a dog, beside the grave. Then he rose and strode from the gloom of the on-coming night, out into the flickering lights of the tepees and small log huts in which lived the Blackfoot; strode on until he came to the lodge where lived Felix.

"Sound-in-the-Water has gone, brother," he said; and his savage face was horrible to look upon—horrible with the fierce vulture look upon it, and yet with a world of misery in the deep-cut furrows traversing the bronze surface. "Two days since I asked the dog of a giver of meat for a piece to make the drink for Sound-in-the-Water, and he refused it; and now Sound-in-the-Water is dead." Felix knew this was a lie, the fancy of a passion-crazed mind, but he said never a word. "I, too, will go with Sound-in-the-Water, for he will be strange there in the Happy Hunting Ground; but the dog who would not give the meat—just a little piece—will send his scalp by me to make glad the heart of Sound-in-the-Water. My little brave shall play with it, and at the sun dance there he shall wear it."

"Scraping Hide has a strong heart," said Felix. "Drink this, brother," and he poured a cup of tea for the Indian.

Then together they drank tea like unto the



"IN A BIG POT . . . SOMEBODY WAS BREWING MORE OF THE MEDICATED TEA."

essence of Sheol; for into the devil's brew Felix had poured two bottles of Pain Killer; and it spread its hot embrace about the hearts of the two men and crept into their brain. The devil's brew, and the devil's agent, and a mad Blackfoot; and in the morning the issuer of rations, Drake Skane, lay dead with a knife-cut through his heart; and his scalp was away up there among the sandhills where Scraping Hide skulked. Of the murderer there was no doubt, for the slayer had strode through the camp shouting, "I killed the dog of a meat-giver. He kept the meat from Sound-in-the-Water, and now the coyotes shall feast upon him."

Nor that day did the treaty money arrive. And all day Paul Braund and his assistant, and the three police constables and their sergeant, stalked Scraping Hide. Felix that day told the Blackfoot of his dream—the dream that had come to him in the night. "My brothers, brothers by my mother, Felix, who is of your blood, has spoken with Crowfoot. Last night he sat in my lodge as I slept, and spoke. And his speech was that when the Blackfoot rode in war-paint to slay the fork-tongued pale faces, there would Crowfoot ride at their head. At the fullness of forty moons was I called here by Saponaxitaw [Crowfoot], to see whether Buffalo Horn was worthy to be chief to the mighty Blackfoot. I have seen, brothers; and all who are braves, all who are children of Crowfoot, will follow Buffalo Horn."

"To-night the Blackfoot will rise," said Singing Bird to Paul Braund, when he came back to the agency from the pursuit of Scraping Hide. "To-night they will rise, with Buffalo Horn at their head; and Crowfoot will appear on his horse—the white horse the braves know so well—and ride beside Buffalo Horn."

"That is their medicine-talk, Singing Bird. Crowfoot is dead, and will ride no more. They may rise, though I doubt it, for they are ripe for any recklessness. All it needs is for some one to run in about ten gallons of H. B. rum to turn this reservation into pandemonium."

"Crowfoot will ride with the braves to-night, White Chief," answered Singing Bird, confidently; "and you who are but a handful will be as leaves before the wind; when the tempest has swept by, you will be scattered even as the leaves. The agency is strong, and you and the police and the other white chief, Whitley, must remain there, and protect the white women and children. If you listen to the voice of Singing Bird, perhaps this great evil will pass. For she will speak to Crowfoot, and he will hear."

Then Singing Bird did a strange thing, for she had always been as shy as one of the fast-fleeing antelope. She came close up to Paul, and said, with a world of shame-faced pleading in her great, wondering eyes, "Will the O-go-ma, the big white chief, kiss Singing Bird once, for Singing Bird may fly away to the Happy Hunting Ground before the O-go-ma sees her again?" Then, with bowed head, she passed quickly back over the trail to the South Camp.

"She's on to their game, whatever it is," said Paul Braund later on to the sergeant, "and has some scheme for stopping the outbreak. She has told me that it is all the work of that half-breed, Felix, and, clever as he is—and he's as clever as a wolverine—I believe that her woman's wit will beat him out."

"It would be too bad if he should do her any harm, sir," said the sergeant, "for he will stop at nothing—he's bad clean through."

"Well, we'll leave Whitley and two constables here to guard the house, and you and the other constable and myself will ride down close to the camp as soon as it is dark, to help out Singing Bird if we can. It's a pretty tall order, three of us against a thousand fighting Blackfoot; but we can't sit here and let her risk her life to save our bacon. That fellow, Felix, is after her, too, and I gave it to him pretty straight once that he'd have to stop bothering her, or I'd fire him from the reservation; I guess that's half the trouble with him now. I'll send Stoney Jack up to Gleichen with a telegram to Regina for help. I hate to do it, for the outbreak'll kick up no end of a row in the papers; but I guess it has come to that now."

When the night had settled down thick over the whispering grass, the three men rode silently down the soft sand trail toward the Indian camp. "The moon will top the hill about eight o'clock," said Braund, as they rode along, "and we can reconnoiter them pretty well and see what they're doing before that. I've got a little scheme of my own here," he added, as he patted a round, fat bundle, slung to the horn of his cowboy saddle.

"What is it?"

"Well, you know the strong feeling these bucks have about the Union Jack—you remember that half the trouble about a chief now is because the Government people down at Regina wrapped the old flag about the wrong Indian during the big fair. It happened to be one of the head chiefs who claims the succession, and he thought the Government meant to recognize him by that. If it comes to the worst, I may be able to keep them from harming her by draping her like a figure of liberty, or justice, or something. All I ask is, when I rush for her, if I do, follow me close up, and cover the warriors with your carbines. We'll probably all get our throats cut over it," he concluded, and he chuckled softly as though it were a huge joke.

As he ceased speaking, the trail suddenly dipped down into the crater-like formation which marked the top of the sand-hills lying between the agency and the South Camp. "Whir! whir!" one after another went a flock of prairie-chicken, startled by their sudden advent. "Sounded mighty like the twang of a bow-string," exclaimed the sergeant. "I half expected to feel something hot go scorching through my gizzard."

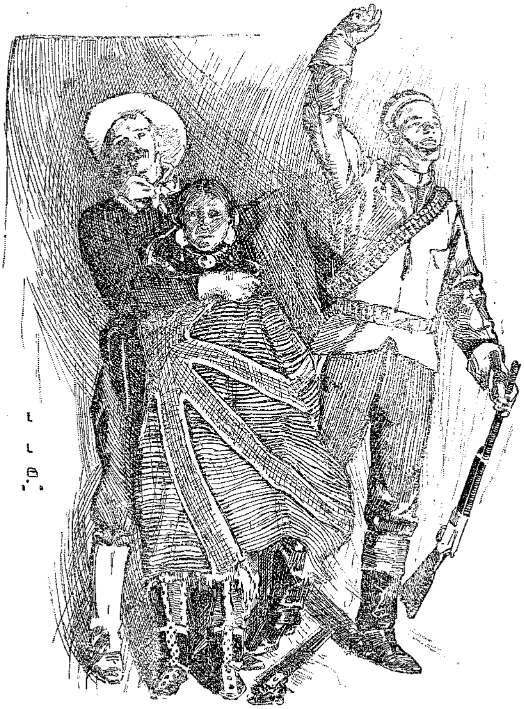
Then they rode in silence for a time through the dungeon-like gloom, the hoofs of their broncos sinking into the yielding sand with a soft, unpleasant sound. Suddenly, and without a moment's warning, there was the sharp crack of a rifle on their right, and a demoniac "Hi! Hi! Hi! He-e-e-!" and then all was still again—still as a graveyard, save for the mad plunging of the policeman's mount. "Forward! Trot!" sternly ejaculated the sergeant, instinctively taking command. "That's Scrapping Hide," he explained, in a low voice, as they sped out of the gloom and started down the other slope toward the lights of the Indian camp flickering away in the distance. "We've no time to fool with him now. He'll do for to-morrow—if we're alive. But Jack's got it in the neck, for the bullet's chipped a piece right out of his mane," he added as he drew his hand back from his horse's neck covered with warm blood.

They could hear the banging of tom-toms, and the lights twinkled like stars as the warriors passed in and out of the tepees, the flap over the opening as it was thrown back showing the light, and darkening up again as it was closed. "They're like bees swarming," said Braund; "and Felix and Buffalo Horn have got them pretty well worked up, I guess. I hope they haven't got hold of any liquor, though; they'll get it before morning if they break out, for they'll swoop down on Gleichen like hungry wolves."

Just as the trail took a sharp dip down into the hollow where stood the Government Industrial School, at a word from the sergeant, they pulled up. "We'll leave the horses here in charge of Constable Flynn.

We'd never get near them mounted without being discovered. If you hear any shooting down there, Flynn, come straight along the trail with the horses as fast as you know how. If anybody tries to stop you, ride over them."

They were about half a mile from the camp. As they worked their way carefully along, avoiding the trail, they could see that pandemonium reigned. The braves were having a war dance; and in a big pot over an open fire somebody was brewing more of the medicated tea. "That'll put them on the job quicker than rum would," said Braund. "That yellow-faced breed, Felix, bought up all the Pain Killer, Jamaica ginger, Cologne water, and everything else that had alcohol in it, that the traders brought down here to the treaty. He'll have it all in that big pot with the tea, and tobacco, and perhaps a little gunpowder, and they'll all be crazy, staring mad by the time he's got his work ready for their doing."



"'THE WHITE MOTHER PROTECTS HER BLACKFOOT DAUGHTER.'"

The flat which skirted the Bow River took a big turn in close to the camp on the south side, and was covered with a thick growth of red and gray willow. They worked their way down in among this scrub growth and along until they were within a hundred feet of the center of commotion, Buffalo Horn's tepee. "They'll never discover us here," said the sergeant; "they're too busy with their infernal pow-wow."

"They're going to make a move to-night," said Braund. "See, all their ponies are corralled close to the tepees."

Then there was a mighty rumbling and banging of the tom-toms, and a crier darted in and out among the lodges, calling the braves to the square in front of Buffalo Horn's lodge. "Buffalo Horn is going to give them a stump speech," whispered the sergeant.

"It might save a lot of bloodshed if I were to put a bullet through him before he commences," whispered back the agent; "but if the Indians didn't scalp me the Government would, so I suppose I'd better wait a bit and see how the thing shapes."

The moon rose from behind the hill on the top of which lay the dead chief, Crowfoot. The huge wooden cross, cut clear and black, outlined against the silver background of the slow-rising moon. Braund nudged the sergeant. "That's an omen of hope," he whispered. But even as he spoke, another dark mass took shape against the light. It was a mounted warrior.

"There's some more mischief preparing up there," whispered the sergeant close to Braund's ear.

They were a little too far away to hear what Buffalo Horn had been saying, but now he raised his voice in wild excitement as he drew up his towering form, quivering with passion, and pointed with outstretched arm toward the figure silhouetted against the moonlit sky. Like the bellowing of a bull came his strident voice on the silent air, for the warriors were still as an army of dead, gazing with awe-stricken countenances toward the spectral figure. "Has not Buffalo Horn spoken the truth? Did not Buffalo Horn say that Crowfoot would ride at the head of his loved children—ride with his braves to victory when they rose to slay the pale faces who have stolen their country—the pale faces with forked tongues who have filled our ears with lies and our stomachs with the food of babes; who have driven our buffalo from this land, the land of the Blackfoot, to the south, where live only white men—driven them into corrals and kept them from our knives? Once they were like this," and he took a handful of sand and threw it into the air; "they filled the whole land, the land of the

Blackfoot, and the Blackfoot were as the grass of the prairie; but now the buffalo are gone, and our people are here like whipped children, to be filled with lies instead of meat by the false pale faces. Buffalo Horn has finished. Crowfoot has spoken through Buffalo Horn, and to-night you follow Saponaxitaw. See, there he comes! The Great Spirit has sent him to lead his children."

As he ceased speaking, a great awe fell over the assembled warriors. The awful tragedy that was about to be enacted spread its influence even over the two men lying flat against the sloping bank, just without the circle of light of the big camp-fire. With a circling sweep like the first rising of a blizzard, they could see a painted warrior on a white horse gliding through the moonlight.

"What infernal tricking is this!" exclaimed Braund. "That is Crowfoot's horse—but he was killed when Crowfoot died, and there never was another horse like him on the reservation. And the Indians— Look!" he exclaimed, pointing, a new horror creeping into his eyes. "It's Crowfoot himself, or his ghost. That's Crowfoot's battle-axe, and his chapps, and his eagle feather headdress—" He broke off short, and they lay there and watched with their hearts in their mouths for the result of this awful appearance.

Then the white horse was stopped in his mad gallop, and horse and rider remained silent as a statue, just back on the trail. It was Buffalo Horn's voice that broke the stillness—the awful stillness. "Saponaxitaw has come. Will the braves now follow Buffalo Horn, who has spoken with a straight tongue?"

"It is a lie!" rang out a voice as clear and loud as Buffalo Horn's own; and Iron Head strode forth from his lodge, and stood proudly erect in his chief's robes.

There was a moment of petrified astonishment—no one moved, no one spoke; only Iron Head, striding with kingly dignity toward Buffalo Horn, who was in front of the multitude of warriors. "It is a lie, brothers!" continued Iron Head. "The White Mother has not spoken to us with a forked tongue. Some pale faces have come among us who had forked tongues, but are there none among the Blackfoot who tell lies—are there no bad among our own people? The treaty money will come to-morrow. I, your chief, Iron Head, tell you this. The pale faces are as the sands of the plain, and if you ride against them in war the tepees of the Blackfoot will be empty; and the wives and the children will weep for the husbands and fathers who have gone to the Happy Hunting Ground. That is not Saponaxitaw," he said, pointing with outstretched arm toward the silent figure sitting on the white horse. But, even as he spoke, with a mad rush the white horse galloped toward him, and the battle-axe was swung aloft, and the death-song of Crowfoot sounded in their ears.

Two seconds more and Iron Head would pay for his fealty with his life. The sergeant raised his carbine, but he was too late. A small figure glided out into the light of the camp-fire; something gleamed in the uncertain light; there was a sharp crack as from a small sporting rifle, and the rider of the white horse fell in a crushed heap at the very feet of Iron Head. Then the small figure stood up and faced the warriors. It was Singing Bird. Her gentle voice sounded clear as a bell. "Brothers, this is not Crowfoot. A spirit cannot die."

"Come, it's our turn," exclaimed Braund, tugging at the bundle in his hands as he rushed across the open. It unrolled just as he reached the side of Singing Bird; with a sweep of his arm a drapery was wrapped about her—it was the Union Jack. "The White Mother protects her Blackfoot daughter," he said. "Have patience, brothers, and see if Singing Bird has not spoken true."

It was Singing Bird who spoke: "If this is Crowfoot, then shall Singing Bird die. See!" and with a wrench of her arm she turned the figure over on its back. No need to ask who it was. There was only one such evil face. It was Felix Gabrou—dead.